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
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THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

IN the cellars of the Bank of England is a very remarkable room; the whole area is filled up to the ceiling with boxes carefully marked and arranged on shelves, with narrow passages branching out in various directions. The room, entirely dark, is placed under official responsibility, with whose attendance alone, lantern in hand, these gloomy passages can be traversed, and their stores examined. Registered with certified exactness, all the Bank of England notes are there preserved which, during a certain period, have been issued from that stronghold of national wealth, and have finished their financial career. Once returned, a Bank of England note is never re-issued; but, after being examined, and its date of return duly recorded, it is deposited in those gloomy cells, ready at any moment, as a swift witness, to be brought to light, and bear its testimony.

Not unlike those bundles of bank-notes, once treasured up as things of value and immense capability, but now soiled with usage, laid by in darkness, and henceforth useless, except for the testimony they may hereafter bear, are the records of our past years. Each New Year is received fresh and full of promise and value; but when its course is finished, it is accurately investigated and laid by, waiting to bear witness concerning the persons and purposes with which its eventful history has been in any way connected. Some of the bank-notes come back in a very short time, having passed through few hands, with scarcely a stain to mark the busy usage of the world; others, however, are so worn and soiled that their letters can hardly be deciphered; while forged bills are also preserved there, prominent and conspicuous, whose appearance testifies much sagacious handling; and the sentence of fraudulent imposture is stamped condemningly on their face. These, again, are types of men's years. The career of some persons is soon finished, and they seem to suffer but little from the defilements of the world; while others are strangely disfigured by rough contact with evil, and worn with changes and sorrow; and some, alas! who, plunging with reckless eagerness into the evil of the world, waxed worse and worse, until, arrested in their career of iniquity, they were consigned to silent darkness, branded for ever with the record of their folly, guilt, and ruin!

1. *The New Year forcibly admonishes how deceptively time steals away.* When the Old Year commenced, what a prodigious amount of days and hours seemed to await us, affording the opportunity to accomplish great results; and now with what silent rapidity its days are gone! We had scarcely begun to watch the slow trickling of the sand, and now, to our surprise, the last grain has fallen from the hourglass, and the opportunities of the year are passed. And so noiselessly, too! The falling of the great ball at Greenwich Observatory gives observable warning that another day is gone, when multitudes of watchful observers mark the signal, and instantly turn

it to the purposes of life. But no conspicuous token marks the advent of a New Year. Men of faith and prayer seek to make signals for themselves, and to note the transition from the Old to the New Year by special observances of devotion. But the course of time runs on with smooth and unbroken continuity. Myriads travel on, careless and indolent, without making any impressive effort to recollect that, in leaving one year to enter upon another, they have passed over another great boundary of life, and are so much nearer the end. It is the earnest desire to break in upon this smooth and stealthy silence with which life glides away, that prompts the prayer of earnest and believing men—"Oh! teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The year 1864 is gone. It was only the other day, as it seems, that we welcomed its arrival with devout and serious intentions; and now it has passed away, as irrevocably as the long line of its predecessors which have finished and registered their work. But what if the whole year had not been given us? Every day has added new names to the registers of mortality, many as unlikely to be found there as yours whose eye now glances at these lines; and if your name had been recorded in the great obituary of the year, it is abundantly worth while to pause just now over the reflection—how would such an event have affected you? If, as its months passed on, you had found that life was actually drawing to its solemn close, and friends were gathered anxiously around, what testimony should you have borne respecting your fulfilment of the great purposes of life? and, as the past, the present, and future crowded upon your thoughts, should you have rejoiced with the bright utterances of thankful satisfaction and well-grounded hope, or, as too often occurs, would the review of life not have been tinged with gloomy forebodings and un-availing regret?

2. *Self-reflection is a special duty for the New Year.* The busy occupations of daily life are made to excuse the neglect of things which, even if days were made up of leisure hours, would still be neglected. Yet there are seasons when men are almost forced to think about themselves. The New Year has an admonitory voice, to which they who habitually disregard all serious things give some measured though reluctant heed. It compels most men, charged with the traffic and merchandise of time, in spite of grave misgivings as to the final result, to take account of its profit and loss, and ask themselves how shall they appear before the Great Proprietor—shall it be with joy or grief—when he shall summon them to give an account of their stewardship? This event has befallen many who entered upon the last year with vigour and resolution equal to our own; and we have no security whatever that we have not now come to the eventful year, beyond which it may be His inscrutable design that we should be "no longer steward."

If so, then, let us ask, How does the New Year find us as to those grave interests which,



in the case supposed, must absorb every thought and fix the destiny of the future? Does it not seem unpardonably foolish for men to misspend their years in vanity and selfishness, not to speak of their evil doings, knowing all the while that the grand purposes of life, and still grander realities beyond it, are habitually neglected? Then how is it with you, reader, knowing what life is, and what is soon to come? On what terms are you living with the Supreme Disposer of all things, "in whose hand your breath is?" Have you peace with God through Christ, or is it still settled alienation? Is there any filial communion, free and confiding, between yourself and the Father of spirits, when, in your converse with him and he with you, you call and he answers, you cast your burden on him and he careth for you; or is your life—social and bright enough, perhaps, among your fellow-men, but marked by a sullen and silent reserve towards God, and the assurance of his just disapproval towards you—making the prospect of meeting him repulsive and perilous beyond description? Is it now, as the New Year begins, your thankful hope that you may persevere in the good way which you have been led to pursue, or do you now enter upon it with the depressing reflection that the past has been worse than wasted—things to be undone which ought never to have been done; and each New Year makes it unspeakably more urgent that the interests of the soul, and its future condition, shall receive immediate and absorbing attention?

3. *The New Year admonishes, too, that we must henceforth bring our best and most vigorous energies to such duties and discipline as will tell with direct effect upon our future well-being.* The claims of business and social life will, of course, be met with that diligence for which a mind at rest with itself is always ready. But the whirl of business, and the comforts of home, are not to last for ever; and each New Year, by shortening their duration, thus far reduces their value. The sorrows or fears which gather around the last scenes of life, are but slightly relieved by the recollections of worldly prosperity or personal esteem. The same kind of reflections which the New Year suggests, will crowd upon you, with conditions of intense and aggravated reality, when about to enter upon another world. He who begins the New Year under the oppressive sense of indulged vanity and neglect of eternal things, who reviews the year with feeble regret which leads to no change, and permits himself to glide on in his old ways, still neglecting what he ought to do, and persisting in doing what conscience, uneasy and feeble, warns him to break off—to such a one the New Year's reflections are the rehearsal of the part which he must take amid scenes of graver solemnity, when the work of life is ended, and the curtain must drop for ever.

4. *Let the year begin, then, in the spirit of stern but godly resolution.* Impulse and caprice, the more indulgence of self-will, or blind obedience to others as unthinking as ourselves, are but poor guides. If some ancient painter justified his unwearied diligence by reminding his objector that he was painting for eternity, with much more urgency may we begin the year's duties as men who are living and labouring, praying and believing, getting good for our own souls and seeking to do good to

others, sowing the seed in this life which we hope to reap, in a golden harvest of blessedness, in the life to come. The New Year is favourable for such beginnings. It is the opening of a new chapter in our eventful history. It supplies new motives, and cherishes right purposes. Then let it be so. The time past will well suffice for the world, and self-indulgence, and things which perish in the using. Let the beginning of the year inaugurate a fresh era—*novus ordo rerum*. Let us determine that henceforth life shall not be frittered away in vanity; that our days shall not be followed by regret and often, as heretofore, with shame on the morrow—"I see now where my interests lie; that time spent in communion with God, in diligent Scripture reading, in making myself acquainted with the method of salvation by Christ, in prayer and other spiritual exercises, in overcoming evil both within and around, and bringing the realities of the next world to bear upon the duties and temptations of this,—I see that this is the only kind of life which yields solid and abiding satisfaction, and can be reviewed with thankfulness and hope when the days of our mourning shall be ended."

5. *The entrance upon a New Year reminds us again of our ignorance of the future.* The mysterious volume of God's providential dealings opens before us to-day. We have stood, in thoughtful contemplation, on the threshold of other years, forecasting the possibilities of the future, but seldom with much success. The events of the year have usually developed themselves in forms very different from those which we anticipated. And the "mines" in which He "treasures up his bright designs," to be wrought out during this New Year, are just as "deep and unfathomable" as ever. This impenetrable concealment of the future lies at the foundation of all our discipline, and faith, and waiting upon God. In this respect all men are alike. They who begin the year still wandering in the broad and beaten pathway of evil, and the obedient few to whom the narrow way is revealed "that leadeth unto life," are kept in equal ignorance of future events. "We know not what a day may bring forth;" much less can foresee the occurrences of months to come. It is well for us that we cannot. The foresight of heavy tribulations, without the strength given as yet to endure them, might disable us for daily duty by the intolerable burden of fear; while the prospect of much worldly prosperity might intoxicate us with unseemly joy. It is better for us to remain in ignorance. But this ignorance should add vigilance to duty, and perseverance to effort. If to some one with whom we may be associated this year should be the last,—if his candle is already burning down to the socket, and he is as unready for the change as he is unconscious; if each day is bringing the event nearer, and reducing the opportunities of warning or counsel less and less—with what anxiety we ought to "consider one another"—with what fidelity, "as to the Lord," ought we to put him in mind of the perilous uncertainty with which life is held, and urge him to all diligence to be fully prepared for the great crisis which each succeeding day brings near. Let the recollection of the brevity of human life, and the veil that conceals even the events of to-morrow, admonish us to be "stedfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the

Lord," and "so much the more as we see the day approaching."

6. *We know not what awaits us in the course of the year, but God does.* This is the strong consolation with which the Christian enters upon this new period of life. From His omniscient eye "no secrets are hid." The way may seem dark and untrodden to convince us that we need a guide. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." The traveller, forlorn and desolate, overtaken by darkness and bewildered by intricate pathways, looks around with eager hope for some hand to conduct him in safety. Like Paul, in his last and ominous visit to Jerusalem, the Christian enters upon the New Year, "bound in the spirit, not knowing what shall befall him." But he is neither anxious nor cast down. The arrangements of the year are settled for him by the Father of mercies and God of all comfort. No event can occur which has not been sanctioned by his will. The year may be expected to bring its scenes of "tribulation" as well as its "times of wealth;" it may be memorable to

some as a year of stormy visitations, leaving you to pursue the voyage of life in desolation and sorrow. But the Christian is prepared for these things. He has no reason to expect to be exempt from trial, but he is sure of the Lord's presence with him when he is in the furnace. He has no more strength to meet the perils of the year than others, but he is persuaded that nothing can separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus; and that he can do all things and endure all things through Christ that strengtheneth him. Left to himself to meet the dangers of the year, "he cannot but fall;" but he knows that he in whom he has believed is able to keep that which he has committed to him till that day. He knows it to be quite possible that this year may be his last, but even this would be no unwelcome event to him whose well-fought conflicts receive the plaudits of Divine welcome, and the honours of an immortal crown; to him, care, and grief, and change will be lost in the fulness of joy, and the deep serenity of that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

CORALS.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON, at the close of his life, when reviewing the results of that stupendous genius with which God had gifted him, declared that he felt like a child who had but gathered a few pebbles on the seashore, whilst the grand ocean of knowledge lay all unexplored before him.

The deep humility of the great philosopher is worthy of all admiration; and yet the exclamation was but a natural consequence of the profound insight he had attained into the marvels of that world which God has spread around us.

God appears, so to speak, greatest, when we endeavour to understand his wisdom, power, and goodness as displayed in the least of his works, or rather in those which seem least to us; for there is no such a thing as great and small in the presence of him who filleth all things.

It is well, then, that we should be convinced of how important a part the small and seemingly unimportant atoms of creation play in the constitution of the great fabric of the natural world.

To produce such a conviction is the object of the present notice of corals.

Most of our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the material called coral. We have it presented to us in the form of beads for necklaces, and of other articles of adornment or use. Specimens of coral of various species are preserved in our museums and the cabinets of the curious, or are frequently placed as ornaments on our mantelpieces and chiffoniers. But it is not every one who is aware that there are thousands of islands, scattered over a vast extent of ocean, which are made up almost entirely of this material, and that the thickness of some of the masses of it in some of these

islands must be reckoned at many thousands of feet.

And yet so it is. The most astonishing circumstance, however, connected with this substance is, that it owes its formation to the labours of animals so minute as to require a magnifying glass to distinguish their forms.

Highly magnified figures of one species of this singular creature are given in the annexed woodcut. The class of animals to which they belong is recognised in those larger polypi which are found in abundance on our shores, and are known by the common name of sea anemones.

They seem to consist of a stomach or sac, from which come forth eight or ten arms, or feelers, which they have the power of drawing in or protruding at pleasure with great rapidity, and these feelers and the mouth of the sac are furnished with fine hairs called *cilia*, by the quick movement of which they are able to produce strong currents and whirlpools in the water surrounding them, so as to draw in and suck down the still smaller animalcules on which they feed.

The diameter of some of these minute creatures is about $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of an inch. How astonishingly minute, then, must be these other living beings on which they feed!

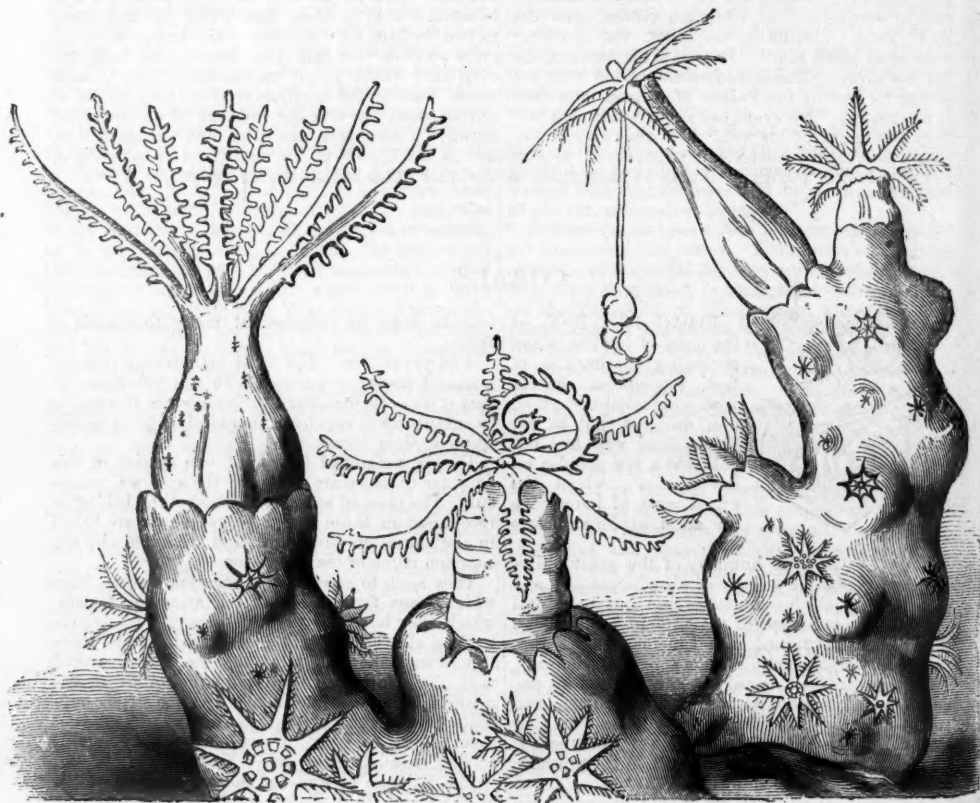
If we watch one of these creatures long enough, we shall perceive it throw out from its mouth a small jelly-like globule—as in the accompanying woodcut—which attaches itself quickly to some neighbouring body. This is the young of the animal, the foundation of a fresh animated system, and as it increases in size, all the characteristics of the parent animal discover themselves.

Generally speaking, these creatures inhabit the seas of tropical countries; several species are, however, to be found in more temperate regions, and on the shores of the British Isles, and in the seas of the same latitude. Perhaps some of our readers have wandered by the seaside, and have picked up seaweed and shells upon which they

have noticed patches of white calcareous matter, stretched out like a fine piece of network. They go by the name of *flustra*. Upon examining them with a magnifying-glass, we soon perceive that the whole object is made up of a number of cells, disposed with much regularity; and we notice in the centre of each cell, when recently taken out of the water, a fleshy substance. This is one of the species of animals above described. When the animal dies it undergoes putrefaction, but leaves behind its sheath or skeleton, consisting of lime, which it has secreted from the sea

in other examples we have a collection of tubes terminating in star-like openings; and, again, there are other species which present to us a mass of coral in the form of a mushroom.

It may be asked, How are these formed? Trace the history of one of the minute globules thrown out from the body of the parent. It attaches itself by the base to a rock, or some other substance; it grows to maturity, secreting within and around itself the lime present in sea water; it then throws out around it other globules, and dies, leaving its skeleton behind it. These globules, in their turn,



MAGNIFIED CORAL.

water. The cell is not the mere habitation of the creature, but a secretion from its softer parts, and as much a part of it as the bones, nails, &c., are of a man, or the shell and arms, &c., are of a lobster or crab. And these calcareous remains, so left upon the death of the animalcule, are the substance called coral, seen by us in all its beautiful forms, which are but modifications of the *flustra* before mentioned, belonging to various species of the same creature. Sometimes we see it branching out like a tree; at others it forms hemispherical masses, having numerous windings upon the surface; sometimes the surface is marked with beautiful star-like impressions, as seen in the figures of our woodcut;

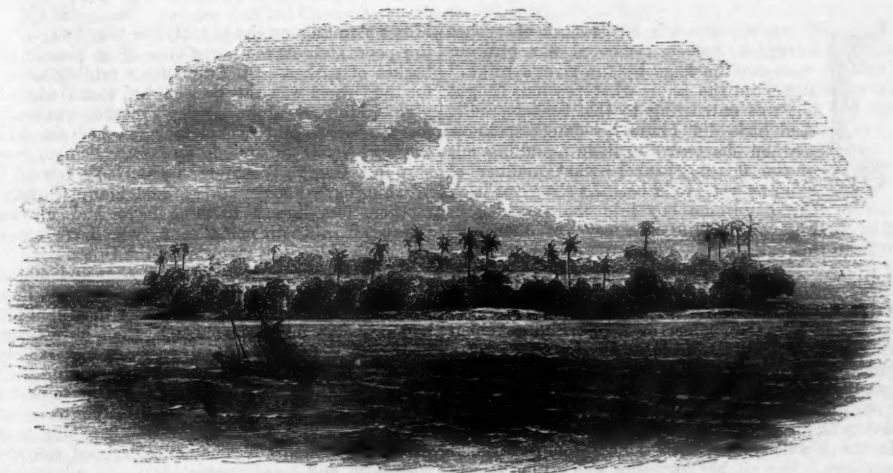
form around a mass of calcareous matter, and grow up in like manner; and so on, generation after generation, the ultimate form of the calcareous mass depending upon the species of the animal from which it is derived, and presenting to us all the beautiful varieties of coral above mentioned.

In the case of the more starry and dense corals, of which the greater portion of coral islands and coral reefs is formed, the growth of the mass may be well compared to that of peat, where the upper portion vegetates, whilst the lower dead portion is being converted into a brownish-black mould, and mineralised. A large, if not the largest portion of

the coral which is used for ornamental purposes, is of the branching kind, and is obtained chiefly from the Mediterranean and neighbouring seas. Its appearance at the bottom of the sea is that of a miniature leafless forest, the boughs exhibiting beautiful tints of vermillion, red, and white. The stalks of coral, of about the thickness of the little finger, spring up to a height of from twelve to eighteen inches from the parent base, where the original minute seed globule became fixed. This height is attained in about ten years, when the tree is considered to have come to maturity. When first taken out of the sea it is somewhat softer and less bright in hue than it afterwards becomes.

The annexed woodcut will give an idea of the peculiar form of these coral islands, to which the name of *atolls* has been given, and which are far more numerous than any others. It consists of a circular or oval strip of coral, raised a few feet above the level of the sea, and inclosing

of solid stone makes its appearance, consisting of fragments of coral broken off by the waves, together with the shells of mollusca, the spines of sea urchins, and the bones of fish, all cemented together by calcareous mud, produced by the comminution of shells and coral. Large blocks of this material are thrown up by the action of the breakers, until the ridge becomes so high that it is left dry at the ebb of every tide. The heat of the sun in those tropical climates penetrates the mass and cracks it, and it readily splits up into blocks, frequently six feet long, and from three to four feet thick; and these are driven still further upwards during some seasons of the year by the highest tides, and form a slightly raised beach, which soon becomes covered with a fine white sand; this, mixed with seaweed, ultimately forms a soil on which the seeds of fruits and trees find means to vegetate. Their growth in such a climate is very rapid, and soon a shady grove of mangroves and palms is



A CORAL ISLAND.

within it a quiet, shallow lake or lagoon, having oftentimes a communication with the sea by means of a narrow channel. The breadth of this strip of coral forming the atoll varies, in different islands, from 300 feet to half a mile; and the diameter of these atolls vary from one mile to forty.

Outside these islands the coast descends rapidly, at an angle of 45° , to a great depth; whilst inside of them, the shore slopes down by a gentle descent into the, comparatively speaking, shallow lagoon.

In the lagoons, where the water is quiet, the more delicate kinds of coral find a tranquil resting-place, and flourish in profusion; whilst outside the island, where the surf breaks with extreme violence, only the stronger pieces are found.

The way in which coral islands are formed seems to be this: The pile of coral is raised upward by the continued accumulation of the skeletons and *débris* of the successive generations of the animalcule, until it reaches such a height that it is left almost dry at low water; then the animalcules cease any longer to work upwards. A continuous mass

formed upon the surface of the coral ring forming the atoll; lizards and insects, borne hither on the trunks of trees swept by ocean currents from other lands, next take possession; sea birds, and stray land birds which have been driven to sea by storms, find a refuge here; and, ultimately, man, the lord of all, occupies the island, and calls it after his own name.

Besides these oval-shaped, low islands, or atolls, consisting *wholly* of coral, with a lagoon in the centre, there are other islands, such as Tahiti, in which the coral forms a fringing reef round elevated peaks of granite, or other rock, often of volcanic character. Inside these fringing reefs the water is comparatively calm; whilst outside of them, to the windward, the ocean rolls along in vast billows, which break upon them in a line of constant foam.

In some cases we meet with terraces and precipices of dead coral far inland, girding mountain peaks; whilst, at the same time, there is a circling reef about the island which the coral animalcule is still active in raising.

Elizabeth, or Henderson's Island, in the Pacific Ocean, is a low, flat island of five miles long and one broad, raised from seventy to eighty feet above the sea-level, and consisting entirely of dead corals encompassed by a reef of living. Queen Charlotte's Island, in the same group, is also flat.

And here we may well pause, in mute astonishment and reverential awe, when tracing the finger of God in this portion of his creation. We see a vast ocean dashing its billows against a diminutive islet, with a force capable, apparently, of sweeping away mountains of granite. Day after day, week after week, year after year, the long swell, caused by the continued action of the trade-winds, breaks upon the low shore, yet it makes no impression. There is another force at work antagonistic to the

waves. It is a force which actually derives from these very waves the power to resist them. That force is in the life of an animal invisible to our unassisted sight. The organic forces of the coral animalcule, as Mr. Darwin observes, "separate the atoms of carbonate of lime, one by one, from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symmetrical structure." Myriads of architects are at work, night and day, month after month, and we see their soft and gelatinous bodies, conquering, through the agency of the vital laws, the great mechanical power of the waves of the ocean, which neither the art of man, nor the inanimate works of nature could successfully resist.

"All thy works praise thee, O God!" Surely, "then, I will meditate on all thy wondrous works."

A MOTHER'S WAGES.

TWAS an uncouth bird's nest of rushes in which Jochebed moored her birdling "among the flags by the river's brink." Little did she know what precious freight she was entrusting to that basket-cradle. And little did Pharaoh's daughter know—when she took the little foundling out of the floating basket—what manner of child he yet would be. As she gives back the handsome boy into the very bosom that first gave him life, she says to Jochebed, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

"I will give thee thy wages," says the Egyptian princess to the Hebrew nurse. She got her wages in better coin than silver or gold. She got them in the joys a mother feels when she yields up a part of herself to sustain her darling child; she got them in the love of the babe she nursed; she got them in the glorious service which her child wrought for Israel in after years. She was paid in the heavenly coin with which God pays good mothers. For all her anxieties and all her efforts to preserve the life of her "goodly child," was she abundantly rewarded.

When God lays a newborn babe in the arms of a wedded pair, he says to them, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give you your wages." And the answer of Christian gratitude and faith should be, "O God! thou hast put thy noblest work into our hands. We accept the precious trust. We will try to stamp on this soft, plastic heart the impress of a godly example. We will shelter this young life under thy mercy-seat. We will bear with it as thou bearest with us. We will be truthful, that it may never learn falsehood. We will nurse this soul in its infancy with the 'sincere milk' of love, that in after years it may bear 'strong meat' for the service of God and righteousness. O God! make our lives in harmony with thee, that this young life may reflect thine image in reflecting ours."

To such pious fidelity God offers the only wages that can satisfy the claims of love: he pays the heart's claim in the heart's own coin. What wages could repay Hannah's prayerful care like the sight of Samuel's after-career as Israel's upright judge?

Moses standing on the mount was the "wages" of the poor Hebrew mother who cradled him in her basket of rushes. St. Augustine's mighty service for the Gospel was the best reward that God could give to Monica. John Wesley's mother was repaid for all her patient discipline when her son built the world-wide tabernacle for Methodism to worship in. George Washington was God's reward to Washington's good mother; and many Christian mothers less known to fame have had glorious "wages" in their noble sons, who have spread abroad the bloodless victories of the Cross.

When I have seen a happy father and mother looking on the prizes their children brought home from school, or enjoying the home that filial love had provided for their old age, then have I seen how God rewards parental patience and fidelity. When I have seen pious parents beholding their children as they stood up before the altar to profess Christ in the freshness of a youthful consecration, then I have said to myself, "God is paying those parents their wages." They once dropped the seed with faith and tears; now their sheaf is large and golden. God rewards a mother's fidelity and a father's godly example with accumulating interest through all eternity.

Alas! I have seen other "wages," too, paid dearly for by parental impiety or neglect of duty. Eli's sin was repaid in Eli's sorrow. I have seen a frivolous, prayerless mother paid in the wages of a broken heart. And when to many a father's door a drunken son has been brought home from a Sabbath-breaking debauch, it was only the wages of his own sin which a just God was paying him. The "wages of sin is death"—and of no sin more surely than parental. It is death to peace of mind—death to domestic happiness—death to the neglected or misguided souls of their offspring.

"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages," is the inscription which God's hand writes on every cradle. "When I dressed my child each morning, I prayed that Jesus would clothe it with purity," said a godly mother to one who inquired her secret of good training. "When I wash it, I pray that his blood will cleanse its young soul from evil; when I feed it, I pray that its heart may be nourished with truth, and may

grow into likeness with the youthful Jesus of Nazareth." Here was religious training from the cradle. It began with the dawn, and its course was like the sun, growing more full-orbed in

beauty until the "perfect day." That mother received her golden wages in the early conversion, usefulness, and honour of all her children. "Go thou and do likewise."

THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.



It was the month of Chisleu; the whole country of Palestine was in commotion: for an order had been issued by the Roman Emperor to the inhabitants, to repair to their respective cities, there to have themselves enrolled. It may have been pride, such as had once moved a Jewish king to number his people, that led Cæsar Augustus to send forth from his imperial palace in Rome this decree; or it may have been a political move, to enable him to know the resources of the people—how many soldiers they could contribute to his army, or how great an amount of taxation they could bear. But, whatever the motive for the order, the people had to obey it; and, despite the season of the year, or any personal inconvenience, to show themselves by a certain day in the town or city to which they belonged by descent. We may then well suppose that it was with some dissatisfaction with the command of their heathen and often cruel masters, that the Jews found themselves obliged to leave the various villages where, after the return from the captivity, their fathers had settled, irrespective of the tribes to which they belonged, and to give their names in person in the place where, in the days of Israel's prosperity, had been the lot and inheritance of their forefathers. There were journeyings from the north to the south, from the south to the north; companies of travellers on the backs of mules and asses, or in panniers, passed each other by: among those who were wending their way southward was a young Jewish maiden, accompanied by the aged carpenter to whom she was betrothed. They had come from the village of Nazareth, which lay among the hills of Galilee, and were on their way to Bethlehem; for Bethlehem was the city of David, and they were descendants of that great King of Israel. On their way, they passed the scenes of many of the gallant deeds of their royal ancestor; they passed, too, beneath the walls and towers of that holy city where his throne had been; and still going south, they at length reached the town where Jesse had dwelt of old with his eight sons, of whom David was the youngest. But no friendly greeting—no royal welcome awaited them there; the memory of their great king was cherished, indeed, by the remnant of his people who dwelt in Palestine, yet the family of David received no honour among the people: it had lapsed back again to an humble position. Others beside the blessed Virgin Mary and Joseph, the poor carpenter, had come to Bethlehem, torn from their homes by the same imperial order—an order which proved to be the wresting from the Jewish nation the last shadow of independent power—the foretold depar-

ture, for ever, of the sceptre from Judah. Though this was the birthplace of their family, they probably were strangers in it; or, if they were known by friends there, the houses of these friends were filled by those who had already arrived, for these two had to seek accommodation in the inn. This was not such a building as we should understand by the name, but what is now called in the East a khan. The first mention of such a place occurs so far back as the time of Jacob, whose sons stopped there on their way from Egypt; and it may be that the very khan of which we now speak, was the same as that which Jeremiah mentions as "the habitation of Chimham, which is by Bethlehem, to go to enter into Egypt," where he represents certain Jews as taking up their dwelling. To judge by what one sees in the present day in the East, this inn, or khan, was a large rectangular enclosure, surrounded by four walls, in one of which was an archway, more or less carved, through which was the entrance into the open area of the enclosure. In the centre was a well or fountain, and along the walls were rows of chambers, each one opening into the courtyard; and in these the travellers lodge, furnishing them with such things as they have with them; for these khans, in general, afford nothing more than bare walls for a shelter, and a supply of water.

But such had been the influx of strangers for this census and enrolment, that when Joseph of Nazareth and the blessed Virgin arrived, they found the khan fully occupied. In their emergency, they had to seek a refuge in one of those adjacent caves in the hills on which Bethlehem stands, where the travellers put up their beasts: and here great David's greater Son was born—at his birth, as at his death, the very outcast of men; while his virgin mother, whom all generations are to call blessed, was unhonoured, untended, unknown, by even her kinsfolk and relations.

Such was the birthplace of One, who, viewed as man merely, possessed in its highest degree that which men so highly prize, nobility of birth; and when to this we add the great truth, that he was the Son of God, that he was Divine, we are lost in wonder as we contemplate his lowly birth in the manger of Bethlehem! "Faith leaves the imagination, and the sublimest thoughts the soul is capable of, far behind; for, to conceive it rightly, is to embrace the infinite."

It was night, and while the streets and houses of Bethlehem were thus overthronged by strangers, some of her own sons of that time were watching over their flocks in the adjacent fields, as their ancestors had done of yore. These lay to the north-east of Bethlehem, beneath the cliffs of chalk on which stands the village which was little among the thousands of Judah; these were the fields of Boaz,

where the gentle, loving Ruth gleaned barley for the afflicted Naomi; and here was the spot where he who was taken from the sheepfold to be king of the chosen people, and the sweet Psalmist of Israel, slew the lion and the bear that would have spoiled the flock over which he watched with the vigilance of a faithful shepherd.

And here now, protected from the coldness of the night in the little black tents of goats' hair stretched on three poles, are Bethlehem shepherds, who keep guard over their sheep lying around them; for now, as in olden time, beasts of prey—the bear, and the jackal, and the hyena—come up from the swellings of Jordan to make havoc among the flocks that are carelessly guarded.

The shades of night have long since fallen; hushed is the sound which came down from the cliff-perched village which overhangs them; the stars in their course have risen from the horizon, and passed above their heads. As the shepherds watch together over their united flocks, they talk of the unwonted stir and bustle which agitates their quiet village; or they speak with indignation of the decree which is the cause of this gathering in Bethlehem, and which is already beginning to foment that disturbance which shortly broke out under the leadership of Judas: or it may be that tidings had reached them of the wondrous things which, six months before, had happened in the house of Zacharias, in the neighbouring village of Juda, now called Yuttah, in the hill country beyond them—that the things which had happened at the birth of his son John, were the theme of their conversation; and they discussed the question, What manner of child shall this be? and inquired among themselves whether this could be the expected deliverer from the Roman bondage under which they were just now galling—when lo! in the darkness of the night, a flood of celestial light shines forth, and a brightness exceeding the brightness of the midday sun falls around them; and in the midst of this cloud of glory stands God's messenger of glad tidings to man, the archangel Gabriel. Fear falls upon the shepherds as they perceive the angelic form in the midst of this exceeding brightness of glory; but his first word is an assuring one; he bids them not to fear, for the desire of their heart is even now gratified; that Redeemer, of whose wished-for advent they were at that moment speaking, has come: he is not far off; "for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

And now was heard such music as had not been heard before since the day when, God having formed man in his own likeness, and pronounced of creation thus crowned with its greatest work, that it was very good, the sons of God shouted for joy at the perfection of their Creator's latest work; and their jubilation was echoed back from the beauteous earth through the azure vaults of the newly-formed heavens, and rolled back again, with soft swelling notes, through the verdure-clad valleys and forests of Paradise. It was as if these same sons of God, who had long desired, but in vain, to look

into the Divine scheme of salvation, when the words of the archangel to the shepherds, revealed to them the wondrous work of redeeming love of which Bethlehem was the scene, gave expression to feelings which had been pent up from the day when some of them had driven man from Eden, and guarded the way of the Tree of Life against him. For "suddenly," immediately upon the announcement, the gates of heaven seemed to open wide their portals, and there streamed forth the sound of the angelic harpers harping with their harps, and there was heard, as it were, the voice of many waters—

"Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on for ever"—

as there was an outburst of song from a multitude of the heavenly host, and the choirs of heaven sang the *First Christmas Carol*,—Glory to God in the highest, upon earth peace, good will from man to man.

What music was then heard by the ears of men! What wondrous harmony must that have been which swelled against the cliffs of Bethlehem, and floated o'er her fields! The like shall never more be heard by human ears on earth: what human ears shall hear the like in heaven? This was the natal song of Christ the Lord: another song shall yet be sung, the bridal song of the Lamb. And who are they that shall take up the words of that hallelujah chorus which shall ascribe all honour and glory to him who sitteth upon the throne of heaven, but who was at this time cradled in the manger of Bethlehem? Who but they who here rejoice and are glad,—who carry out the spirit of the angels' song, and give glory to God for the redemption which he hath wrought,—who lay hold on the salvation which he hath purchased by the infant cries of Bethlehem and the agonies of Calvary, and who show their love for him by loving one another, and following peace with all men? Go, then, Christian reader, in spirit to Bethlehem at this holy season, and see and understand the great things which God did there for you and for all men. And withal, to help you in profitable contemplation of the event, take with you these words, which have the mellowness of fifteen centuries, and have touched the hearts of many such as thee:—Jesus was a little infant, that thou mayest be able to be a perfect man; he was wrapped in swaddling clothes, that thou mayest be freed from the bands of death; he was in a manger, that thou mayest be in heaven; he had no other place in that inn, that thou mayest have more abundant mansions in the heavenly habitation; he, when "he was rich, for our sake became poor, that we by his poverty might be made rich;" that poverty, therefore, is my patrimony; and the weakness of the Lord is my strength. The weeping of that crying infant washed me; those tears have cleansed my offences. More, therefore, O Lord Jesus, do I owe to thy bereavement that I am redeemed, than to thy works that I am created.



THE LAST SATURDAY NIGHT AND THE FIRST SUNDAY OF THE YEAR.



HERE is among the working hours of the week one period that all persons, voluntarily or involuntarily, look forward to with interest—it is Saturday night. The man of toil thinks of it as the rounding up of one of the weekly sections of his life—a something, whether painful or pleasant, that is so far completed; a time when labour's payment comes, and when he seeks the rest of home, and may stretch himself at ease by his own fireside.

The man of business casts up his accounts, clears his weary brow, and is off to his family or his friends, with a sense of freedom for a few hours. Whatever Monday morning may bring of annoyance or fatigue, letters and bills, parcels and invoices, debts and duns, cease for a while to plague him.

In many households Saturday night brings what may be called the children's hour. Lessons are over for a time; there's a little gathering round the fire, and pleasant chat with father and mother. The new shoes, the pretty dress, the smart hat or cap, to be worn to-morrow, are taken out, and displayed, and chatted over. Caresses that the hurried week had no time for are given and received. Pleasant trifling—that, after all, is not trivial in the general sum of human happiness—is indulged a while; and then often the visitors arrive, long-looked for and much loved—the friends or kindred from a distance; and the bond of union, that the God of all the families of the earth meant should be kept kindly and truly by all kith and kin, is once more ratified with clasped hands and cheery welcome; once more consecrated at the family altar, as the assembled household, whether in cottage or mansion, bend the knee and render praise and prayer to the Author of their being, the prolonger of their days.

To the teacher of Divine truth Saturday night is something more than the end of the week—it is the threshold of the hallowed day when the soul, rising from its worldly cares, looks within the veil, and feels the reflection of the coming glory of the Sunday. To him Saturday is the step upward from the dwellings of Jacob to the gates of Zion. He is ready and waiting till the golden bar is loosed, and he may enter the tabernacle of God's house, the place where his honour dwelleth.

But there comes this season a Saturday night that ends not only a week but a year. A circuit of months, as well as a section of days, has passed. The darkness and the light, the sorrow and the joy, the toils and the triumphs of fifty-two weeks, conclude with Saturday night. In the experience of most there has been plenty of shadow to soften the brightest sunshine; and also, in the darkest days, some rifts in the overhanging clouds, through which enough light came to give the eye of Faith assurance that the sun was still in the heavens, and

only obscured for a time,—to cheer with the certainty that—

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

The extremes of happiness or misery are seldom reached by any: they are the extra notes beyond the scale, that are but rarely touched, and never dwelt on, by the finger of Destiny. But all the vicissitude, the perplexity has come to an end, for week and year close on Saturday night.

Pause a while, ere the hand of Time writes FINIS. A companion is leaving you. Think over your intercourse. There has been something to demand a sigh, and to excuse a tear, at your parting; something to smile at and cherish in your memory; something to sorrow over and forget, if you can; but, whatever be the earthly record, there's another account—

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

Yes, emulate that wisdom, as you muse a while; and whatever the past has written of you, be it good or evil, resolve to end your Saturday night well. Let the bright seraphim who minister to human weal record of you that you sent some aspirations heavenward as midnight came, and summed up the week and year in spiritual companionship with angels, wrapt in the still, calm atmosphere of prayer.

For thus ending well is also beginning well. The Sunday comes, the joy bells welcome a New Year dawning on the solemn day, "the holy of the Lord, honourable." A precious consecration rests upon it from the outset. Hail, sacred first-born of 1865! With gladsome heart we greet thee. Though as yet an untried friend, with an unknown history, we feel thou comest to us in the name of the Lord, and we thank God and take courage.

A gentle spirit once said, "Every man has two birthdays in the year: his own and New Year's Day." Yes, it is for all a new beginning. We turn over another page of the book of life—a blank page as yet—and on this New Year's leaf the first words we write should be, "This is the Sabbath-day; we will rejoice and be glad in it." The first-fruits of our mind and thought should be given to Him who ever loadeth us with benefits. With this new day and year, dear reader, begin a new life. A special opportunity is now given you to begin well. Like some of old, "early on the first day of the week" come to seek Jesus. Begin the year with him, and whatever the days to come may bring you of worldly good or ill, you will have something they cannot take away. The peace that passeth understanding will abide in your heart unruffled by earthly storms. The Sunday fire will kindle on the altar of your heart, and no human power shall quench it. To you, thus ending your last Saturday night, thus beginning your first Sunday morning, it shall be, what we fervently wish it, in the best sense, "A happy New Year."

THE THREE KINGS OF COLOGNE.



E shall not, we trust, be considered guilty of an ecclesiastical blunder for introducing, so close to Christmas time, the subject of the adoration of the magi. The natural tendency of all the church services in every branch of the Reformed Church at this holy season, is to direct attention to the human nature of Him whose birth we celebrate. Who can over-estimate the vast importance of having seasons thus set aside, in which the Church of Christ has her attention directed to the great facts of our holy faith? As the greater error into which the Jews, in their blindness, fell concerning Jesus of Nazareth was an ignoring of his Divinity, so the general inclination of the Christian Church has been, in all ages, exactly the reverse, and we find among her members a tendency to forget the humanity of the Lord. Therefore, it is well that, at one particular season, services and sermons are nearly all occupied with the one grand theme of our blessed Saviour's humanity. The subject on which we have to offer a few words of explanation and commentary seems to combine in itself the subjects of Christ's human and Divine nature in a very remarkable and striking manner. While we contemplate the strange mystery of the virgin mother and her child in Bethlehem's manger, our minds are carried on to the Divine object of the magi's adoration. The common practice in the Christian Church at present is to celebrate the adoration of the wise men, twelve days after Christmas, on the Feast of the Epiphany. This division of the two events is a matter of great antiquity; but, nevertheless, cannot claim for its authority primitive usage. Amongst the primitive Christians the entire season was observed as the Feast of the Epiphany, the time of celebration extending over twelve days. The first day (our Christmas) being called the greater Epiphany, and the last (our Epiphany), the lesser. These were the great days of the festival. St. Chrysostom tells us that Christmas and the Epiphany were celebrated as one feast, probably from a belief that the first appearance of the star to the wise men was simultaneous with the birth of the Messiah at Bethlehem. By the Armenian branch of the Church of Christ they continued to be celebrated together so late as the thirteenth century. As, however, commerce and the business of life increased and grew in importance, it was, of course, found impossible to keep up for so long a period a church festival; and thus gradually the intervening days were dropped, and the first and last were soon the only days observed.

This subject of the visit of the wise men to the infant Jesus has given rise to various conjectures and explanations. The story of "The Three Kings of Cologne" has a certain amount of interest attaching to it, though we cannot find any grounds for regarding it as anything more than a superstitious legend. The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, discovered in the East the sup-

posed remains of the three wise men, and had them carefully removed to Europe. She caused them to be deposited in the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, to which city her son was removing the head-quarters of Christendom from its ancient seat at Rome. After various vicissitudes, the supposed skulls of these magi were at last brought to Cologne, in which cathedral, to the present day, they lie deposited in a reliquary, which stands on a marble shrine. The most superstitious adoration is paid to these relics, the depositum of which has won for the supposed owners the title of "The Three Kings of Cologne." The idea that the magi were kings, and three in number, is of very ancient origin: the tradition, as regards their being kings, doubtless arose from connecting their visit with the prophecy of Isaiah (lx. 3)—"And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." The tradition of the number three may be traced to the number of their offerings—"Gold, frankincense, and myrrh." It is sufficient to say of the one supposition that it is as entirely devoid of any real foundation as the other. Now, let us see what true information we can obtain in respect to three points:—1. Who were the magi? 2. What could they have known about a Messiah? 3. How were they guided as regards time and place?

1. Our authorised translation states that they were "wise men from the east to Jerusalem;" but Dean Alford gives it as his opinion that the rendering should be "wise men from the East." In the grammatical construction of the original there is everything in favour of this interpretation, we therefore conclude that these magi came from that vast extent of country known as the East, which included Arabia, Media, Persia, Chaldea, &c., and not from any small district near Jerusalem, as might be inferred from the reading "from the east to Jerusalem." They were, doubtless, men skilled in the science of astrology, who, in the varied movements and eccentricities of the heavenly bodies were, as they supposed, able to read the coming destinies of nations. Concerning the suitability of the gifts which these wise men offered, the remark of Origen is at all events ingenious. "As if to a king, they presented gold; as to one about to die, the myrrh; and as to a God, the frankincense." The most natural explanation of this selection seems to be that the gold was typical of wealth, and the frankincense and myrrh of adoration.

2. It is very easy to understand how these wise men may have obtained knowledge of the expected deliverer for Israel. Both Suetonius, in his "Life of Vespasian," and Tacitus, in his "History," inform us of a general belief, prevalent in the East at this time, that "a ruler of the world would, about that time, arise in Judea." It would also be a very likely thing that the religious books of other nations would be, to some extent, known to men whose lives were devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, to say nothing of the extreme probability of the prophecies of Daniel in particular being well known all through the East.



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

In a note to Lango's "Life of Christ" there is a very remarkable fact stated, which goes to prove how very extensive and wide-spread was this expectation of the Messiah. Mr. Dod there reminds us that Schlegel mentions, in his "Philosophy of History," that "the Buddhist missionaries, travelling to China, met Chinese sages going to seek the Messiah about the year 33 A.D." There seems nothing whatever difficult, therefore, in accounting for the knowledge which these magi evidently possessed.

3. The means by which their attention was called at this particular period to the subject, requires some elucidation. That a star (or constellation, for the word may with propriety be thus rendered) was the immediate cause of their journey to Jerusalem, is beyond all question. "We have seen his star in the east, and (i.e., in consequence of a certain astronomical appearance) we have come."

There used to be a popular idea that the star appeared to the wise men in the east, and travelled miraculously before them, directing them in their journey. From the narrative it is quite clear that, having seen this constellation in the east, it was entirely lost sight of until after the interview with Herod at Jerusalem; for the joy is described which they felt when, having left Herod, they saw again the same strange appearance which had at first caused them to undertake the expedition. No doubt the words used—"Lo, the star went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was"—do, at first sight, seem to refer to a miraculous movement of the star. But when we remember that the men were already informed that Bethlehem was the proper place for them to go to; and that they were even now on their way thither, and that arrived there, they could have no difficulty in discovering the house where an event already somewhat noised abroad had occurred—when we consider all this, surely there could have been no occasion for a star literally to guide them whither they had already commenced their journey. The movement of a planet or constellation towards Bethlehem would have been S.E. to S.W., or the natural direction of the motion of heavenly bodies. Its standing over "where the young child lay" does not, of necessity, nor even probably, mean the house, but only the town, as we shall presently see more fully. The happy coincidence of a constellation similar to what they had seen in the east appearing to them now again, and moving till it, at last, was exactly over the town whither they journeyed, would have been a matter so extraordinary in the eyes of these astrologers as to confirm their first impressions, and thus become the cause of their exceeding joy.

Was this star something miraculous, both in its own nature and in the time and locality of its appearance? For two general reasons we feel it right to answer this question in the negative. First, there is no mention whatever of a miracle in the passage which relates the incident; no allusion to a miracle, and nothing from which we are compelled to deduce a miracle. It is, we believe, a sound canon of criticism, that a miracle must never be supposed when natural causes are sufficient to account for a phenomenon. In the case of the incident now under consideration the principle peculiarly applies. Secondly, if we make this stellar phenomenon a miracle, we take away one of the strongest collateral testimonies to the historical

truth of Christianity that the discoveries of modern science have supplied. It so happens that elaborate astronomical calculation has proved that at this time a most remarkable conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn took place close to the first point of Aries, which was the part of the heavens in which the prognostication of the most notable and famous events was considered by astrologers to take place.

On this subject, Dean Alford, referring to Mr. Pritchard's calculation, gives the following most interesting information. Having mentioned the conjunction above alluded to, he remarks that the same year (A.U.C. 747), on October 27, a second conjunction took place; and in December, a third. Alford then calculates that, if the first conjunction took place, as Mr. Pritchard says it did, on the 29th May, it would actually have been seen by the magi in the east, "for on May 29th it would rise three and a-half hours before sunrise." "If they then took their journey, and arrived at Jerusalem in a little more than five months—the journey from Babylon took Ezra four months (Ezra vii. 9)—if they performed the route from Jerusalem to Bethlehem in the evening (as is implied), the December conjunction would be before them in the direction of Bethlehem." This calculation we take to be of the greatest moment, and a most remarkable collateral confirmation of the sacred narrative. What more natural than that Eastern astrologers, seeing a most remarkable phenomenon in the heavens, should suppose it to be the harbinger of the great event of whose coming they had some dim notions, and of whose locality they had some idea? And when, after five months' journey to Jerusalem, and anxious inquiries of their learned brethren of the race whose deliverer they believed the miraculous child was destined to be, they set out for the town of Bethlehem named in prophecy, the same startling sight reappears in the heavens, and their first impressions are confirmed. Therefore, we conclude that this constellation, or strange appearance of stars, was no miracle, properly so called, but a natural phenomenon which the wise men took for one of those prodigies upon which they founded their superstitious speculations. It may be said that God surely would not have allowed the superstition of Eastern astrologers to have led them to so glorious an issue as the discovery of him whom all things in heaven and earth do worship, and that, therefore, it is necessary to believe that God wrought a miracle in making a certain strange star appear, and thus, by his power immediately exercised, brought the magi to the manger at Bethlehem. Admitting, for argument's sake, that the star's appearing was a miracle, we do not alter the case one whit. Even if it really were a miraculous appearance, the magi would equally have looked upon it as an astrological prodigy, and still the same motive would have led them to go to Jerusalem. Thus the objection should not be got rid of, for still the superstition of the magi would be the means by which God would have wrought out his great and good purposes. We see nothing whatever strange or unaccountable in God's making use of man's superstition to work good, more than in his making the same use, as he often has done, of man's sin and crime. Nay, the darkest, foulest crime in all the annals of villany was that murder by which the redemption of mankind was effected. Thus, though "the damnation of

those who say let us do evil that good may come is just," the Almighty is pleased, in his inscrutable providence, to make use of the ignorance, the superstition, and the crimes of man to effect his own gracious and glorious purposes.

Long was the journey, toilsome the way, very faint the hopes of success which attended these Eastern magi; but at last their efforts to discover the expected one were successful, and their hearts were doubtless right glad within them as they found themselves before the newborn King. Reader, is it even so with you? Have you, at a distance, seen the first glimpse of that light which can direct you to where the young child lay? How shall not these men rise up at the judgment and condemn us, who have the broad sunshine of the Gospel dispensation

to guide us, if we have not found the Saviour, ere we stand before the bar of God's judgment seat? The road may seem long to us, and the way a very weary one, and the light upon our path very uncertain, but rest assured the light cannot forsake us utterly, and if we persevere will yet stand over the habitation of our Saviour. Of a truth, he who is "the author" shall be likewise "the finisher of our faith." And when we have found Christ, shall not our devotion to him be earnest and sincere? Shall we not lavish on him all that we have and are—all the resources of our wealth, our intelligence, and our will? With body, soul, and spirit we shall worship him, even as with "gold, frankincense, and myrrh" the Eastern magi did him homage at his birth.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.



HE busy crochet needle went slower and slower, till the pretty pair of hands sank down in the drift of white worsted, and lay still. You could have seen that they were quite forgotten by those sunny blue eyes which wandered away over the dreamily swaying sea, which dashed up and sank back on the beach below.

"Isn't she a beautiful picture?" thought Mrs. MacGregor to herself, as she looked down on her; but, like a sensible mother, she only said, "Where have you gone now, Agnes?"

Instantly Agnes's eyes came home; the rose deepened a little in her cheek, the tremulous light of her face concentrated into a smile, and her fingers went briskly to work again.

"Only visiting one of my castles, mother," she said.

"Dear child, I wish you didn't love so well to build them."

"Now, mother dear, I really cannot see the harm of it. I know all the wise people talk as if it was a dangerous habit, and so sometimes I resolve I will stop; but I know I am floating along some beautiful reverie, and I cannot see that it hurts me at all."

"On the contrary, you find it a great pleasure, I'm sure," said her mother.

"That I do!" Agnes exclaimed, warmly. "It is one of the grand comforts of my life. My castle in the air is my refuge from all vexations. Now, mother, don't you think it is a real blessing to me? Whatever goes wrong, I can just withdraw to it. There the sun always shines, or else the moon. Oh, you don't know how delightful it is!"

"Don't I, child? Hadn't I dreamed dreams and seen visions for twenty years before ever your blue eyes were opened!" exclaimed Mrs. MacGregor, with a smile full of the past.

"Did you, mother?" cried Agnes; "used you also to build castles in the air? Then I am sure I may; for if I am ever one-half as good as my dear mother, I shall be quite satisfied."

A shade of sadness glided over Mrs. MacGregor's sweet face, and she replied, seriously—

"My Agnes must make a far stronger and better woman than her mother, and I want her to come to it with less pain. So I do sincerely wish she would quit dreaming in the day-time."

"Now why, mother dear? I wish you would just explain to me how it can be bad."

"Do you really want to know, Agnes? Will it do any good?" asked her mother, with an incredulous smile.

"Certainly I do. If I could myself see any great harm in it, I think I should try to give it up, dearly as I love it; don't you, mother? Don't you think I am rather a sensible girl, on the whole?"

"Why, yes, my dear," looking at her with a smile that told some other things she thought, or rather felt, "I do give you that credit. Well, then, prepare yourself. First, and worst, and chiefly, because it makes one selfish. Self is always central and supreme in an air-castle. There every one admires you—every one loves you—everything bends to your will. You have lived long enough, Agnes, to have learned that the world is not built quite on this plan."

"Indeed, I have!" with a shrug. "That is the very reason I love my Dreamland so well, where I can have everything as I wish."

"But what sort of a preparation, Agnes, for a world where we are sent not to be ministered unto, but to minister, is this long dream of selfishness?" asked Mrs. MacGregor, earnestly.

"But I always imagine everything charming for you, mother, and all my friends; and then I often plan how many beautiful charitable things I will do when I get into my castle."

"There it is! That is one great thing I am afraid of—that you will get used to doing your kind and noble deeds in the future, instead of the present. You feel all the glow of one who has really done a good thing, without any warrant for

it, while a thousand golden opportunities of the present are passing by you unnoticed. Ah! Agnes," shaking her head sadly, "it cheats you so, this dreaming of heroic and generous actions. It is a thousand times easier and pleasanter to sit and admire the future self, all noble and sweet, than it is to keep faithfully at work, making the present self live the sweet and noble life; and it makes one far more self-conceited."

Agnes looked sober, but said nothing, and her mother went on: "Your heart forms a paradise for itself, and you call it yours. Of course, you grant what everybody says—that we mustn't expect future happiness, that life is uncertain and full of disappointments; but, down in that hopeful heart of yours, you smile at it all. You embrace your beautiful ideal of life, and say, 'It is mine.' All that future love and happiness you have revelled in so long, you have come to feel is your right. Then if your heavenly Father come to you, and says, 'This is not for you, my child; give it back to me:' oh, my darling, spare yourself that desperate pain! Do not let your day-dreams strike root till it will tear your heart to pieces to have Providence take them from you! just trust your future life with your Father, and take what he sends you just as it comes. Do not claim anything; then you will live grateful and happy."

Mrs. MacGregor spoke with tender, almost painful earnestness, and Agnes sat reverently thinking how much deeper were the currents of her mother's being than her own, how much richer her experience of life. At length she said—

"It seems as if it would leave my mind a blank, to strike the future out of it."

"I would not have you strike it out," replied Mrs. MacGregor; "but I do not want you to live in the future, as long as your duties lie here in the present. How can you throw yourself into daily life with spirit and nerve, doing with your might what your hands find to do, if the best part of you is away in your castle? This is one great harm of the habit; it gets you into a listless, half-hearted way of meeting life. And then I dread the intellectual effect of these day-dreams, Agnes. I am really afraid you will lose the power of connected, vigorous thought. I can see now that your mind revolts from actual work."

"Oh, well, my dear mother, I expect that will come in time," said Agnes, deprecatingly; "you mustn't despair of me. I really don't know how to think now; haven't the least idea how to begin. I can't set up an exalted subject, and make myself reflect upon it for the next hour."

"Of course not, child," said her mother, giving her a little playful switch with the rose spray she held in her fingers; "but there are things you can do, if you only wish to reform."

"Well, what?" asked Agnes, leaning her chin on her hand, and looking up in her mother's face.

"In the first place, you can set yourself to planning pleasure for others, instead of dreaming pleasure for yourself—something which can really be done, I mean. Then you can force yourself to bring your thoughts to the work in hand, whatever it is."

"But you see, mother," replied Agnes, "I do a

great many things, like this crocheting, for instance, that don't require my whole attention."

"That's true; and the natural current of thinking, when you are at leisure to let your thoughts run, will be directed very much by the books you have been reading."

"Now, mother dear, please don't come down upon that!" with an imploring look.

Mrs. MacGregor only smiled, and went on: "You are two or three days reading a novel, and it fills your thoughts for that time; but when it comes to an end, you cannot part with it. Your ready imagination works the story over, and carries it on. You fancy yourself mingled with the characters; you slide into the place of the heroine, live over all the adventures and more. By the time this key-note has spent itself, you get hold of another romance, and the process goes over again. Every new story fills your sails afresh, and sends you floating over your enchanted sea. Now, for a very matter-of-fact, prosaic person a little of such reading may be a good thing; but for a girl like you, made up mainly of heart and imagination, it is ruinous."

Agnes was listening, with her head bent over her work, but with a deepened colour and a conscious smile, which testified to the truth of her mother's description. Mrs. MacGregor added—

"It is easy to read romance, to dream romance; but to live romance—ah! my child—that needs the brave heart, the clear head, the quick self-control which your reveries are robbing you of. It is only by bearing well the little daily tests that we can be ready for the great crises of life."

"But, mother, how can I read learned books all the time?" asked Agnes, forlornly.

"No one wants you to read learned books all the time," her mother answered; "but must I have the mortification of believing that my daughter can relish no literature but stories? There is a broad range of delightful literature, which I am sure you will appreciate if you would make yourself acquainted with it. If you have no taste for such books, I beg you will be ashamed of the lack, and study to form one."

"But you will need to be resolute with yourself, my dear. If you will only do this, Agnes—reform your reading—I think your habits of thought would reform themselves."

Agnes, still sitting on the step of the piazza, at her mother's feet, had laid down her head in her lap, and was gazing out over the sea again, but thoughtfully, not in a dream.

"Oh, I do want you to come out of Cloudland, and live in the real world, my darling!" said the mother, stroking fondly her bonny brown hair—"the world where earnest, self-forgetting women are sorely needed. I want you to know men and women as they are, and find out the meaning and beauty of life as it is. This element of romance in your nature would not hurt you: it would throw its mosses and vines over many a rough spot, and make you all the happier, if you would only keep it in its place; but if you give it a chance, in all these hours of dreaming, to overrun everything else, it will make a silly, craving, dissatisfied woman of my Agnes."

THE PRACTICAL JOKER.



HAT is a practical joker?

A practical joker is an idle fellow, a player of tricks on his friends, a mischief-loving imp, a pest, a dangerous boy or girl, a—well, he is a silly, selfish fellow, who seeks sport in doing something to his friends which makes them feel awkward. A friend of ours never would have a

practical joker in his company.

Yonder is a burly lad, slyly creeping behind a quiet little boy who is on his way to school. Suddenly the big fellow snatches the little boy's cap from his head, and twirls it over the fence into a clump of shrubs in front of a house. The small boy starts, fails to discover his cap, and bursts into tears over its loss. The big lad laughs and passes on. He is a practical joker.

Down on the beach is another lad, who suddenly spies a group of little boys playing in a boat. He goes to the bow of the boat, and slyly unties the anchor-rope, pushes the boat into deep water, and laughs to see the dismay of the little ones when they see themselves borne by the tide out into the bay. He, too, is a practical joker.

On board a British steamer is a man standing with a group of passengers on the quarter-deck. Seeing one of his friends about to sit down, he pulls away the chair. The gentleman falls down upon the deck, while the air rings with the laughter of his tormentor—the practical joker.

Now you know what a practical joker is, tell me how you like him, my children.

"Don't like him a bit." "He is a selfish fellow." "He isn't a Christian." "He deserves to be whipped." Such are the replies which come to me from my readers. They are right. A practical joker is not a Christian, because Christians are kind. He is selfish, because he seeks to amuse himself by giving other persons pain. He does deserve to be whipped, because he has hardly sense enough to feel the force of any higher argument. I think, however, I could cure him without the whip. If I had all the children in my QUIVER family together, I would form them into a vast circle, put the practical joker in the centre, and say, "Now, girls and boys, laugh at him for five whole minutes!" Wouldn't they laugh all the mischief out of him?

Don't be practical jokers, my children. It is small as well as selfish business. Any boy can whirl a little boy's cap over a fence, push a boat-load of children into deep water, or pull a chair away when one is about to sit down. Besides, practical joking is always painful, and sometimes a serious matter to those upon whom the joke is played. Think how badly that boy felt about his cap! What agony those poor children in the boat endured before they were picked up! They were actually borne out to sea, and were found the next day, huddled together at the bottom of the boat, by some men in a fishing-smack. The man in the steamer broke his arm when he fell down, and was so excited lest his broken arm should hinder him from the pursuit of his business, that he was

thrown into a fever, and died before the vessel reached its destination. Hence, you see that the practical joker may destroy life in his sport. His fun may be costly. His joke may be an arrow winged by the dark Death angel. I now wish to propose a resolution for our readers to adopt. Here it is:—

Resolved, I will never play a practical joke upon any one.

(Signed)

Now, if all the young friends will sign that resolution and stick to it, they will help make the world's heap of sorrow smaller, and its happiness heap larger. Who will sign it?

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

"And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ."—Gal. iv. 6, 7.



LISTEN, children, hush all noises,

I have tidings glad and new,

Breathed to me by angel voices,

Sweetly breathed to tell to you;

Listen, and a gentle gladness all your pulses shall creep through.

Sweeter than the soft chimes ringing,

On the pleasant Sabbath-day,

Is the angels' gentle singing,

On the downward earth-bound way;

Softly in the heavenly chorus, "Abba, Father, God," they say.

Spirit unto spirit calleth,

In low music through the sky;

Something wonderful befalleth

All the great earth-family:

Father, Father! man claims kindred with the glorious Lord on high.

And because ye are related,

Children, by a tie so sweet,

By his Spirit consecrated,

Is the union made complete;

Father, keep each happy child kneeling lowly at thy feet.

Abba, Father! oh, what beauty

In the breathing of the word!

Picturing in childlike duty,

Simple trust in Christ the Lord;

Strength and guidance, love and pity, in the kindly name are heard.

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTICS.—No. V.

A FRIEND TO THE POOR.

1. One who slew eighty-five priests.
2. A good man, the governor of a wicked man's house.
3. The name of a well.
4. One who brought to a father the tidings of his son's death.
5. A river by whose side a band of men fasted and called upon God in prayer.
6. One who in the Lord's name commanded the children of Israel not to fight against their brethren.



OUR MABEL.

DARLING Mabel, with sunny hair,
 Rose-tinted cheeks, and brow so fair,
 Lips of scarlet, and merry eye
 Of blue as bright as summer sky!

Our blue-eyed darling is sweet May,
 From morn till night, like some wee fay,
 She trips along in careless glee,
 Her music-laughter rippling free;

Anon through the still air ringing,
 Notes more sweet than wild bird's singing,
 Snatches of old songs, quaint and rare
 Child-music, all her own. Here, there,

Everywhere, she's dancing; in the mead
 Gathering flowers; by the brook to read;
 Teaching Rover—puss caressing—
 Alike our sunshine and our blessing.

What would we do without our May?
 All dull, dark night would seem the day;
 More tearful grief, and joys less dear,
 Without her sweet child-presence here.

May Heaven guard thee, little one,
 Till all life's cares and toils are done;
 And then above, with the angel band,
 May'st reign for aye in the "happy land!"

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HOME.

THE next day, Mrs. Moore, Freddy, and Becky returned to Evertown.

Here a pleasant surprise awaited Mrs. Moore: her rooms at Ben Blore's were ready to receive her.

This was a great comfort to Eva. Not only was she much more at home in the large, low, picturesque, old-fashioned rooms of Ben Blore than in the much smaller, neater, smarter ones at Mr. Hall's, but her expenses were, of course, much decreased by not being compelled to live in furnished apartments.

Dear and cheap are relative terms; and Mr. Hall's rooms, which some people would have thought very reasonable, were yet much more than Mrs. Moore could afford.

Settled once more in the old, many-gabled house in the market-place, she resolved to learn to labour and to wait.

Nat Neate continued to find her occasional employment for her pencil; but as the commissions he gave her were not sufficiently engrossing to fill up her time, nor remunerative enough to provide for all the wants of the little household, Mrs. Moore, who was an adept at every kind of needlework—from the plainest to the most fanciful—offered her services to the mistress of a Berlin wool dépot at Evertown, and obtained an engagement to work all the difficult and best parts of slippers, reticules, braces, &c.; so that ladies who wished to make presents of their fancy-work to their friends, could do so with no greater expenditure of skill, time, and trouble than was necessary to fill up the background.

Fully occupied with her painting, her Berlin wool-work, and the education of Freddy, Mrs. Moore, although happiness was, of course, quite out of the question, regained at least some little peace of mind. The spring was gliding into summer, and Sir Gregory Greville, who had been very kind and attentive since her return, had pressed her so repeatedly and so earnestly to bring Freddy with her to Greville Park, and to spend a week or two there, that she had been unable to find any excuse which the kind baronet would accept.

It was the more difficult for her to decline, because the vicar, who had taken a great fancy to Freddy, and who for some time had materially helped Mrs. Moore in his education, by giving him two hours' instruction daily at the vicarage, had joined his entreaties to those of Sir Gregory and Violet Vivian, and had told her that he, too, was to be of the party.

Mrs. Moore, of course, felt a very great reluctance, as the wife of Faulkner-Moore, to accept of the hospitality of the uncle of his injured, robbed, and beggared ward. She shrank with natural delicacy from the arrangement by which Freddy, too, was to be domesticated, even for a week or two, in a house where his father's name was a by-word for fraud, mockery, hypocrisy.

But sense and sensibility are often at war with each other. A letter from Sir Gregory, and a conversation Mrs. Moore had with the vicar, determined her to accept the invitation. The letter ran as follows:—

MY DEAR MADAM,—I am very anxious that the visit to which I have so long looked forward should take place soon; for Violet is in great fear you will not see our chestnuts in their beauty, nor our blossoming shrubs in their best bloom.

And now, my dear madam, I will prove my regard for you, by placing in you my fullest confidence. You will then see that I have a deeper motive than even the pleasure of your company in my persevering efforts to induce you to visit us.

I have told you the sad story of my poor little Violet's ruin; and tears of sympathy filled your eyes as I alluded to the fraud of which she has been the victim. I mentioned, I believe, that the strictness of the entail on my property prevents my making up to Violet Vivian the losses she has sustained. My own expenses are very heavy. I do not mean that I see much company, or live in any great luxury—my principles forbid my doing so; but I have long been a subscriber to a vast number of charities, and I am a governor of many of them. Indeed, there are some founded by myself, and which require to be kept up in a great measure by me. I mention this merely to explain how it comes to pass that, living quietly as we do, I am yet unable to save out of my income anything worth mentioning towards a fortune for Violet; and why I feel a degree of indignation, which I try to repress as unchristian, against the artful felon who has ruthlessly robbed her of her all.

Enough of this. You see, dear madam, that I cannot, under existing circumstances, afford to give Violet the advantage in the way of masters that a girl of her age and birth ought to have. And now I approach, with much diffidence, the confession of the reason why I have so pressed you to visit us, and the favour I have to ask of you. I should esteem it a very, very great kindness if you would examine Violet, so as to ascertain what talents she really possesses; whether she has a taste for drawing, for music, for fancy-work; and what books she ought to have, and what can be done to atone to her for the want of a first-rate governess and eminent masters. At present the dear child has no one but Mr. Burrows to give her any instruction. I own, therefore, that, in inviting you so pressingly to Greville Park, I have, I trust, as much in view poor Violet's interests and improvement as my own enjoyment of your society. The carriage shall be at your door on Thursday, at noon, to convey you and your little son to Greville Park; and as our dear vicar is coming to stay with us till Sunday, perhaps you will kindly call for him as you pass the vicarage.

Mrs. Moore remained for some time plunged in thought after the perusal of this letter.

"I will conquer these scruples," she said to herself, at length, "and accept this invitation. It is my duty to do so. I will fix with Sir Gregory on some plan by which I can superintend the education of Violet Vivian. It will be some little atonement to her for what she has lost by my husband's partner. Again, I ought not to deprive Freddy of the interest of such a great and good man. Freddy may, with his talents, with good principles and good interest, become a rich man, and pay back to Violet Vivian what she has lost."

Mrs. Moore had just come to this decision when the vicar called. He came to urge her to accept Sir Gregory's invitation.

"For Freddy's sake," said this kind friend, "I advise you to cultivate the acquaintance of Sir Gregory. I love your dear boy, and I will do all in my power to educate him; but I will now tell you in confidence what I have told to no one else, Sir Gregory excepted. I only hold the Vicarage of Evertown for the son of a patron of mine, and when he is of age to take orders, and is ordained, I must give it up to him. He is now about fifteen, so I shall continue here, with God's blessing, for eight or nine years, and then I shall be obliged to take a curacy, or do what I can. Were it otherwise, I would educate Freddy as if he were my own child; send him to Oxford, and when he was ordained, make him my curate. Were I really and permanently Vicar of Evertown, my love for Freddy and my regard for you would make this a great delight to me; but as it is, in all probability long before Freddy is ready even to go to Oxford I shall have left this. I therefore advise you, dear Mrs. Moore, to listen to any advice and accept any interest which Sir Gregory offers you for your dear, good boy. At the same time, let me

add that I shall be delighted to continue his education to the best of my abilities, and I have had great experience in tuition."

Mrs. Moore warmly thanked the kind friend who had advised her so well and so wisely. Freddy's prospects, and the hope of his ultimately becoming rich, and replacing Violet Vivian's fortune, together with a plan she had formed for the education of that sweet girl, determined her to accept Sir Gregory's invitation.

CHAPTER XLIV.

GREVILLE PARK.

AND thus it came to pass that, in spite of all her scruples, Mrs. Moore and Freddy found themselves welcomed as honoured guests at Greville Park.

It was a beautiful country seat; the house was of great antiquity, and full of long corridors, galleries, secret chambers, dark closets, subterranean passages, and cosy nooks.

The architecture of this noble building was principally florid Gothic, but there were portions of the pile pure Saxon; and many successive generations had contributed additions to the whole.

The park was beautiful, and very extensive, and the horse-chestnut avenue was the glory of the county.

The gardens were lovely beyond description; and one beautiful peculiarity of this "fair ancestral home of England" was a beautiful sheet of water, clear and limpid, and which, being fed by murmuring streams from the surrounding hills, was ever fresh and sparkling.

Eva, who had been shut up in country town lodgings ever since her departure from Beech Park, was herself astonished at the feelings of delight and enjoyment produced in her poor sick heart by the enchanting beauty of the park and gardens, the wood and water scenery, and the antique style and abundant attractions of the house itself.

The best apartments were allotted to Freddy and his mother.

Mrs. Moore's bedchamber was one in which a queen had slept centuries ago—no less a queen than the heroic Margaret of Anjou, and Freddy lay in the very closet in which her son, the hapless Prince of Wales, had slept.

Freddy was in one long ecstasy. Early in the morning he saw the kingly peacocks sunning their dazzling breasts and unfurling their gorgeous tails upon the balustrades of the stone terrace beneath his window.

Freddy and his mother were very happy together; and, the day after her arrival, she made herself acquainted with the tastes, talents, and capabilities of Violet.

She resolved to constitute herself Violet's governess during her stay at Greville Park, and she proposed to Sir Gregory to send his niece to her twice or three times a week for instruction in all that constitutes an elegant female education, as soon as she should be again at Evertown. The intimacy thus commenced continued on the same footing for several years.

Freddy still profited by the admirable instruction of Mr. Harland, the vicar; and Violet was rapidly becoming accomplished under the guidance of Mrs. Moore—who sometimes on a visit at Greville Park, and when not there, regularly at her own home—conducted the education of this sweet girl with unflagging energy and untiring zeal.

Sir Gregory had tried repeatedly to make Mrs. Moore accept of some pecuniary recompense for her time and trouble; but she, not from pride, but a far higher motive, resolutely refused to accept of any remuneration for what she looked upon as a little compensation due to her husband's ward. And so time went on, and Eva painted pictures which Nat Neate bought of her, and Sir Gregory purchased of him, causing them to be hung up in his own room, lest Eva's delicacy should take alarm,

and she should be discouraged by the idea that he was the only purchaser of her works.

Mrs. Moore also continued to eke out her slender income by her embroidery and other fancy-work.

Occupation kept at bay the depression that else would probably have destroyed her powers of mind; but her health grew more and more feeble as years passed by, and the sickness of hope deferred and the fever of vain longing became chronic with her. Her eyesight, too, was considerably affected by working at night, and occasionally she grew pale with terror as fears of ultimate blindness crossed her mind.

Freddy, now fourteen, was full of a manly anxiety to turn his talents to account to support the beloved mother who had worked so hard for him.

Mr. Harland, the kind vicar, encouraged the grateful and manly spirit of his pupil, and, as a learned profession was out of the question for one who at fourteen could not rest while he saw his mother working to maintain him, Sir Gregory Greville exerted all his influence to get him into the employment of a great merchant near Evertown, of world-wide celebrity for the extent of his commerce and the sound principles on which it was conducted. Prior to this change in our young hero's life, he was to spend his fifteenth birthday with his mother at Greville Park. Becky, also, was invited; for had she not been a second mother to this promising youth?

Violet, now fourteen, was a model English maiden—quiet without dullness, and dignified without pride.

They were fast friends, were Freddy and Violet; but they were no longer playfellows.

Freddy no longer called Violet Vivian his little wife; nor did she delight to quarrel with him for the mere pleasure of making it up.

Whatever Freddy felt and thought, he knew his place and her rank now, and he treated her as the niece of his benefactor; and she was too timid to attempt to draw him back to the intimacy of former days.

It was at the close of the visit to Greville Park which preceded Freddy's launch into the world and its business, that an event occurred which put a stop for a time to the intimacy of Sir Gregory and Mrs. Moore; but to this important matter we must devote a new chapter.

CHAPTER XLV.

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

THE circumstance to which we alluded in our last chapter, was one which took Eva as completely by surprise as it probably will our readers; but yet it was one, all things considered, very likely to happen. And thus it came to pass. Eva's health had improved in some respects, and she had been, for more than seven years, a frequent and most welcome visitor at Greville Park. Thither Freddy had generally accompanied her. He was a great favourite with Sir Gregory; and these visits were become very delightful to the mother and her son. Mr. Burrows, the eccentric old *protégé* of Sir Gregory (formerly an usher in the school where the baronet was educated, and now his librarian, and Violet's tutor), took a great interest in Freddy, who, thoroughly well taught by so fine a scholar as the Vicar of Evertown, was able to talk logic and make verses with the old usher. Mr. Burrows was supposed to be perfectly indifferent to the whole female world—and the whole female world returned the compliment. He had never been in love; and, except at meal-time, he was to be found either in his own comfortable study, in the library, or in the park, where he loved to wander, with Sophocles under one arm, Euripides under the other, and his small pocket Plato opened, and held at a very little distance from his spectacled nose.

Mr. Burrows was, alas, a sad sloven. His clothes never seemed to fit him; nor was this very wonderful. He would have been in rags, had not Sir Gregory commissioned a confidential servant, Jacob the butler, to buy clothes for Mr. Burrows ready made, and to put clean linen on the chair by his bedside every alternate day, taking care to remove that which had been worn. Jacob, who thus had the charge of Burrows' attire, in his great fear of getting what was too small, always fell into the opposite error, and bought clothes a good deal too large. His idea, like that of the calender when lending John Gilpin his hat and wig, was, "My head is twice as big as yours, *therefore they needs must fit.*" Mr. Burrows' huge feet were always shod in very huge, thick highlows; but gloves he never could be induced to wear.

It was, then, a source of great astonishment, and some secret mirth, when, in direct violation of all his habits, Mr. Burrows, during Mrs. Moore's visits at Greville Park, began to linger in the breakfast-room after he had completed his own repast, to eat and drink comparatively little, to sigh often, and to fix his eyes very perseveringly on Eva's sweet Madonna face. About the same time, he would leave Sophocles, Euripides, and even Plato behind, and join her and Sir Gregory, when they were walking in the park; and would repair to the drawing-room in the evening, instead of hastening, as of yore, to the library, or to his own study.

Sir Gregory shrewdly suspected the old usher's secret; but Mrs. Moore, the whole romance of whose nature was bound up in the one and only love of her life, and being, as she was, without one spark of vanity, or one iota of coquetry, never guessed at a conquest which was become the talk of the servants' hall, and a secret source of amusement and interest to all who came to Greville Park.

For some time past, Mr. Burrows had been observed to look at himself very frequently in the chimney and pier-glasses; and a very marked improvement was perceptible in his mode of shaving, of brushing his hair, and of washing his hands and cleaning his nails. His white cravat was no longer a mere wisp; he had actually requested Jacob to show him how to tie it fashionably. Dr. Johnson says: "He who, from having been a slattern, becomes a beau, or he who, having been a beau, becomes a slattern, is certainly in love." Sir Gregory saw all and said nothing, and Mrs. Moore suspected nothing.

But one day—it was quarter-day, and the old usher had received, as usual, the liberal salary his patron paid him quarterly—he did not appear at luncheon, and Sir Gregory inquired where he was. Jacob, the old butler, suppressing a smile, said Mr. Burrows was gone to Y— (the nearest good town), and would probably be back to dinner; but that he had left word, that if he could not return by six o'clock, he should certainly be home to tea. Dinner passed off without Mr. Burrows; and, as the old usher had never absented himself from that meal for many a long year, Sir Gregory became a little anxious, particularly as his old friend was both very absent and very short-sighted. The family had just assembled round the tea-table, and Eva, at Sir Gregory's request, was presiding, when the door was thrown open, a strong odour of musk filled the drawing-room, and Mr. Burrows made his appearance.

All present were too well bred to laugh, much less to quiz; but no one could repress a smile when Mr. Burrows, perfectly transformed by a tailor, hairdresser, glove-maker, and hatmaker at Y—, made his entrée. A curly wig of a bright gold colour adorned his head; his shaggy eyebrows and ragged whiskers had been trimmed; he was admirably shaved, oiled, and scented. A fashionable tailor had padded him out and pinched him in; a glove-maker had induced him to take half a dozen pairs of lemon-coloured kids, one pair of which he now wore; his huge

feet were squeezed into tight patent leather boots; and his brand-new pocket-handkerchief emitted an overpowering odour of musk. He was in great pain, but very triumphant; and he took a chair close to Mrs. Moore, and kept close to her the whole evening, even when she adjourned to the piano to play duets with her young pupil, Violet Vivian.

The next day Mr. Burrows, still in his fashionable attire, formally requested an interview with Mrs. Moore. What transpired between them, no one ever knew for certain; but Sir Gregory, finding the old usher did not come in to luncheon, went into the park in search of him. He found him in an arbour at the end of a cypress grove, his new wig awry, Plato lying on the ground at his feet, his face buried in his red silk pocket-handkerchief, his bosom heaved with sobs, and he was weeping bitterly.

Sir Gregory had not a doubt that the poor old fellow had proposed to Mrs. Moore, and had been refused. Certain of this fact in his own mind, he did not allude in any way, direct or indirect, to the cause of Mr. Burrows' grief; but he told him that his London library (Sir Gregory had a house in Berkeley Square, a house which he seldom visited) required to be set in order, and that he wished to have a catalogue of the books.

Burrows probably understood and appreciated Sir Gregory's delicate sympathy, for he grasped his patron's hand, while he sobbed out, "Can I go at once—to-day?"

Sir Gregory acquiesced, told Jacob to pack up whatever his old friend was likely to need, ordered the pony phaeton, drove him to the station, and saw him off.

It was a relief to Eva to find he was gone; but she made no remark on the subject. And thus ended the one love-dream of the old usher's life.

The departure of Mr. Burrows took place about three months before an event of which we must now give a faithful account.

It was just after Freddy had been appointed (through Sir Gregory Greville's interest) one of the junior clerks in the great mercantile house of Bond and Co., and a month before he was to enter on the duties of his situation, that Mrs. Moore and Freddy were invited to spend a few days at Greville Park. Eva happened, at this time, to have a very distressing cough, and to be suffering severely from pains in her chest, in her eye-balls, and occasional dimness of sight. Sir Gregory Greville, who took the liveliest and most affectionate interest in everything connected with Eva, and who watched her every symptom of failing strength with the most anxious and tender solicitude, had invited an old college friend, who had adopted the medical profession, and was one of our most eminent physicians, to spend a few days at Greville Park during Eva's stay there.

Sir Gregory's object was to give Dr. Beaumont an opportunity of forming a deliberate opinion of Mrs. Moore's state, and of ascertaining from him what was best to be done to restore a health so precious to him, and so invaluable to his niece and to poor Freddy.

Dr. Beaumont's interest was enlisted directly he saw Mrs. Moore's pale, sweet face, and wasted, shadowy form.

Without appearing to examine her, he took notice of her every symptom, and the result was that he expressed it as his opinion that she ought at once to consult the first oculist in London, as the habit of straining her eyes over minute fancy-work at night had greatly injured them; and that nothing would be so likely to restore her health and spirits as a visit to the Rhine and German Spas during the summer, and a winter in the South of France, or, better still, in Italy.

"I fear much," said Dr. Beaumont, in conclusion, "that the air of Evertown is every way unsuited to your sweet friend; and I am almost certain that another winter here would prove fatal to her."

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

WE seldom like stories written "with a purpose." A tale exhibiting in a well and naturally constructed narrative the triumph of all that is noble and good, is just what a sound, healthy story ought always to be; but a tale written with a design of inculcating certain peculiar social or religious opinions, generally becomes intensely stupid. As an exception to this, we may mention "Campion Court,"* which is written with the intention of defending the conduct of a certain portion of the Christian Church, and exposing what the authoress believes to have been the misconduct of others. The story is well written and interesting, though we could have preferred this controversial tone to have been omitted. That Miss Worboise can write better and more naturally when she avoids this style, we have proof in a most admirable tale, entitled "The Lillingstones of Lillingstone."† This story is free from those minor defects which are the only blemishes upon "Campion Court." "The Lillingstones" is a well-constructed, interesting domestic story, good in style, and wholesome in morality, and, happily, altogether devoid of the sensational element which enters so largely into most books of the present day.

If the last volume which we have mentioned would be a favourite rather with the gentler than with the harder members of a family, we think "The Wasps of the Ocean"‡ will prove a favourite with every boy who has the good fortune to become possessed of a copy of it. Books of adventure by land and sea have been ever since the days of Robinson Crusoe favourites with boys. It is in the nature of English boys to admire such stories. But how much is the real value of such books increased when, along with an exciting narrative, we have descriptions of foreign countries, cities, people, habits, customs, and religions! To mix some instruction with pleasant reading for boys is one of the most difficult, as it is one of the most important tasks that can engage the talent of those who write specially for this interesting portion of the community. Mr. William Dalton is already known as an entertaining writer of such books. Through his interesting volumes, China, Japan, Abyssinia, Ceylon, Java, and the Indian Archipelago, have become familiar to many readers. His last work refers to China and Siam, and notwithstanding that Mr. Dalton's pen has already contributed some dozen volumes of travel and adventure to our literature, this last volume lacks nothing of that freshness and originality which has won so wide a popularity for his former writings. This book contains some excellent woodcuts, and without is resplendent in crimson and gold.

Of a little volume, entitled "Money: a Popular Exposition, in Rough Notes,"§ we have only space to say that it is "popular" in the best sense of the word, and, like all sterling metal, it loses nothing from its roughness. It is thoughtful, practical, earnest, and eloquent, as, indeed, is everything which comes from the pen or the lips of Mr. Binney.

"Our Eternal Homes,"|| by a Bible Student, treats in

* "Campion Court." By Emma J. Worboise. Virtue & Co.
† "The Lillingstones of Lillingstone." By Emma J. Worboise. Virtue and Co.

‡ "The Wasps of the Ocean: a Romance of Travel and Adventure." By William Dalton. E. Marlborough and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

§ "Money: a Popular Exposition, in Rough Notes." By T. Binney. London: Jackson, Walford, and Co.

|| "Our Eternal Homes." By a Bible Student. P. Pitman, Paternoster Row.

a most fanciful manner of a subject upon which we should always speak with diffidence and humility. The writer is evidently a person of some ability, but the book displays an amount of pretentious self-sufficiency which the ordinary rules of decency should have prevented the author from exhibiting when he was writing on so great a theme.

"Five Years of Prayer, with the Answers,"* is a volume which is calculated to "give occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme," upon the one side, and in our judgment, to disquiet many a Christian soul, upon the other. It contains a long list of most extraordinary instances of particular prayers having received definite and distinct answers, such as were asked for. We think it would be well for Christians to be fully persuaded that every believing prayer is answered, and not to think that because some petition is not answered in the particular way we asked for, therefore, the prayer remains unanswered. The tendency of a category of directly answered prayers is, we think, to make some think that, if their prayers be not thus responded to, they have proved useless. Whereas how often does it not happen that a wise God prefers some other way of answering our petitions than that we had ourselves expected?

Of small periodicals, bound up at the end of the year, we may mention "The Church of England Temperance Magazine," containing much information, interesting and useful for those who are advocates of that laudable institution; and "The Teacher's Offering,"† which, though of a rather uninteresting shape and size, contains some good matter.

A little volume of poems‡ before us contains some verses above the average merit. Such lines as those upon "The Beleaguered City," and "The Old Milestone," show a mind capable of doing something good. We would, however, remind the author that in poetry, above all things, quality is to be preferred to quantity, and we should prefer only two or three poems, such as those we have mentioned, to a larger number of inferior ones. In the ninety-two pages which he has given us, he is forced to make up his poems with such rhymes as "hour" and "door"—"given" and "heaven"—"seize" and "seas"—"spy" and "joy"—"joys" and "skies"—"joy" and "revelry"—"demesne" and "green"—"tries" and "joys." But we shall be merciful—to our readers as well as to the poet—and stop here. The volume from which we have given the above quotations is inscribed "to Martin F. Tupper, with his permission."

We have also on our table the following little books and tracts:—"Questions on Scripture History." By J. Brown, D.D. (Rivington). "The Seven Things the Lord Hates." By Rev. T. Richardson (S. W. Partridge). "Be ye Holy: a Motto for 1865." By Rev. J. E. Page (H. J. Tresidder). "The Merry, Merry Bells." By the Author of "The Blank Page" (Tresidder). "Remarks on the Lord's Prayer." By the Rev. J. Field, M.A. (Mackintosh). "Songs of the Bible." By G. S. Osborne (H. and C. Teacher, Brighton). "Short Sermons for the People." By Christmas Evans (Tresidder). "Verses by a Banker's Clerk" (Hall and Co.), which do credit to the author's head and heart. That, we think, winds up our arrears for the old year.

* "Five Years of Prayer, with the Answers." By S. J. Prince. Nisbet and Co.

† "The Teacher's Offering." New Series. London: Jackson, Walford, and Co.

‡ "Poems." By John Grant. London: P. Pitman.



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RECORDS OF REVELATION.

PART I.



N some former papers* we have considered the grounds of natural religion on which faith in revelation and in miracles reposes. A revelation must needs have some definite form or mode, and we propose to inquire now in what form we should antecedently expect a Divine revelation to be communicated and transmitted, and how far the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures meet the demands and fulfil the conditions of natural religion.

A revelation, in order to be definite, must be verbal. Men think only in words. Emotions or impressions may be communicated by looks and gestures; but truth and fact shape themselves in words alone, and are transmitted only by words.

A revelation, in order to be made available to large numbers of mankind, must be promulgated and transmitted either in speech or in writing. The recipient of a revelation might promulgate it by speech alone, and might leave it to oral tradition. But tradition, we well know, is diluted, magnified, distorted in various ways, as it passes from mouth to mouth, and from generation to generation. In the lapse of time its authenticity always lies open to question. Thus, a large part of the traditional history of our own country is already mythical, and there are varying and opposite traditions with regard to events and personages even of the last century. A revelation committed to so unsafe a vehicle would lose its hold on enlightened faith, and would have for its adherents only those whose ignorance made them credulous.

Writing, therefore, is the form in which we should expect a Divine revelation to be embodied for permanent use. And we should expect authoritative Scriptures. We use the word *authoritative*, not *inspired*; for the former word, and not the latter, expresses our actual need. The mode in which the writers of an alleged revelation were influenced by the Omniscient Mind—whether they were Divinely moved to write specifically what they wrote, or whether, being Divinely enlightened, they wrote narratives, letters, poems, as occasion prompted, and these writings became authoritative because they were the works of inspired men—is a question which we shall not now discuss. But our need of a revelation implies and includes the need of Scriptures that cannot mislead us. We might as well be without a revelation, as to have one on whose record we can place no confident reliance; for how know we that the very portions of the record to which we cling with the fondest yearning may not be a foreign admixture, and no part of the original revelation? If the golden sands of truth are blended with equally glittering sands that are of no value, and it is left for us to separate the precious from the worthless, the Divine from the human, we need a revelation to teach us what portion of the record contains a revelation.

I know it may be said with truth that all lan-

* See Nos. 2, 8, 10, 11, 12 of THE QUIVER.

guage is ambiguous, and especially that, in translating infallible Scriptures into other than the original tongues, there must needs be more or less of vagueness and error. But similar considerations apply equally to writings of all kinds. There is often great ambiguity in a statute drawn by a skilful hand, and passed after careful deliberation by a body of legislators. But would there not be immeasurably greater ambiguity, were the public left to unauthentic rumour, or to unauthorised letter-writers, for the transactions of the legislature? A part of a carefully prepared document is intelligible to every reader; and as for the portions that admit of being differently understood by different minds, the range of possible interpretations is limited at the outset, and is still further diminished, or wholly done away, by the comparison and discussion of conflicting views, and of circumstances and other writings adapted to throw light on the document in question. In like manner the range of mistranslation is limited at the very first, and may be constantly decreasing with growing facilities for understanding the writing translated and its original language. Unauthentic and mixed records of revelation would give rise to a vast and endless amount of error; for every man would regard that portion of the sacred writings as true which squared with his notions, flattered his prejudices, served his interests, or temporised with his frailties; and while some readers of clear mind and pure heart might detect and eliminate what was false and worthless, others would throw away the truth and retain the alloy of error alone, and there would be no common standard by which those of either class could verify their conclusions. But in authentic and authoritative Scriptures there will of necessity be some portions of fundamental truth so plainly written that none can misunderstand them; the range of diverse interpretations will be limited and measurable; there will be a common standard of judgment in the original writings; and discussion will constantly tend to the elimination of error from the belief, and to growing harmony among the believers.

This statement may be amply verified by the history of opinions in Christendom. Among persons calling themselves Christians there are three classes. First, there are those who profess to receive the Scriptures as their sole and infallible rule of faith and practice. Secondly, there are those who receive as equally infallible with the Scriptures the traditions of their respective churches, the decisions of councils, and the dicta of their ecclesiastical superiors. Thirdly, there are those who regard the Scriptures as good books for the most part, but as simply Jewish literature, not infallible, not authoritative, and containing many questionable facts and erroneous opinions. Now, with all the diversities of doctrine in the first class, there are certain fundamental truths in which they all agree: such as the personality and unity of God; the Divine mission, miraculous birth, sacrificial death, resurrection, ascension, and intercession of Christ; the Divine influence on the soul of man; the necessity of regeneration; and the eternal

happiness of good men. Moreover, it cannot be denied that among different sections of this class there is a constantly growing harmony of opinion and feeling—a harmony which has been cherished, more than by any other agency, by the careful study of the Scriptures in the originals with the perpetually increasing apparatus for their interpretation. On the other hand, we find in some portions of the second class a virtual polytheism, inasmuch that the worship of God is almost forsaken for that of idols, and so entire a rejection of the spiritual element in religion, that salvation is expected on the sole condition of the observance of a ritual. Still worse, in the third class, there are those who openly deny the existence of a personal God, cast discredit on the most important parts of the Gospel history, and repudiate the belief of a conscious immortality. In fine, if you will take the two forms of belief that have the least in common, maintained by those who derive their faith from the Bible, you will find that they have immeasurably more in common, than either of them has with the Romish formalism and image-worship on the one hand, or with Pantheism on the other.

We now inquire, What sort of Scriptures should we expect as the records of revelation? We answer, first, that revelation would necessarily produce a literature of a peculiar kind, and would virtually create its own records. Suppose such a series of revelations as the Christian believes to have been made—a special Divine movement extending over many ages of human history, commencing with the early patriarchs, rolling on in successive waves of light along the line of law-givers and judges, kings, priests, and prophets, and culminating in Jesus Christ. Such a movement would necessarily leave its indelible traces in the records of human thought and experience. It would be in this respect like the great movements of the physical universe. The tornado has its track, marked by uprooted trees and prostrate ranks of growing grain. The shower in the drought of midsummer takes its path, and where it passes there are greenness, bloom, and beauty, with parched and blighted herbage on either side. Thus would it be with the mighty movement of the Divine Spirit over the souls of men. Where miracles were witnessed, where superhuman forms appeared, where voices from heaven were heard, there must have been a corresponding elevation of the mind and quickening of the emotional nature. Poetry must have taken to herself a loftier inspiration, a purer flow, a profounder depth of meaning. Precepts must have dropped from the pen of the wise with a keener point and a weightier emphasis. Truth, not surmised or reasoned out, but beheld as through lightning-flashes that parted the clouds and scattered the darkness about the Omniscient Mind, must have been announced with a confidence and an authority that could be derived from no other source. And if a being who bore at once the form of man and the image of God dwelt prolongedly on the earth, and conversed familiarly with a circle of intimate friends, to them, so to speak, the lightning-flash must have been continuous. The clouds must have remained parted, the curtain of darkness must have been uplifted, while they were with him. They must have been literally bathed in light. Truths ordinarily unseen

must have been so long and so vividly visible to them as to leave indelible images on the mental retina, so that we should have from them self-verifying representations of nature and providence, duty and destiny, in writings which would hardly need any other attestation than the keen and deep insight they displayed. Thus would revelation of necessity make and leave its own record, and subsequent generations could gather up its literary memorials, all marked by infallible tokens of the Divine movement in which they had their birth.

But it may be asked, Is it conceivable that revelation should have been left to the incidental literature that would necessarily grow from it, without some more orderly and systematic record? Can we imagine a truly Divine element in writings so miscellaneous and fragmentary as the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures? If God had a message or a series of messages for mankind, would he have scattered his teachings, counsels, and promises, morsel by morsel, among genealogies, narratives of wars and revolutions, stories of human folly and guilt—dreary wastes of prosaic details? Should we not have expected from the wisdom of a self-revealing God what men have often been wise enough to write—a body of divinity, a compendium of sacred truth, methodised under appropriate titles, so that we should have in one part of the record an outline of dogmatic theology, in another an ethical code, in another an exposition of human nature and destiny, in another a digest of the religious history of the race? The Scriptures might then be studied like a schoolbook, and even the child might be thoroughly furnished with an accurate knowledge of Divine things, to which nothing more need afterward be added. We answer, that if a council of wise and good men had been commissioned to make a Bible with a Divine revelation for its basis, they would undoubtedly have made a systematic treatise such as we have described. But of what use would it have been? Dry, homiletic, full of technical phraseology, it would have had only a very limited and slow circulation, and that confined to persons of already thoughtful minds and scholarly habits. It would have had for its readers a no larger public than Cicero's "Tusculan Disputations," or at most than Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," or Baxter's "Saints' Best." Bible publishers would have had their issues returned upon their hands.

Scriptures thus written would also have narrowed and cramped religious truth—would have curtailed the Infinite not only to the dimensions of a finite mind, but to proportions which that mind would outgrow; for the intellect that comprehended all the religious truth presented to it in its early years would exceed it, overlap it, look down upon it, in the pride of its strength. All positive systems are thus outgrown. They are of use in departments of knowledge with which we are only remotely concerned, or want but a slender modicum of information. They are, too, of use to really scientific men in their novitiate, but no longer. No man becomes a proficient in any science, who does not transcend system, and gather up new truth for himself in the boundless field of research. In religion there are creeds and catechisms, man-made bibles, good in their way, which profess to teach the whole of religion. But no sooner does a man

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place one of these between his own soul and the fragmentary, miscellaneous Bible of which it purports to be the summary, than he dwindles into a theological pigmy, has all his powers of apprehension and reflection crippled and dwarfed, and thenceforth moves, not even in a self-returning circle, but in a constantly diminishing spiral.

One chief mark of genuineness, of accordance with nature, with what we should anticipate from the Divine counsels, in the Bible that we have, is its adaptation to a lifelong study—its expanding breadth, and growing depth, and culminating loftiness of meaning, with the enlargement of its student's own powers—its constantly increasing hold upon the interest, so that none read it with so much freshness of experience and vividness of curiosity as those who are most familiar with it. Study these Scriptures as long and as thoroughly as we may, we never exhaust their riches, or fail to unearth new wealth of significance. St. Paul alone might give us work for a lifetime; in his Epistles the strata of spiritual wisdom grow more and more precious, the deeper we mine them; and one might be daily conversant with them for half a century, and then leave the world with few wishes so dear to his heart as that of renewing in heaven with that glorious leader of the Church militant and triumphant the themes in which he had inspired and guided the meditations of the earthly pilgrimage.

Again, we should expect in the records of revelation a wide diversity of form, style and method, in order to attract widely various classes of minds. The natural method of diffusing the seedling principles of religious truth might be suggested by what annually takes place in the diffusion of the germs of vegetable life. The seeds that spring up in verdure and beauty by the wayside, on the mountain, in the forest, sown by no mortal hand, have their seed-time provided for, their propagation in new localities insured, their harvests guaranteed, by being connected with some one or more of the ever-moving forces of nature. Some are wafted to their beds on downy wings by autumnal winds. Some

are borne on the fleeces of migratory animals, to vary the panorama in scenes where their kind had never before found lodgment. Some are floated on rills of melting snow, or on rain-swollen brooks and torrents, and sown in the genial soil prepared for them by the subsiding waters. Thus would it naturally be with the seeds of religious truth. In mass they would have no power of self-diffusion or self-transmission. But look at our Bible, and see how admirably it answers this condition. In this marvellous series of books the seed of the immortal harvest, whose germination is to renew the soul and transform the character, is attached to all that can attract and interest man in his neediness and sinfulness, in his yearnings and aspirations. Here it is imbedded in the winning portraiture of some venerable saint, or in the startling experiences of some God-defying sinner; there, in the wonderful vicissitudes of a nation's fortunes, rising or sinking, illustrious or disastrous, in the ratio of its loyalty or its profligacy. Again, it is borne on the sweet current of holy song. Then it forms the freight of the whole touching narrative of the Saviour's life, from the hour when angels herald his birth till they watch with the apostles his ascension on high, when the everlasting gates are opened that the King of glory may come in. Then it is conveyed in the close and pungent logic of Paul, in the terse, sententious, ethical discourse of James, in the tender breathings and the ecstatic visions of the loving John. There is that in the Bible which may arrest the attention and win the regard of human beings of every age, condition, and culture,—which may fix the child's delighted interest, and at the same time kindle the imagination of a Milton or a Klopstock,—initiate a Newton, a Locke, a Boyle, into a profounder philosophy than that of matter or of mind,—engross and crown the life-toil of a Butler, a Paley, a Neander. Thus in every form in which men's minds and hearts can be reached, do these records convey the incorruptible seed to its genial bed in the soul, attesting the Divine element in them, more than by all things else, by their fitness for human nature, by their close human adaptations, relations, and sympathies.

ANIMALS AND PLANTS OF THE BIBLE.

THE WOLF.



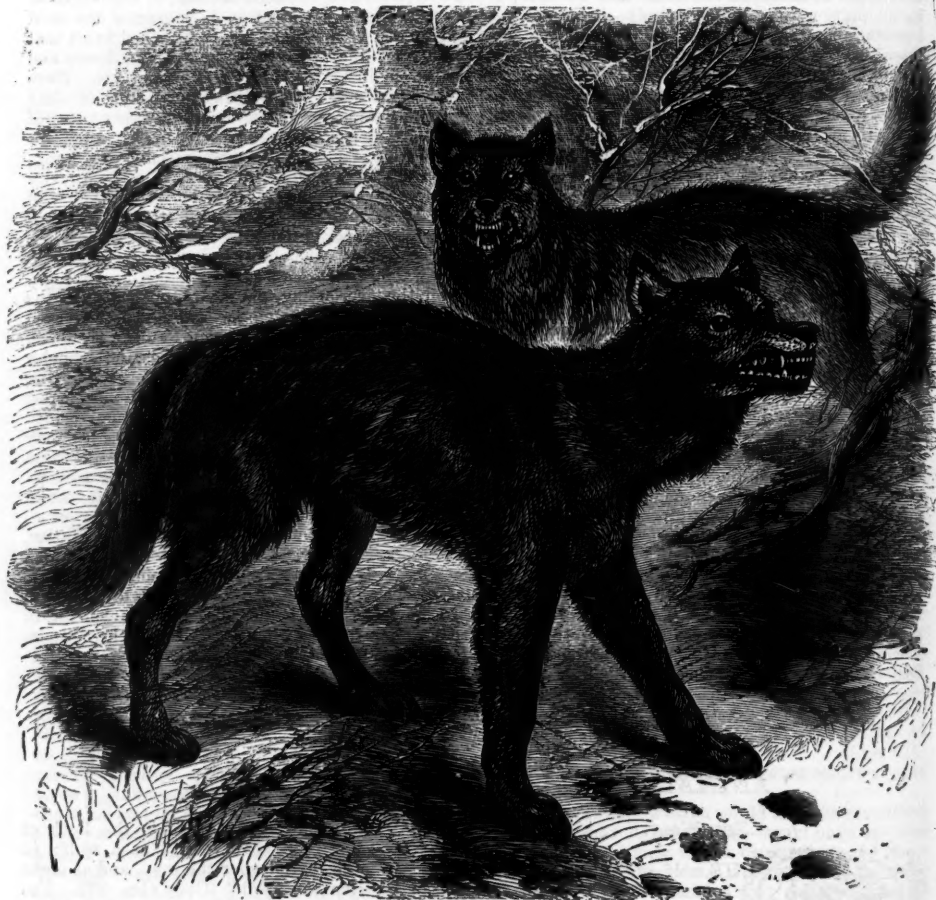
THE wolf of Palestine is the common *Canis lupus* of the western countries of Europe. In Biblical times wolves were, no doubt, far more frequently found than at present in the Holy Land; but in Syria proper they are still common. Dr. Russell, who spent many years at Aleppo, says: "The wolf seldom ventures so near the city as the fox, but is sometimes seen at a distance by the sportsmen among the hilly ground in the neighbourhood; and the villagers, as well as the herds, often suffer from them. It is called *deeb* in Arabic, and is common all over Syria." The fierce

nature of the wolf is alluded to in the Book of Genesis—"Benjamin shall ravin* as a wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil" (Gen. xlix. 27). The Prophet Ezekiel compares the princes of Judah to "wolves ravening the prey, to shed blood, and to destroy souls" (Ezek. xxii. 27). The splendid horses of the Chaldean army are described, in the strong hyperbolic language of the East, as being "swifter than leopards, and more fierce than the evening wolves" (Hab. i. 8). In this latter passage, also, we see that reference is made to the nocturnal habits of these animals. Similarly, Jeremiah speaks of "a wolf of the evenings" (Jer. v. 6); and compare also Zeph. iii. 3. Under the metaphor of a "wolf and a lamb dwelling to-

* To ravin means, "to prey voraciously upon anything." A ravining wolf is not a raving wolf, as is commonly supposed.

gether," the Prophet Isaiah describes the peaceful reign of the Messiah. As Palestine was a land peculiarly well suited to large numbers of flocks and herds, we can easily understand that wolves would abound. In the New Testament frequent reference is made to the injury which wolves do to the flocks; and in the beautiful parable of the "Good Shepherd," Jesus speaks of himself as one who was willing to lay down his life for the sake of the sheep. "The good shepherd giveth his life for

peculiarly savage and sinister. * The Swedish and Norwegian animals are similar to those of Russia in form, but lighter in colour, and in the winter completely white. The wolves of the Alps are rather a small breed, and of a brownish-grey colour. * The wolves of Italy and Turkey are tawny. Many of my readers, I dare say, are well aware of the fact that the wolf was formerly—even in historical times—an abundant animal in England; just as the bear once roamed about the hills of



WOLVES.

the sheep. But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep" (John x. 11, 12). We find that wicked oppressors are compared to these animals by a very appropriate figure (Matt. x. 16; Acts xx. 29).

Wolves vary much in colour. According to Colonel Hamilton Smith, a good authority in these matters, the wolves of France are more brown, and smaller, than those of Germany; while the Russian race is larger, more shaggy, and its whole aspect is

Wales and Scotland. When this country was full of dense forests, of miles in extent, wolves found a suitable abode, and satisfied their hunger on the wild boars, and red deer, and other denizens of the woods. And it was no easy matter to rid the country of these destructive hosts. King Edgar (A.D. 959), it is said, saw the necessity for adopting some decisive method to exterminate them; and he enacted the following very judicious law. Before Edgar's time, it must be stated, the tributary princes of Wales paid their sums in money or in cattle to the kings of England. Edgar said, "I will have an

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annual tribute of 300 wolves' heads, instead of your gold and silver." Moreover, he ordered that English criminals might have their punishment commuted by paying a certain number of wolves' tongues. "But the vast wild tracts and deep forests of ancient Britain were holds too strong even for his vigorous measures. What the numbers and consequent danger had been, may be imagined from the necessity that existed, in the previous reign of Athelstan (A.D. 925), for a refuge against their attacks. Accordingly, a retreat was built at Flixton, in Yorkshire, to save travellers from being devoured by these gaunt hunters. The Saxon name for the month of January, 'Wolf-monath,' in which dreary season hunger probably made the wolves most desperate, and the term for an outlaw, 'Wolf's hed,' implying that he might be killed with as much impunity as a wolf, also indicate the numbers of these destructive beasts, and the hatred and terror which they inspired."

As late, however, as the time of Edward I. wolves were far from uncommon in many parts of England, especially in the midland counties; for the king issued an order to all his bailiffs, &c., commanding them to give their assistance to his faithful and beloved Peter Corbet* to "take and destroy wolves, by means of men, dogs, and all such other suitable devices as shall appear expedient." Names of places bear witness to the fact that these animals were formerly common in this country; I may mention the words Wolverhampton, "the wolf's home town;" Woolmer, "the wolf's lake;" Woolwich, "the wolf's bay;" Wolney, "the wolf's island." I cannot well exaggerate the interest that attaches itself to old names of places, and the fund of intelligence that mere words will supply. The geologist investigates, with spade and pickaxe, the caves of the tertiary period, and his labour is amply repaid by the discovery of various fossils, which tell him what animals lived in the respective localities "long, long ago;" but in many cases these re-

* He was doubtless an ancestor of the Corbet family, members of which are now large landed proprietors in Shropshire.

maines belong to animals long extinct—creatures that "walked this earth" long before man appeared on its surface. Of late years, however, it has been discovered that man was a contemporary of various animals formerly supposed to have lived before him. But leaving this question alone, it is of great importance to bear in mind this evidence of the existence of certain animals in England, which are now either extremely rare, or altogether extinct. That the wolf was once an inhabitant of the forests and hills of England is, as we have seen, demonstrated by the names which have been adduced above.

The persevering and unchecked manner in which wolves pursue their prey, has been well described by Byron in the following lines, descriptive of the wild incidents of Mazeppa's adventure when bound to the back of that Tartar horse, "who looked as though the speed of thought were in his limbs:"—

"We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind.
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our tack,
With their long gallop, which can tire,
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire.
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak, winding through the wood;
And through the night had heard their feet,
Their stealing, rustling step repeat."

Perhaps many of my readers may be familiar with a very beautiful little poem by the Hon. William Spencer (1770—1834) on the death of the noble dog Gelert—

"So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase"—

that was slain by his master, who had mistaken the blood of the wolf—which the faithful animal had killed while defending his master's son—for the blood of his missing boy. The ballad is marked by genuine pathos and simplicity, but space forbids further notice of it.

OUR ALLIES.



VERY Christian is a soldier in the holy war which God is waging in this revolted province of his empire with the powers of darkness and evil. Paul calls Epaphroditus and Archippus "fellow-soldiers" of himself and of the whole Church militant. He exhorts Timothy to please Him who had "chosen him to be a soldier" (i.e., given him a commission) "by being a good soldier of Jesus Christ." And Solomon, beholding in vision the collective Christianity of the world, descries "an army with banners."

But there are others who are fighting this good fight in our world for the extermination of evil. Immanuel has a grand reserve corps, "a great multitude of the heavenly host," whose battle-

song is "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will toward men." When Elisha's servant, entangled among the Assyrians who had encamped against Samaria, lamented that they were quite alone, and the people of God would be overpowered by numbers, his master opened his inner sight, and bade him look up. And there, ranged all along the neighbouring hills, were the embattled squadrons of the skies. Those heights were covered with celestial horsemen and the flaming chariots of the Almighty. And the trembling disciple was forced to admit, "There be more for us than they that be against us." Yes, there was a glimpse of truth in the old Homeric fables, when they represented Mars and Apollo, and even Juno and Venus, as contending above and among the lines of the Grecian and the Trojan hosts. And there seems to be something more indicated than a mere strife of the elements,

when we are told in the Book of Judges that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." The gods do fight for men. These elder "sons of God," this unfallen creation of bright beings who shine in heaven like "morning stars," not only serve as the home-guard and garrison of the skies, but are sent forth upon active service on the battle-fields of earth. They are cognisant of the earth's history, and (which is more) intensely interested in it with all the enthusiasm of their childlike natures. They shouted for joy when man was born; and now there is joy among the angels of God when a soul is born again by the victorious power of the Spirit.

Nay, they themselves take part in the great conflict for the world's redemption. "Are they not all ministering spirits," asks the apostle, "sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Those grand archangels—why, they are the field-staff of our Divine Leader. Did they not act as his adjutants when the children of Israel received his law by their administration? as his commissaries when they fed Elijah, and Hagar, and Jesus himself? Does not our Lord represent them as a celestial body-guard, that always attended his steps, when he said, "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray unto my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" An angel with a drawn sword met Balaam, to keep him from pursuing the path of covetousness and presumption. David saw another, waving a drawn sword above Jerusalem at the time of the plague, which desolated that city for its monarch's sin. And when the guilty pair were driven from Eden, they looked back, and lo! the Lord had garrisoned it with angels. They beheld the gate

"With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms."

God gives us some idea of the number, power, and splendour of his heavenly host. "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels," is the estimate which the Psalmist makes of a single detachment sent to guard the Ark of the Covenant on the hill of Zion. John saw a grand review of the whole. "I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." He could not have said more emphatically that they were numberless.

The cavalry belonging to the angelic army of the Euphrates is thus described in the ninth of Revelations: "And the number of the army of the horsemen was two hundred thousand thousand: and I heard the number of them," adds the apostle, to show that it was no rough guess of his own. He goes on to describe their appearance. "And thus I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire and of jacinth, and brimstone: and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions; and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone. By these three was the third part of men killed."

But their whole mission is not destruction, though of course their warfare involves the destruction of God's foes: they are also an army of defence. "The angel of the Lord encampeth

round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." "He giveth his angels charge concerning his people, and in their hands they bear them up, lest at any time they dash their feet against a stone."

Now all this is very mystical, and it is quite impossible to distinguish how much of it is figurative vision and how much is literal reality. But enough we know to assure us, not only that God's angels are fighting, and that, too, on the right side, but that they are our comrades in arms, if we be soldiers of Jesus Christ, contending for the right, the good, and the true. We may not know the manner or the measure of their co-operation in the secret conflicts of the Christian with the guerrilla bands of the world, the flesh, and the devil, that sweep across his soul at times, nor the part they take in the grand encounters of the Church with the "abominable army" of the great rebel: but the fact that they are not idle spectators of the holy war, stands out too vividly to be evaded.

And how cheering to the Church militant to know that such allies are fighting for and with them! They stand drawn up in the same line of battle; their cohorts gleam among our regiments; their glittering swords, and starry chariots, and flaming breastplates, shine amid our tarnished armour: they are not ashamed to call us brethren, if only we are true to the same Divine Leader, and fight in the same blest cause.

And how cheering to the individual soldier of Jesus Christ, as he wrestles with Satan and the flesh, to know that he is *not* alone, but that bright angels hover about him, defending and sustaining, and not suffering him to be tempted above that he is able! or, when "faint yet pursuing" in the march of life; or, like Elijah, sunk exhausted beneath the juniper-tree, or, like Jesus at Gethsemane, bowed to the earth under the pressure of soul-burdens, to know that pitying eyes bend over him, and strong arms encircle him like a cordon of defence, and soft hands are feeding his spirit with the cordials of Divine strength! What a new significance and beauty it imparts to human life, amid all its commonplace and tedium, its rude shocks and its lonely watchings, to know that it touches at every point the life of heaven; that in coming to Mount Zion we are among an innumerable company of angels, who mingle everywhere with the crowds of earth, that they may fight God's battles, and minister from the cradle to the grave to those who are the heirs of salvation! Methinks, if we bore this more constantly in mind, there would be far less *ennui*, and murmuring, and disgust of life, far less of moral cowardice, and vulgarity, and meanness, and frivolity than is seen even among Christians.

How cheering to the patriot, to look back and see the glancing splendour of these angelic squadrons amid the thick darkness that shuts in the battle-fields of the soul's Cressy or Agincourt; to know that their voices joined in the great shout that went up from the victor-fields of the soul's Vimiera or Waterloo; that "the wilderness" rejoiced because of them. The stars in their courses fight against the spiritual Siseras; and the white-winged angels hover over every spiritual battlefield—a glorious ambulance corps, to convey the dying soldier of Jesus to his and their abode.

MEXICO; OR, SOME NOTES ON THE NEW EMPEROR'S NEW EMPIRE.



HERE is so plentiful a lack of information and intelligence on the subject of Mexico, that any honest attempt to diminish its abundance ought to be welcome. For, while that country is undoubtedly one or the least known countries in the world, it is equally true that it is one of the best worth knowing. If size is the criterion of importance, Mexico, it may be answered, is more than twice as big as France and Spain and Portugal all put together. Is variety of productions, of climate, and surface a claim on our attention? Mexico runs up and down, through some five-and-twenty degrees of latitude, contains some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery in the world, and will supply any demands you can make, whether for European cereals—wheat, barley, oats, maize—or for productions more peculiar to the tropics. If it is wealth you most care for, it is not only fair to say that you have the elements of wealth almost unlimited in the produce of the soil, that copper and iron are to be had in abundance, but that of

"Gold, gold, gold, gold,
Hard and yellow, bright and cold."

and of silver, the supply for currency purposes is equally good. Mexico has still some 3,000 mines, with contents that would satiate a Cortes, or would buy up all the Rothschilds.

"Strange, though, that Mexico should have been so much neglected, if it be as you say." No doubt it is; but it is as we say, and more, too; while our European and English ignorance and negligence, though seemingly paradoxical, are far from unaccountable, and, indeed, are not without a parallel in our own concerns with India. With regard to Mexico, moreover, there has been a conspiracy and co-operation of many things to keep us in ignorance. Till very recently the country has been difficult of access. The character of its coast, and the length of the voyage, were most efficient abettors of the selfishness which sought for nearly three centuries to make Mexico the exclusive possession and mere appanage of Spain. It was always difficult, and sometimes impossible, for any but a Spaniard to settle in the country. Impediments innumerable, and almost incredible, were placed in the way of every attempt to develop the true riches of the country, or in any way to extend its commerce; and the imperial Government at home lent every sanction of its viceroys and governors abroad to the blunder made by the colonists of taking gold and silver to be the chief, if not the only, synonyms of wealth.

If the reader glances at the map which accompanies this paper, he will easily note the most salient physical characteristics of the country. He may appropriately note first the great extent of coast. Besides this, he may put down the fact that

in all this enormous seaboard there is scarcely a single first-rate harbour, and on the gulf side not even a single good one. Indeed, Mexico reminds one of what, before the days of steam-ships, used to be said by the pilots of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb: that there was one half of the year when you could not get into the Red Sea, and another half when you could not get out of it. For you might say of the coast of Mexico, that during that part of the year in which it was not either inaccessible or extremely dangerous, to land was almost as perilous as to be wrecked. You escaped drowning in the gulf only to encounter malaria on the beach. Even during the fine part of the year—from October to May—the equinoctial gales frequently sweep across the gulf with unmitigated fury; while from May to October, the time of rain and of summer, you could land neither at Acapulco on the west, nor at Vera Cruz on the east, without having to settle prompt accounts with the yellow fever or *vomito prieto*.

"But surely," says some one, "you are making out a case against your own previous statements. No doubt Potosi has diamonds; but what if you cannot get them, or must pay for them with life?" The objection is only natural, but it proceeds on insufficient data. For, first, we may be sure beforehand that He who has said, "Go forth and replenish the earth, and subdue it," has not placed before us so magnificent a prize as Mexico, and put a veto on the effort to win it. He has put vetoes unmistakable and irrevocable on monopolies, and idleness, and stupidity, but not on Mexico. And, secondly, engineering and drainage, wisely prosecuted, will effectually remove some of the other obstacles; while, thirdly and lastly, the country has never had a chance. When the blundering and incapable tyranny of Spain was finally overthrown in 1810, the Mexicans discovered, to their cost, the most fatal of its effects in their own incapacity for self-government. There followed ten years of misery and disorder, and the year 1821 witnessed the outbreak of a perfect mania for revolutions. In the forty-three years since elapsed there have been in Mexico no fewer than six-and-thirty revolutions, and more than twice as many presidents. So, again we say, the country has never had a chance.

But, returning to the physical description of the country, we inquire, What of the rivers? Well, a glance at the map will show reason enough why little should be said of these; for, save the Rio Grande del Norte—forming a great part of the northern boundary of the country—the Colorado, the Santiago, and the Balzas, the rivers are comparatively unimportant; while the few just named seem very inadequate in a country with a surface of above a million of square miles. Against the paucity of the rivers, however, set this—that you have a carriage road presenting no important variations from the level through 1,400 unbroken miles! No speech could make plainer the challenge and invitation to lay down, as soon as

may be, one of the easiest, and cheapest, and most beneficent railways in the world.

Perhaps the most impressive picture in the physical geography of Mexico is in its mountains. Its vast Cordilleras, as the greater chains are called, are like the eastern and western shores of some huge sea that lies between. The lofty table-land they seem to have dammed up, measures more than half a million of square miles; and, though lying mostly within the tropics, its elevation to some 6,000 feet or more above the level of the sea, secures to it the climate of the temperate zone. Here and there in this plateau rise mountains of prodigious height,

obsidian, and other igneous rocks. What deluges of molten fire it must have known!

And now for a word about the productions of the country. We have said already that the Mexican soil would supply any demands you could make on it. Whether we have said too much may easily be judged from the following.

In his invaluable essay on New Spain, Baron Humboldt writes:—"Indeed, there is scarcely a plant in the rest of the world which is not susceptible of cultivation in one or other part of Mexico; nor would it be an easy matter for the botanist to obtain even a tolerable acquaintance with the mul-



including the extinct volcanoes, Popocatepetl, Iztaccihuatl, &c., and the lesser but still active volcanoes, Tuztla, Jorullo, and Colima.

With characteristics so remarkable as the few we have indicated, the reader will be quite prepared to learn that the geology of Mexico is varied and striking in the highest degree. It would be out of place to dwell on it here, but we may just note that the formation of its mountains differs widely from that of the great mountains of the Old World; for, instead of presenting us with huge granitic masses, overlaid by gneiss, and mica, and clay-slate, it hides away its granite (save on the Pacific) under a world of porphyry, greenstone, amygdaloid, basalt,

titude of plants scattered over the mountains, or crowded together in the vast forests at the foot of the Cordilleras."

And with this extraordinary variety of productive power is combined an equal degree of it. Not only that kind of travellers, the Baron Humboldt, but all his successors, have agreed that the soil of this ill-appreciated land is of extraordinary fertility. Wherever irrigation has been practised the most abundant crops are raised with very little labour.

Such is the briefest sketch of the predominant physical features of Mexico—its coasts, its rivers, its mountains, its soil. Of its lakes, and of some other things, we have no space to speak.

The villages and smaller towns of Mexico are as poor and squalid as might be expected in a country so long the victim of misrule; but some of the ports and cities are considerable in size, are fairly peopled, well built, and in possession of almost everything that is requisite for the development of trade. The capital itself stands on the same site as the ancient Indian capital of the same name, and is, says Humboldt, "one of the finest cities ever built by Europeans on either hemisphere. With the exception of Petersburg, Berlin, Philadelphia, and some quarters of Westminster, and, we may safely say, the new part of Paris, there does not exist a city of the same extent which can be compared to the capital of New Spain, for the uniform level of the ground on which it stands, for the regularity and breadth of the streets, and the extent of the public places. The architecture is of a very pure style; and there are even edifices of very beautiful structure. The exterior of the houses is not loaded with ornament (though many of them are covered with glazed and many-patterned porcelain). Two sorts of hewn stone give to the Mexican buildings an air of solidity, and sometimes of magnificence." Humboldt afterwards adds, that some part of the impression produced by the city may be due, not so much to the buildings themselves, as to the regularity and extent of the streets, and the splendid situation of the city. When it is mentioned that many of the streets are nearly two miles in length, are perfectly level and straight, and issue in views of the surrounding mountains, we shall see the propriety of the baron's concession. Mexico has a spacious and almost splendid Grand Square, a cathedral, a palace described as "truly magnificent," a mint, colleges, a school of mines, hospitals, numerous churches and monasteries, and—as if to tell us in a word one chief reason why all was still a failure—it has a Palace of the Inquisition.

A glance at the population of the country will cast some additional light upon its strange and futile history. The distinguished French traveller, Chevalier, computed it to amount, in 1835, to about 7,000,000 in all. These 7,000,000 are made up pretty much as follows—1. Pure Spaniards, never numbering more than 80,000, and, since their degradation from political mastery, probably not more than 24,000. 2. Creoles, or native whites of European descent, forming the wealthiest and most powerful part of the population. They were estimated by Chevalier at 1,300,000. 3. Indians, or native Mexicans. They constitute the great mass of the rural population, and amount to perhaps 4,000,000. 4. The mixed castes, comprising mulattoes, quadroons, and so forth.

It is by no means flattering to our European pride to consider that Mexico was probably a happier, and certainly a more populous, country before it was known to Europeans than ever it has been since. It was intensely pagan, and some of its religious rites were undoubtedly revolting; but it was never more bloody in its idolatry than was the Spaniard, with his so-called Christianity; for he did even worse, in the name of the Once Crucified, than merely butcher its people by wholesale. The native Mexicans engaged in trade and agriculture; they had an established religion, and a regularly organised government; they built cities, and palaces, and temples, and adorned them with barbaric splendour, and were content to be

ignorant of a "civilisation" with which they came in contact only to their utter and apparently irremediable loss.

The conquest effected by Cortes in 1519 led to a policy openly founded on the principle that Mexico and its people existed solely for the gratification and aggrandisement of Spain. The misgovernment and tyranny of the conquerors lasted through near three centuries of human misery; while their overthrow, in 1810, was only the substitution of the licence of native adventurers and demagogues for the licence of adventurers and soldiers from abroad. But there was promise of better times. It was thought that, at any rate, the energies and capabilities of the country would have room to develop themselves when the incubus of tyranny and monopoly was removed. There was a show of order, and liberty, and justice. Large capital was attracted from England, and France, and the United States, by this promise of better times, and by the obviously splendid possibilities of such a land. Europeans and Americans were themselves drawn thither, while their respective governments came to be represented by a succession of much-enduring and frequently exasperated consuls. But in Mexico itself, as the reader will have found from an earlier remark, government succeeded government, and policy succeeded policy, till at length it grew clear that anarchy was the only unchangeable régime. Nothing has been wanting to complete the utter demoralisation of every class of the population. There is scarcely a government in Europe whose subjects have not, in Mexico, been insulted, plundered, outraged, murdered; not even consuls have escaped.

But at length the patience of governments and creditors was worn out. Remonstrance, and protest, and threatenings proved vain, and at last the Emperor of the French invited England to join him in exacting some redress for the past and substantial guarantees for the future. His invitation being declined, he proceeded alone, and, in spite of enormous difficulties and cost, he persevered until he had made himself master of Mexico, and could offer its throne to the Archduke Maximilian. Like his uncle, he has become a maker of kings.

It is not in the least worth while to demur to this compulsory conversion of a rotten republic into an empire, on any grounds of abstract right, infeasible liberties, or what not. Anything is better than anarchy, or than the prolonged agony of a national self-destruction which involves others in its ruin. For ourselves, we can only hope for vast improvement from the change. We look for a commercial development that shall go hand in hand with social and political regeneration. Intellectual and religious emancipation may be expected to follow it, though not to accompany it *pari passu*. The work to be done is of prodigious difficulty, and will take many years in doing; but it is something to have witnessed, as we have, a good beginning. The inauguration has been most auspicious, and we can hope, with a better faith than formerly, for the day when this land which the Creator has so marvellously enriched, and which man has so long and outrageously abused, shall flow with milk and honey, shall have its solitary places made glad, and shall see its deserts rejoice and blossom as the rose.

A CUP OF COLD WATER:

BEING THE VISION OF ONE AMBROSE.

BY TOM HOOD.

WITHIN his lonely room was Ambrose
 sitting,
 Where half the night in study deep
 had sped;
 The lamp was low, the sinking fire emitting
 A lurid gleam of red.

Upon his knees reposed a treatise saintly—
 An ancient tome, with pond'rous clasps bound
 thrice—
 Upon the back its title blazoned quaintly,
 "The Accepted Sacrifice."

Ambrose, the curate, single-minded, earnest,
 In labour ceaseless, in long-suffering tried,
 Whose spirit, like the silver trebly furnace,
 Was sorrow-purified.

Through that old writer's strange and antique
 diction
 Ambrose had laboured, striving to hold fast
 His author's aim and ultimate conviction
 Still closely to the last;

But dazzled oft by unaccustomed phrases,
 By eccentricities of thought and style,
 Had lost the thread amid unending mazes,
 Too certain to beguile.

He closed the volume with its triple clasping,
 Sighed with relief to think the task was o'er,
 Like one who after swimming flings him gasping
 Upon the welcome shore.

Then, as he musing watched the ruddy ember,
 A feeling all unwonted o'er him crept:
 And if he woke he never can remember,
 Or whether 'twas he slept—

But he or saw—or dreamed he saw—a vision;
 A glorious angel stood before him there,
 Whose purple pinions dripped with dews Elysian,
 That perfumed all the air.

"Ambrose, at your bewildered soul's petition,
 To lowly earth from lovely Paradise
 I come to show you, by Divine permission,
 The accepted sacrifice."

He took his hand; and from that chamber
 sweeping,
 The two through air passed silently and
 slow,

Noiseless as sunset clouds in heaven sleeping,—
 Unseen by all below.

They saw the monarch in his splendid palace,
 While cannon bellowed from the outer wall,
 Quaffing the wine from out the red-gold chalice,
 At some high festival;

And at the gate, to sound of trumpet's blaring,
 A herald flung amid an eager crowd
 Largesse of money, with a hand unsparing,
 Amid rejoicings loud.

They saw the rich men, in their fine seclusion
 From want and care, who held luxurious state,
 And gave by servants' hands of their profusion
 To beggars at the gate.

But the celestial guide still onward hastened,
 Deeming these offerings as of little price:
 And Ambrose longed to view, with spirit chas-
 tened,
 The accepted sacrifice.

Then he beheld a child its journey wending,
 Toiling on painfully with wearied feet,
 While from the fiery sun there seemed descending
 A very weight of heat.

The sultry air was tremulous and hazy,
 So fierce the drouth that on all nature lay;
 The grass was withering, and the hardy daisy
 Was fading fast away.

And now he watched the little traveller gaining
 A humble dwelling, trellised o'er with vine,
 Whereon the sunlight was incessant raining—
 On cluster, leaf, and bine.

Half-fearful by the porch he saw her linger—
 Poor little birdie, lately from the nest—
 He heard her tap there with a timid finger,
 And make her meek request.

Then, when the tiny traveller, basket-laden,
 At her own boldness scared, began to shrink,
 There came a sweet-faced, gentle-hearted maiden,
 And gave to her to drink.

And while the child was gratefully receiving
 The cup of water, clear and cool as ice,
 In Ambrose' ear the angel whispered, leaving,
 "The accepted sacrifice!"



"The accepted sacrifice."—p. 310.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHARLEY'S MOTTO:

"GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG."



HAT is our motto for to-day; and a right good one it is—only you are to understand that you must "go it" in the right direction. Charley Brown says it is his motto, too. Indeed, I got it from Charley. He is the leader of a little clique of young men just past the years of boyhood. They call it "our crowd;" and gay fellows they are, truly. After the day's work is done—for they are all working boys—away they go, all together; usually to the theatre, to a dance, to any place where they think they will have a "good time." They drop in occasionally at the drinking saloon; they indulge in oyster suppers often; they use cigars and tobacco in great quantity. And in this way they spend all their money: staying from home until late hours of the night; keeping their good mothers in constant waking and sorrow on their account; making all their friends feel sad at their conduct, and vexing their employers by their dulness by day and their wildness at night. That is what Charley and his friends call "going it while they are young." And so it is. But, ah! it is "going it" in the wrong direction—toward ruin! We know where they will drive to at that rate; they will end in being wretched fellows, poor, miserable, of no use in this world, and sure to be cast out from God in the next. If that is the end they want to reach, they have taken the surest way to reach it. Charley's motto is the very thing to bring them to it.

Is that what my young friends want? No! You want to be respected and happy people in this life, and to live in heaven in the next, do you? Yes! Well, then, before you grow old, commence to love and serve God; turn your faces toward heaven; plant your little feet in the Way of Life, and—"go it while you're young!" There is Charley's motto put to a good use; and don't you think I was correct in saying that it was a right good one, if used rightly? But it has been used wrongly so long that I think we had better drop it. Or, here is something better; let us change it! I was looking over my Bible this morning, and what should I find there but Charley's motto put into good, becoming Scripture words. Here it is—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." That sounds better! And now that you have all learned it, you shall have my story.

I was out once on a parade-ground, where some soldiers of a new battalion of militia were drilling. They were scattered all over the field in knots of different sizes, and all seemed hard enough at work. But one little group especially attracted me. It was the "awkward squad." I don't know that it may not be wrong to laugh at our brave soldiers, but I did laugh heartily at these. There were only eight of them, stout, well-looking

men as one would wish to see—but such movements!

First, they were drawn up in a line facing the officer who was drilling them. "Mark time—march!" said the sergeant. Every foot began to move. "Left!" called the sergeant, bringing down his left foot to show them how. Down went the right feet of more than half of them. "Right!" called the sergeant. Down went the left feet. "Halt!" Then he explained again. "When I say *left*, bring down the left foot—so! At the word *right*, the right foot—so! Attention—mark time—march!" Away went the feet again. "Left!" Down went the right feet of about half; one or two more were right that time. "Right!" Down went the left feet; and so they worked for a good while; and, after all, one man could not do it correctly.

Then the sergeant tried them at marching. They were placed in single file. The readiest man was put in front, all the rest holding one hand lightly on each shoulder of the man before.

"Now," said the sergeant, "no one start until the word *march*! At the word *forward*, every man throw his weight on the right foot, keeping his left foot free—so! At *march*, step off, all together, with the left foot—so! Attention! Forward!"

Away started one man in the centre of the line and one at the end, bumping his nose against the men in front, and making great confusion. All straight again.

"Forward!" One man flung himself over on his right foot so hardly that he fell quite out of the line. A hearty laugh, and they began once more. "Forward"—this time, all kept pretty steady. "March!" Several stepped off right foot first. "Halt!" Next time, all started correctly, but in a few steps got out of time. "Left—left!" cried out the sergeant, and down went the right feet of several at every call. So it was halt again, and all over once more. A funny squad was the "awkward squad," I thought, and I am sure you think so too.

Do you know the reason of all this blundering? The soldiers were grown men, of middle age. They had worked hard all life long, had always moved in an awkward way, their muscles were stiff and unwieldy, and they found it impossible to control them. They couldn't teach them "new tricks." They would make brave enough fighters, maybe, but they never would be good at the movements; that was plain.

On another part of the parade-ground a lieutenant of the same company was drilling a number of young men—bright, active-looking fellows. They faced, and marched, and wheeled beautifully, and had nearly mastered the manual exercise, much to the satisfaction of their officer. What was the reason? They had begun to learn soldiering when young; their muscles were not stiff and stubborn, and could be easily trained. That was all the secret of it. One thing more I noticed. When the colonel came out upon the drill-ground to see how all got on, the awkward squad seemed greatly ashamed and vexed, and their sergeant looked mortified and discouraged; but the faces of the young men brightened with pleasure, and their

lieutenant looked glad, and seemed proud of his men. If you want to become good, useful soldiers of the Cross, enlist under the Captain of Salvation while you are young! If you want to outmanœuvre all the enemies of your soul, to resist the world, and the flesh, and the devil with success, begin to train yourself for fighting while you are young! If you want to be honoured and happy in life, and have your friends share in your happiness and honour—if, above all, you wish to have the approval of your Creator, the smiles of angels, and the happiness of heaven, remember to love and serve your God while you are young.

If you would not bring shame and sorrow upon yourselves and your loved ones—if you would not be bound so strongly in the power of bad habits that you shall not be able to shake them off—if you would not be covered with shame and everlasting contempt, when the Lord Jesus Christ shall judge the world, remember to love and serve your God while you are young.

When I was a lad I used to see a picture in a Sunday-school book that I thought a very strange one. Some labourers were at work in an orchard; three or four were busy trying to straighten a crooked old apple-tree; they had ropes tied about the trunk, some of which were fastened to large pegs driven in the ground, and some the men had hold of, pulling lustily at the old tree: but they couldn't get a crook out of it. Off in one corner of the picture a gardener was tying a thrifty sapling to a stake driven down beside it. He had only pieces of twine, but the young tree was straight as a ramrod. A gentleman stood in another part of the orchard, with his little boy, looking at the men working, and just under the picture was this verse—

"This education forms the human mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Never forget that! What you are as boys and girls, such will you most likely be as men and women, and in all eternity.

THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A BOY'S ADVICE TO BOYS.



WITH all my heart, my friend, I wish you a happy new year, and hope that you have had a merry Christmas; that you have had a reasonable share of the enjoyments of the season; have taken an active part in innocent quip, and crank, and sport, and game, and the sweet old Christmas carols; and, best of all, have once more exchanged "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles" with the old familiar faces. And now the season of mirth and merriment is over and gone, the old familiar faces are fast disappearing—many perchance to meet again with smiles renewed next Christmas tide, but some, perhaps, never to be seen again in this world. And as this last thought passes through your mind, does not your eye moisten with a regretful tenderness, and a tear course down those very fea-

tures which but a moment before were convulsed with a hearty ha, ha, ha? The bells have tolled the old year out, and have merrily pealed the new year in, although, as yet, we can scarcely realise it, and, from force of habit, say "sixty-four" instead of "sixty-five." But we are in a new year, and before us lie our further allotment of "fresh fields, and pastures new." How fair is the view beyond! Bright, young, and rosy Hope stands before us, beckoning us on to lighter scenes, and, with her magic prism rainbow, tinting each object upon which we fix our ardent gaze. All the dark, dull days of Winter vanish at the flash of a yellow sunbeam, and all the frost and snow are melted in the warmth of it. Spring is seen to enrobe the smiling face of Earth with the virgin glory of green leaves and buttercups and daisies; and Summer dances on in her sister's footsteps with still rosier hours, and sweeter bloom and melody of blossom and of bird; while Autumn brings, with his garnered sheaves and general harvest of fruit and seed, the perfection of the fancy-gilded year. And with these visions arise the expectations of a life all glowing with triumphs, and successes, and hopes, the fulfilment of which are to bring continual joy and contentment.

It is both natural and right to hope, and especially so at this season; "while there's life there's hope," and there is no living without it. But we must take heed that our hopes are not too extravagant. Hope is a passion of the soul, and therefore must be kept under subjection. If we indulge our passions we are soon made their slave. So, I repeat, let us be careful that this powerful soul-passion of hope does not make us of us bubble-blowers and castle-builders, for ever fretting and fuming after impossible things, and neglecting the work of to-day for the sake of a dream of to-morrow, the very realisation of which, perhaps, would make us far more miserable. Let us not fix our hopes upon the acquirement of riches, but remember, that "contentment is better than wealth." Let us not imagine our own future fame, glory, or dignity, but call to mind the fact, that—

"Kind words are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

How easily these air-castles are scattered to the winds! How liable are those bubbles of the fancy to explosion! Then imagine the mortification of him whose dearest hopes have been placed in objects of no firmer foundation, whose life has been entirely devoted to the possession of a bubble which at the last vanishes at his eager grasp! Far happier he who cheerfully performs his daily duties "in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him—"

"—who works in his own day,
Nor cares for things 'sublime,'
And finds his own to be, though rough the way,
The Golden Time."

The present is our Golden Time; life is all before us; youthful vigour and cheerfulness are within us, and we may to a great extent decide on our course through the world. What is our hope?

Is it only a fevered dream of a continuous stream of worldly prosperity, never once to be sullied by misfortune? Is it a prospective panorama of self, in which the said self is perpetually in the act of getting up to the top of the ladder with little or no effort at all? Does the vision run after this fashion:—First, self as junior clerk; secondly, self as

senior ditto; thirdly, self in the capacity of manager; fourthly, self as junior partner; fifthly, self retired from business, and glorying in the state of open carriage and pair, and so on, *ad infinitum*! If such is our hope, whether we be doomed to complete disappointment, or whether, under Providence, we "succeed in life," we are almost sure to live a life of restless discontent with our lot.

Let us hope for things more worthy of our desire; let us set our best affections on things above, and not on things on the earth; let us lay up for ourselves eternal treasures in heaven, an inheritance in that glorious city whose builder and maker is God, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Let those of us who aspire after the vain, transitory honours of this life, strive rather to obtain an incorruptible crown—a crown of eternal splendour, "that fadeth not away." "To him that overcometh," saith the First and the Last, "will I grant to sit with me on my throne;" "be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Are not these thrilling words sufficient to stir you up to the activity of a better life? Will you not dissolve all your day-dreams, and "trust the larger hope?" Or is your fancy still bewildered and led captive by the more outwardly glittering prospects of earthly possession or pomp? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and all these other things may be added unto you, if you are fitted to possess them.

What shall I say to those who are running into the other extreme, and live only in the present moment, as butterflies in the light of a summer sun? Awake, arise! be up, and doing, and waiting, and hoping. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," for now is the accepted time: now, in the morning of thy life; now, in the morn of this new year, devote your energy and your time to the Author of your being and well-being, to do his work, and your duty, both towards him and towards man, so that at the last you may come to his eternal joy, and ever wear—

"The crown that wreathes the conqueror."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The well where Hagar to the angel spake.
2. From whom did Abraham buy a field and cave?
3. What youth was favoured for his father's sake?
4. What king did Saul against God's orders save?
5. What servant slew his master while asleep?
6. Where did they stay who news to David bore?
7. Who for two years did Paul in prison keep?
8. What king till death his dreadful burden bore?
9. Who constrained Paul in her house to abide?
10. Whose coming filled with joy the apostle's heart?
11. From whence was Solomon with gold supplied?
12. Whose folly caused the ten tribes to depart?
13. A man whose firm refusal cost his life.
14. Who freed the Jews captive by Israel made?
15. What great queen's sister was made Hadad's wife?
16. What king of Israel was in prison laid?
17. A place where much affliction Paul endured.
18. What prince gave first his offering to the Lord?
19. Who from the man his noble master cured

Asked and received that master's just reward!

Who will fret, and watch, and grieve,
And strive day after day?
God will his people's wants relieve—
They've but to wait and pray.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE EPIPHANY, OR THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—Matt. ii. 10.



CHILDREN, through the mist of ages,
The sweet tale has reached our day,
How the hoary Eastern sages,
Guided by a pale star ray,
Bowed in prayer and meekness lowly,
Intent on earnest worship solely,
Down before the Lord most holy.

For upon the ruddy sky
Such a wondrous star had gleamed,
Fair in heaven's panoply,
That those men of learning deemed
It was Mercy's shining wand,
Pointing with a guiding hand,
To the babe in Bethlehem's land.

And in truth the golden road
Bright in hope before them lay,
With their spirits touched by God,
They went forward on their way;
Earnest, prayerful, hoping, till
On the summit of the hill,
Their bright guiding-star stood still.

Then this wondrous heavenly sign,
In its strange and sudden rest,
Looked down on the babe Divine,
Slumbering on his mother's breast;
Calmly slumbering, sweetly fair,
Lay the Lord of glory there,
And the wise men knelt in prayer.

And those grateful men of lore
Spread before their Saviour's feet
Gifts from their own household store,
Kneeling lowly as was meet;
Gifts as token of their sense
Of the Child-Christ's excellence,
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Children, you too have a light
Beaming on the great life-way;
If you read God's Word aright,
And for heavenly teaching pray,
Then a guiding ray shall shine,
Traced in light on every line,
And lead you to the babe Divine.

Golden gift or jewel rare,
The Lord requireth not as dole,—
Only humble contrite prayer—
Only love bound round the soul.
Go ye in the morning fair,
Go through childhood's dewy air,
To the Child-Christ sleeping there.

THE CALIPH'S DREAM.

DO wish I could see a miracle," says many a one who really, without knowing it, has seen many miracles. When the great Caliph of Bagdad had completed his palace, he went with his wisest counsellor to inspect his gardens. These were laid out in Oriental grandeur. There were tall forest trees, from the great cedar to the hyssop; the air was filled with the perfume of orange blossoms; there were flowers of every hue, wild and tame birds, fountains jetting up water, run-

ning brooks among rocks that had been brought hundreds of miles, thickets whence issued the roar of lions, and parks filled with deer. Not a tree, or shrub, or flower, that could live in that climate, that was not found there. The garden had been years in coming to perfection, and embraced miles—nobody knew how many—in extent. The parrot and monkey talked and played in the trees, the peacock and pheasant trod upon the velvet lawn.

"All this is very beautiful, Meershi," said the caliph. "Nature and art combined have made this a beautiful spot. I can walk or ride, swing or swim here. And I marvel at what has been done."

"Who worketh like Him? God's finger hath touched every flower, and everything which thou seest. Surely thou wilt never again hint the thought that all these things are the work of chance, when even the laying out of these grounds shows somebody must have done it."

"Meershi, dost thou believe in miracles?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Show me a real miracle, and I will never doubt again."

"Sit down then, O Light of the East!—sit down in this little arbour, surrounded by the nodding poppies, out of which they extract the gum which maketh thee dream of Paradise. There! Now, rest thy head on thy left hand. Now look steadily at that circle which I draw with my staff on the ground."

The caliph looked intently on the circle, while Meershi muttered something to the air, and waved his cane towards the four parts of heaven. Instantly the caliph saw the earth begin to rise up in the very centre of the circle. In a single minute there came up a little shoot, and then it expanded

into a large, beautiful apple-tree, such as grow only at the foot of the mountains of Himalaya. In another minute the tree hung with golden fruit fair as the fruit which grew on the limbs of the Gihon, in the garden of the Lord. In another instant the fruit was scattered and went rolling around, and there arose a mighty orchard, containing ten thousand trees, and every tree bearing different fruit. The caliph gazed at the scene with wonder and delight. He put forth his hand and ate the new-created fruit. It was delicious as the fruit which Adam gathered on the day that he first supped with Eve.

"A miracle, a miracle! Meershi, I will never doubt again. That is a miracle indeed."

"Will the Light of the East look at his watch, and see how long it has taken to work the miracle?"

The caliph reached to his bosom for his jewelled watch, and drew out a rusty, decayed thing. He looked at the arbour in which he sat down, and found it was all decayed and gone. He looked at what was a little nursery, and saw them to be great trees. He could hardly recognise anything.

"Meershi, what means this? Am I not awake? I surely have been asleep. How long have I slept?"

"Eighty-five years, Light of the East."

"Eighty-five years! Then it was no miracle after all! That first apple-tree must have grown up, and borne fruit, and created the great orchard in the natural way. That was mere nature, after all. Ha! Meershi, by the beard of the Prophet, thou smilest at thy cunning."

"Not so, great caliph. But I wanted to show thee that every tree that sprouts, and grows, and brings forth its fruit, is a miracle. What is the difference whether the great One raise a tree and an orchard in five minutes, or in fifty years? Is not the power and the skill the same? What is it to Him, 'before whom a thousand years are but as one day, and one day as a thousand years,' how much or how little time he takes? Thou talkest about a miracle if it be done in a shorter time than thou art accustomed to see it done. But know, O man, that it is the same power working around us every moment; and every flower that opens would be a miracle to us if we could see the hidden power working therein. If God should take three hundred and sixty-five days now to make one day, we should call it a miracle. Is it any less so that he makes a day every twenty-four hours?"

"Meershi, thou art wise, and talkest well; but I am very hungry after my long nap."





THE TEACHER'S LESSON.

I SAW a child some four years old,
 Along a meadow stray ;
 Alone she went—unchecked, untold—
 Her home not far away.

She gazed around on earth and sky—
 Now paused, and now proceeded ;
 Hill, valley, wood—she passed them by
 Unmarked, perchance unheeded.

And now gay groups of roses bright,
 In circling thickets bound her ;
 Yet on she went with footsteps light,
 Still gazing all around her.

And now she paused, and now she stooped,
 And plucked a little flower—
 A simple daisy 'twas, that drooped
 Within a rosy bower.

The child did kiss the little gem,
 And to her bosom pressed it ;
 And there she placed the fragile stem,
 And with soft words caressed it.

I love to read a lesson true,
 From Nature's open book ;
 And oft I learn a lesson new,
 From childhood's careless look.

Children are simple, loving, true ;
 'Tis Heaven that made them so ;
 And would you teach them, be so too,
 And stoop to what they know ;—

Begin with simple lessons—things
 On which they love to look :
 Flowers, pebbles, insects, birds on wings—
 These are God's spelling-book.

And children know his A, B, C,
As bees where flowers are set;
Wouldst thou a skilful teacher be?
Learn, then, this alphabet.

From leaf to leaf, from page to page,
Guide thou thy pupil's look,

And when he says, with aspect sage,
"Who made this wondrous book?"

Point thou, with reverent gaze, to heaven,
And kneel in earnest prayer,
That lessons thou hast humbly given,
May lead thy pupil there.

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A FALSE POSITION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.



R. BEAUMONT had taken his leave, and Sir Gregory, after driving him to the station, and seeing him off by the express train, returned to Greville Park, pale and thoughtful, and repaired at once to his own study.

We will allow our readers to share our privilege of looking over his shoulder, while he writes a letter which evidently agitates him very much, for his firm, manly hand trembles, and a tear has fallen on the paper spread before him. This important letter ran thus:—

MY DEAR MRS. MOORE.—The subject upon which I have at length resolved to address you is one that has long been uppermost in my thoughts; but certain considerations, upon which I will enlarge hereafter, have always prevented my yielding to the dictates of my heart. A new impulse has just been given to my own wishes by the deliberate opinion which Dr. Beaumont has expressed to me of your state of health.

He says you ought at once to consult Dr. — (the great London oculist), as your eyesight is in no small danger; and that your general health requires that you should leave Evers-town, and pass the summer and autumn by the Rhine, and at the German Spas, preparatory to wintering in Italy, or in the South of France.

And now, dear and valued friend, in spite of a diffidence which I cannot overcome, and a fear which almost paralyses my hand, I must come to the object of this letter. But as fancy conjures up your youth, your beauty, and your endearing graces, your enchanting talents, your many virtues, I feel that it is almost presumptuous in me to—to—in short, to implore you to allow me to devote the remainder of my life to your service, and to entreat you to give me a right to take you wherever it is best for your precious health that you should go; in a word, to forget the disparity of our years—the contrast of summer and winter which that disparity entails—and to make me the proudest and happiest of men, by accepting me as your husband. And, now that I have ventured so far, allow me to say that this earnest proposal, this fervid prayer of mine, is no sudden thought springing out of the knowledge of the danger Dr. Beaumont has led me to apprehend; it has been for years the one great and fervent wish of my heart; but considerations connected with your interests, prior to the death of my cousin, Simpson Greville, and the receipt of the legacy he left me, together with my sense of the disparity in our years, always withheld me.

Do not forget that your consent, beloved friend, would not benefit me alone.

Think what an advantage it would be to my poor Violet to be domesticated with, and introduced by you.

With regard to all pecuniary arrangements, I can only say that, should you deign to accept me, I will do everything in my power to show you how much I love and honour you, bitterly regretting the while that my power falls so far, so very far, short of my wishes. Remember that your acceptance of my proposal would give dear Freddy a father in the place of the one he has lost. And believe that, if ever a woman was loved, revered, and trusted (as she ever should be) by the man who aspires to make her his wife, that woman is Eva, and that man is her devoted and faithful,

GREGORY GREVILLE.

What tears of grief and gratitude poor Mrs. Moore shed as she perused this generous and touching letter! How she wished that before placing Sir Gregory and her-

self in such a false position as his looking upon her as a widow had caused, she had at least trusted him with the important secret that her husband still lived. And yet (true as woman's heart so often is to her first and only love) she never for a moment regretted that it was impossible for her to bid adieu for ever to that fear for the future which is the poison of the present—for, however strict the entail of the Greville property, and however large the share of its income devoted to charity, it was still a first-rate English estate; Greville Park was a noble country seat; Greville House was a very fine town mansion; both were kept up in good style. Sir Gregory's establishment was, in short, that of a "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time," and yet Eva did not regret that she could not be its mistress—she did not weep to think that she could not secure an elegant home, and a kind, zealous father to Freddy, and rise herself from penury and distress to be Lady Greville, of Greville Park, and wife of one of the best and noblest of men; for she loved one, and one only—her poor, ill-fated husband.

"I must tell Sir Gregory the truth, at last," she said; "it would be too cruel to refuse his generous offer, without telling him why I cannot accept it. He cannot feel wounded or annoyed when he knows that I have a beloved husband still living—at least, such is my hope, my conviction. Oh, my poor darling!" she added, wildly clasping her hands, and expressing unconsciously the emotions of her heart, "how can any other man think he has a chance of winning the love which is so entirely and devotedly yours? Surely there can have been no coquetry, no encouragement of any other's attentions, in my manners; I am as true to thee, beloved husband, as I know thou art to me. I will try to believe that Sir Gregory's kind, generous offer is dictated not by love for me, but by anxiety about my health, and Violet's education. I must tell him I am not a widow—I never said a word to make him think that I was one; but everybody here seems to have taken it for granted that I am that bereaved and desolate creature; and I have feared to enter into any explanation about my antecedents, lest suspicions might be excited; and thus I have brought on my best friend disappointment and mortification. I only hope he does not really love me well enough to take it much to heart."

So saying, Eva lost no time in replying to Sir Gregory's letter.

She thought, and wisely too, that the best thing she could do was to own at once that her husband still lived, but that a heavy family misfortune rendered it necessary for her to conceal that fact.

Eva concluded, as we are told ladies in such circumstances often do, by offering the continuance of her friendship, respect, and esteem to the man to whom she was, of course, compelled to refuse her love; and

she ended a very charming letter in a very sweet and affectionate manner.

Sir Gregory, when he saw Mrs. Moore again, after the sudden and unexpected demolition of a very bright castle in the air, shook hands with her very kindly, but the joyousness was gone from his manner, and the sparkle of his bright-blue eye was dimmed by a tear.

He turned aside and walked to the window, in order not to let Eva see him wipe it away.

It is possible that, although at this time she was thirty-five and the baronet was sixty, he had indulged in the most delightful and even romantic hopes of her joyful acceptance.

From his letter we see that he had been for years very warmly and deeply attached to her.

First love is a very strong passion at all times; and, like many of those maladies which we all generally have, at one time or another, it seems the more incurable the older we are when it attacks us.

Poor Sir Gregory Greville did his utmost to conceal from Eva and from every one else the disappointment and sorrow of his noble, affectionate heart, but the effort was a vain one.

Everything was changed for him.

The prospect which had been so bright and cheering, was now so dark, so dreary! He had probably loved Eva from the first, but the idea of offering her his hand had only become a positive resolution when the death of an old cousin, Simpson Greville, who had left him £10,000, enabled him to make something like a suitable settlement on the future Lady Greville. The strict entail of the family property had made it hitherto impossible for him to secure to a wife the maintenance of a gentleman in case of her becoming a widow. It is certain that, in spite of all the efforts of both Sir Gregory and Mrs. Moore to meet, converse, and seem as if there were no change in their sentiments—no difference in their relative positions, a certain indefinable restraint, and a palpable gloom, supplied the place of that affectionate confidence and cheerful intimacy which had so long existed between them.

Mrs. Moore's visit came to an end, and, for the first time, she was glad to leave Greville Park: glad, and yet sorry too; for she felt she could never again be at her ease, as she had been there.

After her departure, Sir Gregory, to whom the place seemed for a time intolerable, took Violet with him to London to see Mr. Burrows, his fellow-sufferer, and thence on a visit to Scotland, where he had friends who had long pressed him to visit them.

Eva, even while feeling Sir Gregory's absence as a relief, found herself very lonely and desolate without those cheering and solacing attentions to which he had accustomed her.

She missed Violet's regular attendance to take her lessons in music, painting, and the more solid branches of a first-rate female education.

Violet was not only a pupil of whom any teacher might be proud, but she was a most affectionate, sympathising, and devoted friend.

Having from her childhood been called upon to see to her uncle's comforts, and to do the honours of Greville Park, she had become betimes thoughtful and forecasting.

She had entered heart and soul into the sublime and catholic spirit of her uncle's charities.

In the earliest dawn of girlhood she had begun (of her own accord, and to Sir Gregory's great delight) a system of economy in her own dress, in order that what she saved in articles of luxury and display might help to clothe the naked; and she had submitted to him, very meekly but very earnestly too, some suggestions for cutting off unnecessary expenses at Greville

Park, in order to be able to do more for her fallen sisters and the aged widows of the village.

Owing to Violet's system, the institutions were enabled to accommodate a larger number of inmates.

One act of self-abnegation of Violet's we must now record, because it does equal honour to her understanding and her heart.

Violet had always had a lady's maid; but as she was very neat, active, orderly, and clever at her needle, she began at twelve years old to ask herself why she could not brush and dress her own hair, trim her own hats and bonnets, keep her drawers and boxes in order, and in such respects wait upon herself.

Just at this time Finnis, Violet's maid, took it into her head that Greville Park was very dull, and that she would like to travel.

She was a very accomplished, expensive Abigail, and easily obtained the sort of situation she wanted. Sir Gregory was all anxiety to supply her place, but Violet told him it was already filled up, that she was resolved in future to wait upon herself, and (with his permission) to devote to a Home for Invalid Girls the money Finnis had cost in wages, perquisites, and board. A close calculation, which Freddy (who had a wonderful head for accounts) helped her to make, proved that Finnis had cost something like £70 a year. With this sum, and a little added to it by Sir Gregory, and with the voluntary subscriptions of the Vicar of Greville, and several ladies and gentlemen who loved to be engaged in good works, Violet was able to take for her Invalid Girls' Home a pretty, roomy cottage, with a pleasant garden.

She furnished it out of the lumber rooms at Greville Park, placed a pious, respectable widow, who had a good strong, hardworking daughter, there as matron, and maid-of-all-work, and thus secured a happy home for half a dozen young girls, alas! consumptive, whose state of health required that constant attendance, that quiet and regularity, and those comforts which labouring parents with large families can never ensure to an invalid member of their families.

How lovely Violet looked (in Freddy's eyes especially) when, very neatly and very simply dressed, her hair braided, her hat trimmed, and even her white muslin dress made by herself, she used to fill her basket with good books and nice things, and set out to visit the Invalid Girls' Home! When Violet, who, perhaps, with the quick instinct of the female mind, and its intuitive perception of love's presence, felt it to be her duty to accompany her uncle to Scotland, she left the superintendence of all her charities, the Invalid Girls' Home especially, to Mrs. Moore.

Violet shed many tears on poor Mrs. Moore's maternal bosom before she took her leave of one who, for ten years, had been to her as a mother. Whether her separation from Freddy had any share in the sobs that rent the young girl's bosom, we will not inquire. The Vicar of Evertown had taken Freddy with him on a walking tour, to fill up his time till he entered on his new career, a brother clergyman having undertaken the vicar's duties the while. Could Eva and the vicar have planned Freddy's absence at this time? It is not very unlikely that, in their love and care for the young people, and in the joint wisdom of two heads, generally acknowledged to be better than one, such may have been the case.

If so, who will not own that they acted wisely and kindly?

We must now, alas! break up the happy family circle at Greville Park, and in the old many-gabled house in the market-place at Evertown, which all true Christian graces had adorned and refined.

Sir Gregory and Violet are prolonging their stay in the Highlands; Freddy is commencing his new career in the great mercantile house of Bond and Co.; Eva is

still hoping almost against hope, and trying, by constant occupation, to make both ends meet, and to hide from herself that she is desolate; and we must see Freddy fairly started on his new path of life, and then away to another hemisphere, to ascertain what has really become of Faulkner-Moore.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AN APPOINTMENT FOR FREDDY.

BEFORE we attempt to describe Freddy's new life, as a junior clerk in the great house of Bond and Co., we must own that it was a very great shock to the affectionate youth to find, on his return from his walking tour with the Vicar of Evertown, that Violet Vivian and Sir Gregory Greville had left the neighbourhood for an indefinite period.

Freddy had for many years been blessed with three homes, in all of which he was equally happy and equally cherished: Greville Park, Evertown Vicarage, and the old, many-gabled house in the market-place, were all homes for Freddy when Violet and himself were children. Eva had never in any way interfered with their sports, or checked, in the slightest degree, their affectionate endearments, and "little-wife" familiarity of their joyous and happy intercourse.

But when Freddy, who was remarkably tall and manly for his age, and who was also one of the handsomest and most engaging of youths, entered his teens; and when Violet Vivian keeping pace with him in grace and beauty, changed from the laughing, rosy child, into the timid, pensive, pale, yet often blushing girl, Mrs. Moore by a few delicate and gentle hints, confirmed in Freddy's mind what his own manly instincts had already suggested, and what the gradual alteration in Violet's manner and appearance had prompted, and "a change came over the spirit of the dream," not only of those pure young hearts, but over their whole intercourse.

Whether there was any corresponding change in their feelings towards each other, it was impossible to say; but Mrs. Moore remarked (in silence) that when, by her advice, Freddy remained in the vicar's study, while Violet took her lessons at Ben Blore's, the young girl was pale and pre-occupied, and started every time the door was opened by Becky. And Eva also noticed that Freddy blushed like a girl if Violet Vivian's name was mentioned suddenly before him, and that he often sighed without seeming aware of doing so himself.

No wonder then, that, as a wise and tender mother, and knowing as she did the relative positions of these young people, Eva was very glad and very thankful when an appointment as junior clerk in the establishment of a great general provision merchant of celebrity was, through Sir Gregory Greville's interest with the good Christian, the great philanthropist and millionaire at the head of this grand commercial house, offered to Freddy.

He accepted it gratefully, and instantly dismissed from his mind all vague and remote hopes of a learned profession, in which he might turn to account the Greek and Latin he had acquired at the vicar's, because he saw, in the proposal now made to him, an opportunity of repaying some part of the great debt of gratitude he owed to his mother.

She had worked hard for many years, in spite of delicate health and a heavy sorrow, to maintain him, and now he had the offer of a respectable and progressive career. The salary with which he was to begin his new life was sufficient to enable her to lighten her labours, and no longer to injure her eyesight by working at night, and her invaluable health by confinement to her easel by day.

It was not without a pang that Mr. Harland advised Freddy to accept of the appointment offered him.

The good vicar loved Freddy as his son, and had the living of Evertown been his for life, instead of his being only as a *locum tenens*, he would have made any and every sacrifice to send Freddy to Oxford as soon as he was old enough to matriculate, and would have exerted his utmost interest to get him on the foundation there; or, at any rate, he would have worked night and day to fit him to contend successfully for an open scholarship; and whatever expenses were inevitable even to a scholar of a college, he would have stinted himself to meet. Could this plan have been conscientiously adopted, Mr. Harland would have given Freddy a title to orders as soon as he was ordained.

But as the good vicar knew that the time of his own possession of the living of Evertown was drawing to a close, and that his own prospects, when he resigned, were very uncertain, he did not dare do otherwise, as a true and conscientious friend, than advise Freddy to accept the offer of an appointment which would enable him at once to assist and, if necessary, to support his mother.

The vicar was himself an excellent mathematician, and he had taken Freddy safely over the *pons asinorum*; but anxious about him as if he were his own and only child, and aware how all-important in every situation in life are a good legible handwriting and a perfect knowledge of arithmetic, Mr. Harland had caused Freddy to be instructed in writing and book-keeping by the schoolmaster at Evertown, who was locally renowned for penmanship and arithmetic.

"God bless you, my dear boy," said the vicar to Freddy, the evening before the youth entered upon the duties of his new appointment; "I wish it had been my fate to have been vicar here for life. As I have told your dear mother, I should, in that case, have opposed your accepting this appointment, because I am certain, from the scholarship you have already so early acquired, you would have made your way at Oxford; and a learned profession, particularly that of a minister of Christ, is not only a nobler career, but one less exposed to temptation, than even that of a merchant—not that I underrate the importance, I might say, the grandeur, of commerce. It is commerce, my boy, that makes England what she is, and gives us our ascendancy over all other nations. You will be none the worse clerk now, and merchant hereafter, because you have read Horace and Virgil, and can construe Homer and Plato. Best of all you have learned from me, my boy, your knowledge of your Bible is that which, in every station of life, will be most useful, most consolatory, and most valuable to you.

"Keep up the practice we have never neglected, of daily reading a considerable portion of the New Testament in Greek. Let our Saviour's precepts be the guide of your young life, and never forget to pray.

"I shall see your dear mother as often as I can, my boy, for she will be very lonely without you—particularly now that Sir Gregory Greville and Violet Vivian are away" (at that name Freddy crimsoned and looked down, but the vicar did not seem to notice his embarrassment). "You will have to be up very early every morning, as you have four miles to walk to your office; and you will be home rather late, owing to the distance between your mother's house and Bond's establishment. No matter, make it a fixed rule, a positive duty, to be punctual.

"I have often told you of Admiral Everready (alas! the great Nelson), who attributed every great success of his life to the fact that he was always a quarter of an hour before his time.

"I shall be very anxious to know how you get over your first day at Bond's, and in order to hear all particulars I shall invite myself to tea with your dear mother to-morrow evening. Once more, God bless you!

Put this in your pocket, dear Fred," added the kind vicar; "and keep it there until you conscientiously think it necessary to change it."

The vicar gave Freddy a sovereign as he spoke.

"I have another keepsake for you," he said; "one confined to me to present to you in time for you to begin your new career with it in your pocket. I need not tell you it comes from your true friend, Sir Gregory Greville. It is a gift that he and I think essential to punctuality; and here it is."

The vicar produced a handsome, plain gold watch, with chain and key, as he spoke.

"Like its donor, Fred," said the vicar, "its exterior is simple, but it can be relied upon, and it will never mislead you, but will be true to the end if you do your duty by it. I hope it will enable you always to be in good time; and that, as its ever-moving hands mark the hours that drop into eternity, you will reflect on the great value of every moment, and try, as far as possible, never to lose one. With this watch Sir Gregory sent you his blessing."

There were tears in the eyes both of the vicar and his young pupil as the latter received the watch.

"May I write to Sir Gregory to thank him?" he asked, not without agitation, for he was thinking of Violet.

"Of course you may, my dear boy," said the vicar. "He will doubtless expect to hear from you. He told me how much he should be interested in the account he hoped to receive of your *début* at Bond's. And now, God bless you, my dear Freddy. I shall look forward with impatience to the evening of to-morrow, for then I shall know how you have got through your first day of your new career."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

UP BETIMES.

FREDDY was up and off betimes. He had four miles to walk to the great mercantile establishment of Bond and Co.; and he was so determined to be in good time that he was stirring early in the morning.

Becky, not less anxious than her young master, was down in her kitchen getting his breakfast ready, and at half-past four by Freddy's watch, which he was very fond of consulting, she took him his hot water, and found that he had already risen.

It was one of the loveliest mornings of the leafy month of June, and Freddy had heartily enjoyed an excellent breakfast provided for him by Becky, who had surpassed herself in the preparation of the same.

A glance at the (to him) beautiful face of his watch told Freddy that he had still three-quarters of an hour at his disposal. He knew that though the men who worked

at Mr. Bond's had to be there at six, the clerks were not required to arrive till half-past seven.

It was now a quarter to six. Freddy, very strong, light, and active, calculated that an hour's brisk walking would take him to Bond's, and that he should be able to gather a fresh bouquet of flowers raised by himself for his mother, and perform some little office which he had always delighted to do for her, before he set out on his way to his office. Freddy had for many years taken a great pride and pleasure in keeping all his mother's painting materials in a state of exquisite cleanliness and beautiful order. All who have been in the habit of painting in oils will appreciate the comfort and help of such an assistance.

The cleaning of brushes and palettes, the seeing to the supplies of colours, oils, varnishes, the preparing everything previous to his mother's sitting down to her easel, and the cleaning everything after she had done, were voluntary duties which Freddy of his own accord had undertaken at ten years of age, and had never once failed to perform up to this day of his entering upon his clerkship. "Mamma will be sure to want to paint to-day," he said to himself. "She will be so very dull quite alone. If I make great haste I can put everything ready for her as usual."

Freddy set to work with right good will, and in ten minutes did the work which often took him half an hour.

He then went into the garden and gathered a beautiful dew-gemmed nosegay for his mother. He stole noiselessly with the fragrant offering to her room.

She had had a restless night, but she was sleeping soundly when Freddy placed the flowers upon a little table by her bedside.

On this table lay a Bible and a graduated bottle of medicine, with a glass, and a tumbler of lemonade (of which the greater part was gone), placed there by Becky to relieve her mistress's constant thirst.

Freddy stood for a few moments gazing with tender affection on the pale and beautiful features of his suffering mother. He commended her to the Husband of the widow, the Father of the orphan, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings, and then he left the darkened chamber, hurried down-stairs, shook hands kindly with Becky, who awaited him at the street-door, armed with some sandwiches in a paper, and away he went across the quaint old market-place, bright in the sun of a June morning, through the quiet streets, and out into the green lanes, fragrant with wild roses, and across the fields enamelled with daisies and buttercups, and by the pleasant river, and across the purple heath, until the tall spires and countless chimneys, and dusky vapours, and many building grounds of the great city in which was the huge establishment of Bond and Co, met his view.

(To be continued.)



RECORDS OF REVELATION.

PART II.



THE miscellaneousness of our Scriptures is natural, also, because we trace in them in this very particular God's wonted method of teaching, the stretching forth of the line that goes out to all the earth, the likeness of the unwritten word that reaches to the ends of the world. Not with square and compasses of man's device has God built the earth, and meted out the heavens. His creation is miscellaneous—broken at every point: here a sheltered valley, there a profound abyss; on one side a mountain with its summit in the clouds, on the other a leaping cataract;—while off in the distance the waves lift up their voice; and, in the depths above, the stars move each on its separate path, and shine each with a differing glory. When we look into the Bible, we behold there the same sublime diversity: on one leaf, as it were, pastures clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn, where all that grows is ripe for use, and the most ignorant wayfarer cannot reach out his hand in vain; and on the next leaf, heights and depths in which are the hidings of His power, and which it may tax the loftiest faculties of successive generations to scale and fathom. We follow the Saviour into quiet home-scenes, where kind and familiar words flow as from the lips of any holy son of man; and then go up with him on the mountain, where the brightness of heaven glows in his face and gleams from his raiment; and then look on the dread mystery of Gethsemane, the bloody sweat, the agony, the angel that came to strengthen him; and in this blending, alternating, mutual interpenetrating of the genially human and the ineffably Divine, we trace only the more readily the image of the God whom in part we see and know, as we do the countenance of a brother, yet about whose throne rest clouds and darkness. We mark in the Bible the Divine Providence in the even current of human affairs, unruffled by marvel, as in any common history or biography—now replenishing the widow's wasting oil-cruise, then spreading darkness over a whole land, rending its rocks, unsealing its sepulchres; and from this combination of the unemphatic, the quiet, the grand, and the terrible, we seem to read only the more natural and lifelike record of Him who smiles upon us in the wayside flower, and then moves in storm, earthquake, and tempest, lashes the writhing waves, rides on the wings of the whirlwind, terrifies the nations. And what though in this miscellany there be much which on a superficial reading we cannot understand—much that transcends our use—much, too, that is beneath the standard of our age and culture? The Bible purports to be the record of the means employed for the spiritual education of men from the birth of Adam to the end of time, and for their education for an inconceivably lofty and expanded sphere of being. In

this record there would naturally be some things which had their use and wrought their work long ago, having been adapted to the culture of generations whose condition and habits we know too imperfectly to perceive the Divine adaptation to their needs which may have existed—many things which may develop their full meaning only to generations of higher intelligence and truer faith than ours—many things, also, which, pondered and inwardly digested, will reveal new and growing depths of meaning to our own hearts—many things, it may be, which, received into our minds, yet not fully germinating here, may spring up, and blossom, and bear fruit in heaven.

If, on the grounds which we have now urged, it be granted that a revelation was likely to be committed to writing, not in a set treatise or in a strictly didactic form, but in such a diversity of methods as to meet the endless variety of human tastes and wants, we next ask, What relation would such records naturally sustain to the manners, opinions, culture, and literature of their times? Would they, in everything, except the Divine truth they contained, have borne marks of their human authorship, birth-land, and birth-time, of imperfect knowledge, narrow philosophical conceptions, national habits of thought, popular imagery, provincial idioms? or would they have been conformed to some high ideal standard, so that they should transcend all other literature of their times in purity of style, accuracy of opinion, precision of historical and statistical detail, freedom from local and national characteristics—thus belonging peculiarly to no one century or people, but bearing an equal relation to all lands and all ages? Let us test the latter alternative.

We will suppose at the outset ideally perfect Scriptures, such as we might imagine to have resulted from the verbal dictation of the Divine Spirit. But is this a conceivable hypothesis? If we admit for sacred Scriptures a Divine authorship in the sense in which we understand human authorship, is there any style or method of which human language is susceptible which would not fall below even our least adequate conceptions of the mind of God? Or if there were, would it not transcend the comprehension as far as it would exceed the ability of ordinary mortals? In order to be understood, would it not be necessary for the Divine Author to fall below the ideally perfect—to descend to the common arena of authorship, and simply to indite more finished history, more eloquent didactic prose, loftier poetry, than could be found in any other writings of the time, but subject to the same standards of criticism by which they are tried, liable to the same limitations from the poverty of diction, and sure, in the progress of knowledge, the development of language, and the enlargement of the scope of thought, to bear a less favourable comparison with subsequent than with contemporary literature? Now this literary competition with man, if we may use the phrase, is revolting to every sentiment of reverence. But

this is not by any means the only argument against the theory which would exempt sacred Scriptures from the liabilities and imperfections of human authorship. Let us follow it further.

The records of revelation, in order to be transmitted to coming ages, must have their hold and do their work on the men of their own time. Suppose the age when these records are reduced to writing to be a grossly material age, and one which has only somewhat coarse material imagery for the expression of spiritual truth, the Scriptures constructed on this theory must reject all such imagery, and play endless changes on the few, vague, and seldom employed abstract words and phrases which the language may afford. The classical Greek might have furnished a very few such words; we are not certain that there is one in the earlier Hebrew; the Rabbinical dialect has two or three. But such as they were, they must have been employed, and ordinary readers would have been repelled or hopelessly perplexed. Then, again, in geography, astronomy, natural philosophy, therapeutics, such Scriptures must recognise no prevailing error—no, not though it were one that had wrought itself into the current belief and speech of all men. Instead of speaking of sunrise and sunset, they must expound the laws of planetary motion. Instead of using for the sky the designation of *firmament* (which denotes a solid sphere of crystal, supposed to be at the farthest a few miles above the earth's surface), they must employ phrases that imply the vastness of celestial spaces. Instead of referring to the ends of the earth, they must explain its rotundity. Instead of calling insane persons lunatics, they must enter a special disclaimer against the influence of the moon in cerebral disease. Nay, more: we, in our enlightened century, have doubtless a great deal yet to learn, errors in our philosophy to correct, wider generalisations to make; and Scriptures conformed to the absolute truth of nature and science must be on a level with the scientific world many centuries hence. Now books thus written would have been in part unintelligible to the men of their own times, and, so far as they were understood, would have run so entirely counter to their received opinions on extra-religious subjects, as to awaken incredulity as to their religious contents. Scientific truth can be legitimately reached only step-wise, often with age-long preparation for a new step in advance, often with a long interval between the announcement and the popular reception of a new fact, theory, or law. Scientifically accurate Scriptures would have had laid upon them the impossible task of anticipating this progress, of revolutionising men's notions about the universe before they knew the reasons for changing them; and failing of this, they would necessarily have failed of an hospitable reception for their religious contents. We should therefore have expected that Scriptures written under the guidance of a more than human wisdom, and freighted by the providence of God with truth for the illumination and redemption of mankind, would have wasted none of their power in teaching geography, astronomy, or philosophy, but would have employed on all these subjects the current speech and method of their times, would have used the popular phraseology, though founded on ignorance, and would have concentrated all their force of repre-

sentation on the great themes as to which alone they were destined to be the light of the world.

Still further, sacred Scriptures needed to take with their contents proofs of their genuineness from their own down to future and far-distant ages. It concerns us above all things to know whether our Scriptures were written at the times when they severally purport to have been written. But where would be the evidence of this, if they were conformed to the standard of knowledge and science existing in the nineteenth century, or destined to exist in the twenty-ninth? if in their Divine perfectness of finish they were swept clear of all traces of the ruder and more ignorant ages from which we believe them to have been transmitted? Foremost among the proofs of their genuineness are these very birthmarks which they indelibly bear; in the Old Testament numerous traces of an unhistorical method of narration, of infantile conceptions as to the extent and relations of the universe, and of such scientific notions as men had before the birth of science; in the New Testament, an Hellenistic Greek which has little in common with Attic terseness and purity, bristling all over with Hebrew idioms, with not a few untranslated Syro-Chaldaic words—in fine, a dialect which a century after the destruction of Jerusalem could not have been written by any man living. Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch and Joshua needs only an altered *animus* on the writer's part to become a plea for their genuineness. The argument turns solely on certain alleged inaccuracies and inconsistencies in genealogies, numerals, and statistics—on the very features which characterise all early attempts at history, and which belong emphatically to Herodotus, though he was a much-travelled, all-inquiring, painstaking seeker after historical truth. Had these Hebrew writers drawn up their genealogies as if they were copying from accurately collated family records—had they dealt with numerals as skilful arithmeticians; had their narration been precise and methodical, like the carefully compiled annals of some old English town—he would be a bold man who would claim for their books the venerable antiquity from which they purport to have come down to us. The very characteristics of these books which have given ground for ignorant cavil, show most conclusively that they belong to the early infancy of written language—to an age when historical research, the comparative criticism of documents and traditions, and artistical authorship, had not begun to be.

Yet, while as regards all subjects except religion we should expect the authentic records of revelation to be conformed to the current opinions, the ignorances, and the errors of their times and authors, we should, on the other hand, expect to see the frequent outcropping of the Divine element in strong contrast with the human surroundings, position, and culture of those same authors. On the one hand, we should look in such Scriptures for characteristics which mark the age and people whence they sprang; on the other hand, for characteristics which unmistakably mark the specially Divine origin of their religious contents. Or, to vary the form of statement, we should anticipate at once such Scriptures as none but their reputed authors could have written, and such Scriptures as neither they nor any other men could

have written except through the direct or transmitted inspiration of God. Now, in examining our sacred books, we find precisely the contrast between the biographies of the writers and the religious contents of the writings which we should expect to find in authentic records of revelation. Take the case of Moses, who, if not the compiler of the Pentateuch, must have been the virtual author of a very large portion of it. We see him the nursling of a corrupt Court, the quick and reckless avenger, even to blood, of an insult offered to a brother-Hebrew, a hunted fugitive from justice, for many years an under-shepherd in a tribe of idolatrous nomads, and during his subsequent official life hasty, irascible, and querulous. Whence, then, that theology, in its sublime personal monotheism standing out alone from all antiquity—that code of social morals so rigidly just, so touchingly humane—that Decalogue, embodying more of practical ethics and religion than the rest of mankind had conceived of till Christ came, and needing from him to make it perfect only the light of his example and the sanction of his revealed immortality? David was a rude and barbarous chieftain; his throne was disgraced, his grey hairs dishonoured, by the foulest licentiousness, and by deeds of atrocious violence and malignity, which even the savage manners of his age cannot palliate. Whence then those strains of lyric devotion, which more than fill the purest aspirations of the most saintly among the children of men, and which awaken no sense of irrelevancy when we think of them as the vehicle of praise and prayer for the Sinless and Heaven-Born on the eve of his crucifixion? The writers of the New Testament appear in its historical portions very far from faultless: Peter, by turns the braggart and the renegade, capable of the meanest falsehood when every manly attribute cried shame upon him—John, filled with paltry jealousy, and fiercely bitter in his resentment—Paul, the truculent and unrelenting persecutor, even of helpless women: yet, in their writings, what depth of spiritual insight, what ripeness of ethical wisdom, what severity of discrimination, what a pure and lofty standard of conduct and character! We cannot get rid of the Divine element. Infidels are fond of dwelling on the follies and crimes of these writers. They barb the keenest shafts of Paine's scurrility. They are a constantly recurring theme in Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary." They often reappear in the naturalistic writings of our own day. We rejoice to have them set forth in the fullest prominence; for the greater the stress laid upon them, the more utterly impossible is it to deny that the power of the Highest overshadowed these men, and that they wrote as they were moved by the Spirit of God.

We pass to another point. While we should expect in the records of revelation the current style of their birth-age and birth-land, with all its limitations, imperfections, impurities, provincialisms, and that style still further affected by whatever in each individual writer was unfavourable to finished authorship, we should also expect

to find frequent marks of the Divine impulse and influence in the expression no less than in the thought. All strong movements upon the mind betray themselves in peculiarly condensed and vivid forms of utterance. Now, our sacred books bear, in instances too numerous to be specified, this mark of their alleged character. They abound in passages in which a single phrase or word is charged with a richness of meaning and an intensity of force, indicating the mightiest of all influences on the consciousness of the writer. What elsewhere would fill a tedious treatise, is here globed in a sentence, or a fragment of a sentence. A metaphor, an allegory, a parable, of a dozen lines, comprehends the pith and power of a volume of didactic wisdom. The story of the prodigal son contains more soul than we can find in a whole folio body of divinity. The twenty-third Psalm tells more of the Divine Providence than a disquisition which it would take years to write and weeks to read. There are isolated sayings of the Bible that have formed the life-long nourishment of Christians, and given them their sufficing viaticum for their last journey. We remember an instance in which a man of fine powers and large culture said, on his recovery from an attack of illness which kept him for many weeks in daily expectation of death, that his life for those weeks (and it was a perfectly happy life) was but a prolonged rumination on a brief text of Scripture, into which his whole consciousness seemed to project itself—in which his soul was clothed as in an impregnable panoply against fear, doubt, and suffering. With other good books we gladly become familiar; their brilliant sayings fix themselves in the memory; their rhythm glides softly and sweetly through the inward ear; but it is not to these that we resort in the stress of need—it is not these that we rehearse at the deathbed or in the house of mourning. It is in the very words of prophet and psalmist, apostle and Saviour, that men fortify themselves in trial, in bereavement, under the death-shadow.

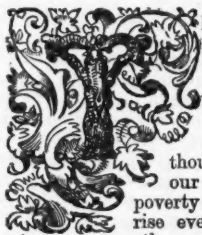
It does not accord with our purpose to exhibit the positive proof—to our own mind irresistible—that the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures are the authentic and trustworthy records of Divine revelation. They, in fact, rest on a stronger basis of evidence than we have in behalf of the genuineness of the undoubted works of the best writers of Greece and Rome; and their genuineness is impugned on grounds on which, if admitted, we should be compelled to reject all our established beliefs with regard to the literature of antiquity. Our aim has been to show you, first, what sort of sacred writings the religion of nature might authorise us to expect, and, secondly, how perfectly our sacred writings fulfil the conditions which we should establish on grounds of *a priori* probability. We rejoice to have performed such an office for these writings—not that they need our advocacy, but that they claim every expression that we can give of our grateful trust and humble reverence.

LONDON, AND ITS LABOURS OF LOVE.

REFUGES FOR THE HOMELESS POOR.—PART I.

"If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother: but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him."—Deut. xv. 7, 8.

"Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none!"



HE population of London at this hour is probably 2,800,000 souls. Wealth, grandeur, luxury, here develop themselves in unparalleled splendour, and Commerce enriches her ten thousand votaries; and yet in our midst the ulcerous sore of poverty ever festers, and multitudes rise every morning, not knowing whence or how they are to obtain as much food as will keep soul and body together. Nay, worse than this, ever and anon—Bethnal Green having the evil pre-eminence here—are found poor creatures who have shunned the workhouse, who have struggled to maintain themselves, until they have been brought to the direst extremity, and have been discovered when it was too late to save them. Famine-struck in the midst of plenty, and in a metropolis where, if but their miseries were known, hundreds would rush to the rescue, they have (to use the phrase of the Irish peasantry in the awful year of dearth, 1846-47) "died of the hunger," or of that consuming fever which invariably tracks Famine's victims, and hurries them to premature graves.

Each succeeding day London receives fresh and large accessions to its temporary, or its permanent population. In the summer evenings you will find many poor creatures, penniless, weary, sunburnt, footsore, ragged, sitting, and oftentimes asleep, in the recesses of London Bridge; probably they will remain there till the morning.

A very striking article appeared a few years ago in a morning paper, in which was given, from personal observation, a thrilling description of about forty or fifty persons, absolutely homeless, spending the summer nights in the Green Park. There, seated on the benches, almost under the shadow of Buckingham Palace, and with numerous lordly mansions close at hand, they waited, rested, snatched occasionally a little sleep, and thus, wrapping tattered shawls or other garments the more closely around them, as they felt the chilling breath that ever precedes the dawn, they "looked for the day." Alas! though the summer sun rose on them at last, theirs was the winter of discontent and misery, for all day long they must pace the streets of London, hungry, thirsty, naked, and ready to perish. But it is within the half year beginning with October and ending as April opens, that the homeless poor are,

from the severity of the seasons and other causes, exposed to special hardship.

In the spring and summer seasons there takes place a general exodus of the "tramps," and of the migratory population. Some of them hope to get work in the provinces with the activities of agriculture and of trade. Gipsy-like, after their rough fashion, others love a wandering life; and when the cold no longer oppresses them, the shadow of the hayrick, or the shelter for a night at the workhouse as they pass along, is their only luxury; while occasional pence, and now and then a piece of bread and a bit of cheese from kindly cottage folk, cheer and comfort them. Great, too, is the migration towards the vales of Kent when the hopped-picking begins. Then, there are very many other classes besides, who walk all the way from London to Liverpool, some being sailors, seeking for an engagement in the one port which they could not find in the other. But in the autumn there sets in Londonward a steady, broad, deep tide of those who have been thus for a time absent; and as Winter comes, with frozen locks and icy breath, the "homeless poor" shiver at his presence, and, ere long, their misery becomes great.

Thank God, there is an ever-increasing number amongst us who seek out and endeavour to obtain shelter for them.

One of this class of benefactors says: "To visit the haunts of the houseless poor, on a winter's night, is one of the most painful duties we have ever been called on to discharge. And where are those haunts? Outside the casual wards, at the workhouse doors, the Adelphi arches, coal-cellars in unfinished roads, on flags made warm by the ovens of sugar and bread-bakers, in unfinished houses, and in other strange places, at many of which they have been aroused from slumbers, and ordered to 'move on' by an authority which must be obeyed, but which, we doubt not, oftentimes shares in the sufferings which it is compelled to inflict."

Twenty years ago, Sir James Graham, as Home Secretary, endeavoured to meet necessities such as these by a bill—the 7th and 8th Victoria—which became law. Probably, from its being merely permissive in its character, as well as from its machinery being cumbersome and costly—it consists of six great district asylums for the relief of the houseless poor at a distance from each other, and with a costly staff—this measure became a dead letter. But in the last session of Parliament an Act was passed for the purpose of mitigating the sufferings and miseries of the houseless poor. It is an experiment for the present winter, but we trust that its practical results will lead to its being made permanent. A common fund is created, from which the destitute are relieved, adequate provision being thus made in every metropolitan parish workhouse for "the relief of destitute wayfarers, wanderers, or foundlings, during the hours from eight o'clock p.m. until nine o'clock in the morning." There was such scant accommodation formerly, that decency

was outraged, and many were frequently turned away. Now there is a goodly measure of comfort secured, and none who apply for admission are left out in the streets of the richest Christian city in the world.

But this beneficent change will not do away with the necessity of the Dudley Stuart Night Refuge in the west, nor of the Playhouse Yard Refuge in the City—the last open all night to the homeless. There are other refuges, too, which, coupled with shelter and food, have lofty moral views and ends, and whose varied agencies, plied from year to year, have been crowned, as to social and spiritual results, with harvest-fruits, the extent of which can never, in this world, be fully known. We now specially allude to these male and female refuges of priceless value, and of world-wide fame, on which the *Times* newspaper, some years ago, concentrated the attention of tens of thousands, while Christmas frosts and snows backed its appeals with irresistible eloquence.

Of that famous article let us give some extracts, especially as houseless poor are still in our midst in London streets, as well as in our great provincial cities and towns. Speaking of these, the writer describes them as “a class of wretched creatures in this wealthy metropolis of the world, so steeped to the lips in misery that they escape general notice altogether. As far as they are concerned, the civilisation of the nineteenth century is represented only by a policeman, who drives them from the dry arch or doorway in which they had sought shelter from the wind. Their energies are so prostrated by a long continuance of dull, chronic suffering, that they have not the spirit left to pick a pocket, and obtain refuge in a comfortable gaol. Why do they not go to the workhouses? Thousands of paupers, who for our present purpose may be said to have met with success in life, are, of course, admitted to the unions, but many of our poor clients have not the faintest idea of their legal rights. They don't know what a magistrate could do for them, or how many charitable persons would instantly come to their relief if their cases were made known to the public by the press. Their only idea of law is to dodge out of a policeman's way. We remember a case in which one of these pariahs of the London streets was carefully examined as to his ideas upon theology, astronomy, geography, civil polity, &c.; his answers were not very satisfactory, nor very quickly extracted, upon these high matters; but when he was asked who, in his opinion, was the most powerful man in the world, he brightened up, and replied, without hesitation, ‘Mr. Norton, the Lambeth beak.’ He added that he had had an interview with that worthy magistrate on one occasion, that he should never forget it as long as he lived, and that he hoped that he should never see him again. It is not very probable that the ministers of justice can know much concerning the persons of whom we are about to speak until they are guilty of some infraction of the law. They may be best described as homeless poor.”

The foregoing remarks introduced the narrative written by Mr. —, of the *Times* staff, which was the means of rousing all London, as it were, and many in the provinces also, to glowing, generous, and immediate sympathy. The description of the Field Lane Refuge, as to its interior and exterior, is the same as it was eight years ago, when the sketch

was written. “Close to the spot where Jonathan Wild's house once stood, is a large and cleanly whitewashed building, with lights inside, which at once distinguishes it from the surrounding houses, where only rarely, and at intervals, is the dim reflection of a candle to be seen through the cracked and papered panes. You have no need to be told that this one clean building among many is ‘the Refuge,’ for long ere night has fallen the wretched claimants for its shelter have begun to assemble, and watch the door with that steady earnestness which only belongs to those who have no hope beyond its charity.

“As the dusk deepens, they slink in from streets and byeways: old men of sixty and seventy— young boys, ay, and even children; but all alike in misery—thin, wet, and weary. They sit upon the sloppy ground in silence, more impressive than the loudest complaints; or if they speak at all, it is in whispers, for want and suffering have quailed their spirits, and they move with an abject deference, painful to see, from the paths of the very few who pass that way. Gradually more and more come dropping in, until the group is increased to a hundred, or thereabouts; and then the silence gets broken at last, with hacking coughs from tall, meagre spectres, apparently in the last stage of decline, down to the mere children, hoarse with inflammation of the lungs, or piercing the air with their close, suffocating whooping cough. Here are tramps, brick-makers, and labourers, who have had no work since summer, who have just come out of hospital, and are too feeble to labour; old men and little boys, street-sweepers and orphans, in every grade of misery and loneliness.

“These are some, and only some, of London's homeless poor: the men and boys without a friend, or a place to lay their heads, in all this vast metropolis—the Bedouins of England, who live, no man cares how or where; who struggle through some years of bitter want—and, maybe, crime—till they creep into a hole to die,* and after lying in the parish deadhouse for a few days, with a placard on their breast with the touching word ‘Unknown,’ are given to the surgeon, and there's an end.”

Here are some of the cases that have come under the observation of the visitor to Field Lane Refuge:—Four little fellows, all under fourteen years of age, friendless, homeless orphans, covered with dirt and sores—one of them severely suffering from inflammation of the chest—set out to go to Hornsey, or Epping Forest, to gather holly to sell at Christmas. They have among them one penny, with which they buy a little bread, and which they share equally. Alas! when they get to the forest, “they can't find no holly,” and are obliged to tramp back to London again, sick and hungry, sleeping under hedges when their strength is spent. To the Refuge they come as their last resource.

Then there is another little fellow—a dull boy, stunted and stupid with misery. He gained his living, while he could, by sweeping crossings, carrying parcels, &c. His mother died when he was an infant; his father, a respectable tradesman (so it is said), followed her to the grave when the child was ten years old; his brother was drowned

* On a miserable night in November, 1864, a policeman saw a poor wretch, wet, weary, hungry, deliberately lay himself down on a dunghill in a stable yard in London, where, next morning, he was found dead!

at sea. In the summer time he could earn twopence a day by minding the children of the hop-pickers; but then summer has fled, and he must live through the winter, till the good time will come again. He has even been driven from his favourite bedroom—an archway behind the Surrey Theatre; his earnings have fallen off, and he, too, has come to the Refuge.

Then there is a boy—a member of a family consisting of father, mother, and twelve children. His two eldest brothers are in prison for “doing handkerchers.” His eldest sister, who had early become a thief, and was very vicious, is now in a reformatory. This family, during the long winter nights, were wont to issue forth at two a.m. from the collar where they lived, and work away till daylight at pulling down the bills and posters from the walls. The whole family in this way might succeed in obtaining half a hundredweight of paper, for which they could get sevenpence-halfpenny.

The Female Night Refuge now in West Street, Smithfield, was first of all near to Saffron Hill, in a little yard off a narrow street. There we once spent a couple of hours, and conversed with a number of the nightly lodgers, and difficult indeed it would be to give a full description of what we saw and what we felt. Here were workers at slop-houses, finding their own cotton, needles, and tapes, and paying each one penny a week for the use of the room in which they worked—worn out, weak, trembling, starved. Then we found there servants who had been seized with illness, and, after being in the hospitals, could get no places; orphan girls; others that had almost lost their sight, and were helpless; and one we well remember, who sat apart, as above the rest, of superior education and bearing, when we were there. She was the daughter of an officer, spoke French and understood German, and, with her little son, had known the miseries of half the casual wards of London, from the wretched pen in which they were herded at Islington, to the sheds where they were thrust away in Lambeth.

The West Street Refuge (near to Field Lane) is indeed a home for the homeless. Up to May, 1863, more than 10,000 had enjoyed its shelter, 3,000 of whom had been provided with domestic situations, or other employment; some, also, were sent home to their friends, in most cases each receiving two full suits of clothing.

The cases of applicants are all examined separately, and then the inmates are classified, and the pure are separated from the impure, and decent girls are kept by themselves and specially trained for domestic service. They do not, as the others who sleep in the large dormitory, go out during the day. “Hope and help,” as we read in the Twenty-first Report of the Field Lane Ragged Schools, “are offered to all.” A few clothes, a few lines of recommendation, a little stock, a small sum of money, temporary shelter after needlework has been obtained, a kind word of reconciliation between parties estranged, a little furniture to recommence a home, shelter till the slack season has turned—such assistance has been given, and has proved of essential service. Girls surrounded by temptations at home, are brought by and received from missionaries, Bible women, &c. Letters are being constantly received from those who have left for situations, speaking gratefully of the help given, and showing an undying interest in things that work for their eternal peace. All the inmates of the Female Refuge are taught in the Bible schools on Friday; and three times on the Lord’s-day the Scriptures are read, and prayer offered morning and evening by the matron; and addresses are repeatedly delivered by various friends. A beautiful spectacle it is—and it has been ours to enjoy it—when on the closing of the Lord’s-day, in the upper room of Field Lane School, a large class of young women of good character, who once were inmates of the Refuge, and are now in service in London, came to sit at the feet of a lady Bible-class teacher whom they dearly loved. Besides these, many “lost” ones have been truly “found.” These had passed the barriers of purity, to begin, under the pressure of sorest want, the career of vice that drags down so speedily to perdition. Many, very many such have found at the West Street Refuge a deliverance at the very crisis of their fate. And more than this, the penitents who had run away from home, after pilfering and stealing from their father’s house and store; or who, unwilling to bear the yoke of discipline, had gone forth in a reckless spirit, they knew not, and cared not, whither—these sobered, subdued, brought down to extremest want—oh! how, here in this refuge, do they weep joyful tears, springing from hearts melted and won by kindness at once human and Divine.

THE APPIAN WAY AND ITS TOMBS.

NO traveller in Italy can survey that celebrated monument of antiquity, the Appian Way, without some feeling of enthusiasm. Now it is lone and silent, but crowds of patricians and plebeians once thronged it. Here, too, the mailed legions of old Rome once thundered along, and prætors, pro-consuls, and embassies, going to and returning from their provinces, hastened over it. For the Christian it possesses tenfold greater interest than for others, inasmuch

as it is a standing monument of the magnificence and power of the fourth great monarchy which the Scriptures predicted would overspread the earth, and which had reached the height of its splendour at the advent of the blessed Redeemer. Moreover, the Appian Way is associated with the name of Paul. Those who have read “The Life and Epistles of St. Paul,” by Conybeare and Howson, will remember the thrilling description of his journey over it to Rome. In comparison with the other Roman ways which connected the cities of the empire with the capital, it was called “the Queen of Roads.” Leaving Rome, it passed through the

Campagna, was continued to Capua, and thence was conducted to Brundisium, on the shore of the Adriatic. Although a part of it is two thousand years old, it still forms the most travelled route between Rome and Naples. Large blocks of stone, smooth and square, were regularly laid upon a hewn foundation, and these stones were so strongly and compactly fitted together, that even now they are not in the least displaced. It is only in some places that this original pavement is laid bare. It has been truly said that such roads could not have been constructed unless the very workmen who wrought upon them had been impressed with the idea of the eternal duration of Rome.

The road, on either hand, is bordered by tombs in various stages of decay, for it was customary with the Romans to bury their dead close by the highways. Even to the *civilised* heathen, consecrated places of common burial were unknown. Some of these were originally solid towers, like that wonderful monument so often described by travellers, and which remains almost perfect to this day—the Tomb of Cecilia Metella. Others, though less imposing, were built with architectural elevations, and were, doubtless, in their original state, covered with travertine and marble, and adorned with bas-reliefs. Some sepulchres were simply vaults, in which sarcophagi were placed. Then, again, other tombs were round, low masonry, with mounds of earth upon them. For the most part, these places of burial attract but little attention, except from antiquaries; but no one who visits Rome fails to see the Tomb of the Scipios, discovered about eighty years ago. It is a family vault, with recesses or chambers for the stone coffins. The words, "Sepulchra Scipionum," were found inscribed over the door of the vault, which, when you have entered, the glimmering light of the candle scarcely enables you to survey. The sarcophagi found in it have all been transferred to the museum of the Vatican, and one of them, that of Scipio Barbatus, has a world-wide renown, and

is well known by models and engravings. It is interesting as a monument of Republican Rome, and the inscription on it is one of the most ancient Latin inscriptions which have been preserved to us. You may read distinctly the name of Lucius Cornelius Scipio Barbatus. He was the great-grandfather of Scipio Africanus, by whom Hannibal was conquered. When this sarcophagus was first opened in 1781, more than two thousand years after the death of Scipio Barbatus, the skeleton was found entire, with a ring upon one of the fingers.

When bodies were burned, and only the ashes were interred, sepulchres of a different kind were needed. The name given to this class of sepulchres was *clumbaria*, from the rows of little niches, resembling the holes of a pigeon-house, in which the urns were placed. These columbaria have been found on the Appian Way in considerable numbers. They were places dug in the ground about twenty feet square, and not far from eighteen feet deep, and you descend into them by a flight of steps. The sides are built up with shelves, which are partitioned off into small compartments, and the urns, containing the ashes of the dead, were placed in these compartments. In some cases the names are found on the urns, but they are more generally met with in inscriptions placed over the niches. The urns are without covers, and if you do not deem it sacrilegious, you may put your hand into them, and take up the burnt bones.

There must have been many monumental erections along the Appian Way, in the flourishing periods of Rome, which have entirely disappeared. Of those which still exist, most are now mere masses of shapeless brick-work. As links connecting us with the past, as relics of an interesting and a mighty people, the beholder cannot contemplate them without emotion. And yet they fill him with unutterable sadness, for he reads on each of them, in characters which cannot be mistaken, "No hope."

"LOOKING."



WHEN I passed the pastry-cook's shop just now, there were, as usual, a group of poor little ones peering in at the windows with longing eyes, and I could not help saying to myself, "Poor things! poor hungry babes! do not stand gazing there; it makes one's heart ache to see you. Those cakes, those tarts; oh, how nice they look! and you are so hungry; and the bread at home, if there is any, is so dry! But do not stand there longing. I must not give you those things. It would do you more harm than good. To-morrow you would want them all the worse. Go home, poor things! go, perhaps, supperless to bed: you must not have those things."

But what harm in looking? some may ask. Much, and in many ways. Go back to the first origin of all the want, and poverty, and wretchedness which cover the earth. What was it? A look! "The woman *saw* that the tree was good for food, and pleasant to the eyes . . . and she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat." "And the Lord God said, Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life."

The look was the beginning of the transgression. God had forbidden her to touch that tree; and for this very reason the tempter came and told her that it was good. She began to doubt God's word, to question his goodness. Desire was awakened—a guilty desire, since it was a desire for what God had forbidden. The third step in evil soon followed: "She took of the fruit, and did eat." A moment's guilty gratification brought in the countless woes of six thousand years, suffered by thousands of millions of her descendants!

And this first short story is repeated day by day in a thousand various forms. The look, the doubt, the taking, follow each other in constant sequence, in thefts, in adulteries, in murders, and in many other less regarded crimes. And thus is sin kept alive and dominant in the earth, with all its consequences—suffering, poverty, disease, wretchedness, death, and often despair.

David, too, "looked," and saw, and fell. The object of God's special favour, raised from a sheepfold to a throne; enriched, prospered, and honoured, he fell into luxury and sloth; and "at even-tide he rose from his bed, and walked upon the roof of his palace, and from it he saw," &c. As in the case of Eve, the look bred thoughts and desires, ending in forbidden gratifications. Like Eve, too, he suffered. One of his sons, following his example, gives the reins to his lusts; incest and murder pollute the royal palaces; conspiracy and treason follow in their train. Amnon had died by Absalom's hand, Absalom dies by the hand of Joab, and Joab and Adonijah perish by the hand of Solomon. David becomes an outcast and a fugitive; and "the sword departs not from his house." Such was a second instance of the evil flowing from a single "look."

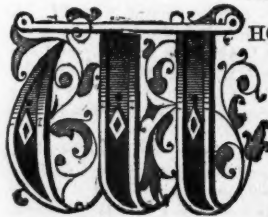
Many others might be given. Achan confessed, "I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and a wedge of gold," &c.; and "I coveted them, and took them." "And all Israel stoned him with stones, and burned him with fire, and raised over him a great heap of stones." The wife of Lot "looked back," and she became a pillar of salt. Well might David in his repenting moments pray, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity."

"Eye-gate," in Bunyan's allegory, is the most easily and the most frequently assailed of all the entrances to "Mansoul." The truth of this representation none will doubt. What day passes in which we have not to call in our own roving glances, and to reprove the "look" of others? How instantaneous is the entrance of evil, if the eye be left unguarded! Even aged Job found it needful to "make a covenant with his eyes"—to bind and oblige them, as it were, not to trespass or

wander unlawfully. And the wisest of men, when he counselled his readers to "keep the heart with all diligence, since out of it are the issues of life," added, as a kindred caution—"Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." Not from lust only, or from gold, strive to keep thine eyes; the temptations are manifold. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup;" for "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The Christian dispensation is deemed less burdensome and stringent than that of the Law. It is so in ritual, but not in morals. In this matter we find it rather more tenacious than less so. Christ himself explained, in the very commencement of his ministry, that a lustful look had the essence and the criminality of adultery itself. And one of the counsels and injunctions which was repeated in his teaching, concerned the peril of a roving eye. In one of his earliest sermons (Matt. v.) he said: "If thy eye offend thee (or lead thee to offend), pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." And after his transfiguration, and shortly before his journey to Jerusalem to suffer and to die, he repeats the same counsel:—"If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire" (Matt. xviii.). What stronger language could be used? what more earnest or decided counsel given? The eye is chiefly a receptive organ; its outgoings, its actions on others, are few. Yet so perilous are often its motions, so destructive to the soul, that if it could not be restrained, it were even better extirpated. These are thoughts and suggestions so weighty, that they require to be deeply pondered. On a hasty glance, the mind is almost ready to revolt from them. Yet they fell from His lips who knew what was in man, and could measure, as no other man can do, the infinite distance between heaven and hell, and the infinite importance of an admittance into the one, and an escape from the other.

THE ARAB OF THE DESERT.



WHO has not heard of the Arabs—that wonderful people who alone, perhaps, of all the races on earth, are to-day the same in almost every respect as they were in the very earliest times of which even Scripture history, the oldest of records, gives us any account? The term Arabia has been used, both by ancient and modern writers, to designate a country far more extensive than it is applicable to in strictness; for, properly speaking, it comprises only that remarkable peninsula which, from its position and climate, seems naturally to form a part of

Africa, but is joined by an isthmus of sandy deserts to Asia. What a strange history is that of the Arabs, as traced by themselves! and yet in essential points it coincides with that handed down regarding them in Scripture. They ascribe the first peopling of their country to Shem, the son of Noah. Ishmael, the son of Hagar, and his mother, at length came among them; and the twelve tribes descended from Ishmael gradually obliterated the ancient inhabitants, so that even a remnant of them—the "lost tribes," as the Arabs call them—no longer exists.

The Arab of to-day continues to fulfil, to the letter, what was foretold of Ishmael and his posterity. He is, indeed, "a wild man: his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him." The Arabs proper—those who "dwell in

tents"—though remarkable for indomitable courage, have never made conquests. Accustomed unceasingly to roam from place to place; acquainted with all the resources of the desert, its wells and springs, which have been the resort of their fathers from the patriarchal times; unequalled in the use of the lance and the bow, and, above all, in the management of the horse, his prowess has ever been confined to the gratification of his revenge, which he considers almost a religious duty, or to plundering the caravans which traverse the mighty wastes that constitute his home. Some of the expeditions of these children of the desert have been, perhaps, of an exceptional character; for there is reason to believe that the Hyksos, the hated "shepherd kings" of Egypt, were in reality Arab chiefs that obtained a temporary footing, although they were ultimately expelled. The internal dissensions of the Arabs, and the want of some common tie, have prevented them from being conquerors, or from making any permanent impression on other nations. On the other hand, their separation from the rest of mankind, in their vast and impenetrable solitudes, has preserved them their independence.

Their position is attended with its peculiar advantages and inconveniences. They are, as in the time of Jeremiah, a "wealthy nation that dwelleth without care, and have neither gates nor bars." Their government, like that adopted by their remotest ancestors, is patriarchal. The sheikh, or emir, is the representative of the patriarch of old; the various tribes unite for common defence, and the sheikhs of the subdivisions of each tribe acknowledge the authority of one chief—the "sheikh of sheikhs." Each sheikh considers himself entitled to a tribute from those who pass through his territory; and even the Turkish sultan pays the Bedouin tribes on the road to Mecca, for not destroying the wells, and for guiding the pilgrims on their way. The number of independent tribes, each with its head, is naturally productive of collisions, and leads to frequent acts of violence, the remembrance of which can be obliterated only by the blood of the aggressors.

The Arab is familiar with the weapons of war; from his infancy he is trained up to defend his possessions, and to repel force by force. He looks upon every occupation but that of war as a degradation. He leaves agriculture and commerce to the torpid inhabitants of towns and villages, whom he styles, in scorn, "rearers of poultry," and "pepper merchants."

His virtues are not less prominent than his faults. He is temperate both in the quantity and the quality of his food; he can dispense with drink for five or six days; and a very small quantity of solid food, when need is, satisfies his hunger. He is given to plunder—that he looks upon as his privilege; he will not hesitate to deprive the solitary traveller of all he has, even of his garments; but he will not dismiss him naked, or likely to perish with hunger; he bestows him, at least, rags in exchange, fills his wallet with provender, and directs him on his journey. If the Arab is given to revenge, he is generous and hospitable; and his bitterest enemy, having broken bread with him, is safe within the shelter of his tent.

But for his camel—that "ship of the desert"—

the Arab, hardy and temperate as he is, could not exist in the wastes through which he roams. This animal, so wondrously fitted for its position, is, like its master, remarkable for its power of enduring hunger, thirst, and fatigue. It will be satisfied on a long journey with a drink once in eight or ten days, and with the small quantity of the parched herbage it chances to pick up as it goes along. It will carry 1,000 lbs. and more for a week, without being unloaded. A hint guides its movements, and a song from its master renews its strength. Alive, it is a most faithful servant, and contributes, by its rich and wholesome milk, to the comfort and support of its owner and his family; dead, its flesh affords a nourishing and palatable food, and its hair a durable cloth for garments or for tents.

If Arabia is celebrated for its camels, it is still more so for its horses—those noble creatures so justly prized in every quarter of the globe. Distinguished by their elegant form, they are still more highly prized by the Arab for their extraordinary speed, and their attachment to him—an attachment which is fully returned. Seated before the door of his tent, which he almost always is when he is not mounted, the Arab is never tired of recounting the perfections of his beloved steed, which is dear to him as a member of his family.

The Arab of the desert is almost constantly on horseback. It is thus he takes exercise, tends his flocks, or chases the ostrich and the antelope. One of his most striking peculiarities is the keenness of his sight; it is said that he is able to distinguish small objects eight or nine miles off. The two horsemen of the Sahara represented in our illustration have halted, to look around them for indications of the presence of water. One of them stoops, directing his ears to catch the least sound borne to him by the breeze; the other, standing in his stirrups, and raising himself as much as possible, pierces with his eyes the remotest boundaries of the horizon.

The Arab detests the restraints of civilisation. Compelled by necessity, he visits the neighbouring countries for the purchase of grain; but he always returns as speedily as possible to the desert, his much-loved dwelling-place. He prides himself on his freedom from the bonds of refinement, and especially from the toils of industry. He revels in the enjoyment of his cloudless skies; and the breezes which come to him loaded with perfumes, appear far more delightful to him than all the charms of other lands. What if the drying up of the wells on which he counts scatters his bleaching bones over the surface of the desert, are there not, where there is no lack of water, the raging flood, or the desolating avalanche? What if the blasting simoom threatens him with destruction, and but too often fulfils its threat, is there not elsewhere the hurricane, that scatters the fragments of ruined dwellings, or buries beneath them the mangled corpses of their owners—the same hurricane that wrecks the hope of the merchant on the pitiless rock, or buries his treasures far beneath the raging billows? As his fathers lived, countless ages ago, so the Arab lives to-day, and so he will continue to live, it is probable, if not in all future time, at least for many a generation yet to come.



ARABS OF THE DESERT.



HAPPY AS A KING.

WITH grassy mole-hill for a throne
 (A plump, soft throne a mole-hill is),
 The shepherd loves to sit and sing—
 He has no other sport than this.

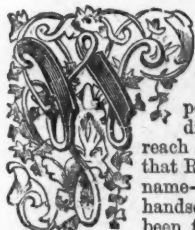
There on the sloping, sunny hill,
 Among the bushes white with may,
 He listens to the drowsy bells,
 That tell him where the lambs do play ;

Or lies and hears the merry birds,
 That from the fir-wood flute and pipe,
 And thinks of autumn's coming time,
 When fields of corn sway golden ripe ;

Then turns impatient to the west,
 Longing to see the rosy light
 That is to guide him to his cot,
 And bring him sleep, and rest, and night.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"RUPERT, A FAITHFUL DOG."



WHEN Captain Carter returned from one of his voyages he brought home a Newfoundland puppy, as a pet for his children, and never did a more welcome present reach a family. It was not alone that Rupert—for that was the dog's name—was one of the largest and handsomest of his kind, but he had been taught so many funny tricks by the sailors, and was so gentle and affectionate, that when the children had him in the park with them, crowds of people would gather round to watch him go through his performances, and one man, who went about the country with dancing dogs, actually followed the children home, and sent a polite message up-stairs, asking to see Mrs. Carter. When he was shown into the drawing-room, Rupert (who had rushed there as soon as he got home) was sitting up, shaking his paw-hand and wagging his head gravely, as Mrs. Carter asked him where he had been and what he had seen. No sooner, however, did he catch sight of the man than he began growling furiously, and going behind the sofa, lay down, just as if he knew all about the matter, and was hiding. But Rupert need not have been uneasy; there was no danger of his being sold, or parted with; and, although the man offered a large sum of money—no less than forty pounds—for him, Mrs. Carter would almost as soon have thought of selling one of the children themselves, knowing how they loved and valued Rupert. So, after a long talk of the dog's qualities, and seeing him go through his tricks, the man, who was a very honest, good sort of fellow, shook hands with Rupert, and, making a low bow to Mrs. Carter, took his departure.

Well, you have heard, I dare say, that there are some men who actually make their livelihood by dog-stealing. They are continually on the watch for any extraordinary dog; and, having once got their eyes upon one that is likely either to sell well if stolen, or for which, from the fact of its being a great pet, a large reward will be offered for its recovery, they try every means of inducing it to leave its owner; or even, if they can get a chance, they seize it, and carry it away by force. Now, Rupert was soon well known, and also the great price that had been offered for him; so that some of these men I have been telling you of put their heads together, and, after a great deal of talking, settled their plans: one of them was to follow the children in their daily walks, until he found out the dog's tricks, and the way they spoke to him; then he was to dress up as a sailor, pretend to have been one of those on board Captain Carter's ship, and thus coax the dog away.

Well, he did all they had planned, and when it became time to dress up he got a lot of second-hand clothes, that smelt pretty well of tar; rigged out in these, he walked boldly up to the nurse and children, and, pretending to be quite delighted to see Rupert, called him.

Rupert went up at once, but then he stopped, smelt the man carefully, and showed his great white teeth, just as if he was laughing, after a dog's fashion, at the idea of the man trying to deceive him. But the pretended sailor, not knowing Master Rupert's dodges, thought it was all right, and went on talking to the nurse, making up all sorts of stories of how they used to play with Rupert. The children, meanwhile, had walked on, and got into a more crowded part of the road; and this the nurse seeing, ran off after them, to bring them back, leaving Rupert, who had lain down, watching his pretended friend.

"Come, my hearty," said the man; "come along, Rupert, my hearty." But Rupert did not move; then, beckoning to the other men, who were pretty near, the sailor laid his hand upon Rupert's collar. Then, with a roar rather than a growl, and a bound like a lion, Rupert sprang up. In an instant he laid the man flat on his back upon the ground, and was standing with his two great paws upon the man's breast, his teeth close to the man's neck, and all the while wagging his tail, as if he meant to tell everybody he would do no harm, but only intended to expose the trick. That he did most effectually, for, of course, a crowd gathered, and then the police came; and the very first glance at the man's face was enough. He and his accomplices were well known, and very lucky it was for them that poor Rupert could not speak, or they might not have got off so easily. As it was, although the police suspected pretty well what the man had been trying, they had no evidence; so, looking very crestfallen and angry, not to say frightened, the pretended sailor got up and walked off, leaving the crowd standing round Rupert, and listening to the account the nurse was giving the police of what the man had told her.

After that, no one attempted to steal Rupert, though numbers of people offered to buy him. Every day he became a greater pet with the children, and seemed to grow more gentle as he became older and stronger.

At last, Captain Carter came home again. You should have seen the frantic delight of Rupert. He heard the captain's voice before he came into the house, and, dashing down-stairs, upsetting the nurse, and pushing aside every one, laid his paws upon his master's shoulders, and his great tongue was licking his face before he was well out of the cab. All the time Captain Carter was at home Rupert followed him like his shadow. The children tried in vain to persuade him to go out with them; Rupert only wagged his tail, whined, and turned his great brown eyes up to Captain Carter's face, and lay still.

Captain Carter had not much time to be with his wife and children. He had command of a large merchant vessel, and the only leave he could get was a few weeks while the ship was refitting. These weeks were very precious ones, but far too short.

Upon the morning of the last day Rupert disappeared. No one had seen him after the sailor, who came to carry the captain's portmanteau down to the docks, had been at the house, and no one had time to think much of him; they were all so sorry



"Pretending to be quite delighted to see Rupert."—p. 332.

at parting with the kind husband, father, and master that Captain Carter was.

Well, the ship was gone. The children went sorrowfully home; trying their best to comfort their mamma. Rupert was not at home, and they saw him no more. Where do you think Rupert was? Can you guess?

Well, I'll tell you. Rupert—the cunning rascal!—had gone on board with his master's luggage, had hidden himself under a table in the captain's cabin, and there he lay until the ship was fairly under weigh; when he crawled out, and dragging himself along upon his stomach, as you may have seen dogs do when they want to be very coaxing, he came up to the astonished captain, and laid his head upon his feet, saying, as plainly as signs could, "Take me with you, dear master."

And so Captain Carter did. He could not send him back after that; but he sent a little note by the pilot to tell the children all about Rupert's

wisdom, and wish to be a sailor; and, although they cried a little when they knew their pet was really away, they were very glad their dear papa had such a companion as their friend Rupert.

Rupert was very happy on board ship, and was a great favourite among the sailors, who, many of them, remembered him on his first voyage home.

The ship was bound for India; but a terrible storm came on, and she ran upon a rock. Happily, this was within sight of land; so that the boats were lowered to make an effort to reach the shore.

The captain sent the crew into the boats, being determined to be the last man on board; and, as it happened, just as the last boat was filled, and the captain was going over the side, a tremendous wave struck the vessel, and she heeled over against another rock; then came a cross wave, and the ship split in two.

Captain Carter was hurled into the foaming, tempest-tossed sea. Poor Rupert was close beside

his master when the ship broke up, and the instant they were in the water he seized the captain's coat, as if to show him who was near.

You may be sure Captain Carter was very glad he was a good swimmer; but it was a dreadful thing to swim in such a sea, and with only a faint notion as to where the shore was.

But he was a brave and good man. He knew that God would do whatever was good for him, and so, putting his arm across Rupert to ease himself a little, he turned his face shoreward, and swam on.

But he was soon exhausted, and must have been drowned, had not Rupert been there. But the gallant dog swam on, supporting his half-fainting master until, with a yelp, he struck against the shore; and then, turning round, he seized the captain's coat, and dragged him through the shallow water. Fortunately, they had come upon a sheltered nook where there was no surf.

Captain Carter might even now have died from exhaustion and cold; but Rupert laid himself alongside, and licked his face and hands with his warm tongue, thus gradually restoring circulation, and twice over saving his master's life.

None of the crew were lost, but the ship was a total wreck; and the loss to the poor captain was very great. He got on to Calcutta by a ship that put in to the nearest harbour from where he had been wrecked; and then, wishing to see a friend who lived some distance up the country, and who, he hoped, would help him with the company whose employ he had been in, he set off, leaving Rupert in charge of one of his men.

When he returned to Calcutta, the first news that met him was that the dog was gone. He had escaped, no one knew how or exactly when; the stable having been carefully locked after giving the dog his first meal, nor was it opened until night, when it was found to be empty, and no outlet was visible by which it seemed possible a dog could escape.

Captain Carter was very sorry, especially as he had to go straight home, overland, and quite dreaded facing his little children without their pet; but he could not help it, he was obliged to start by the first mail.

When he got home, and told Rupert's story, the children were all sorry; but they had their dear father safe, and that was enough for them, although they often talked and thought of how the dog had saved that good, kind father of theirs.

Well, about two years after this, Captain Carter was in Calcutta again, and went up the country to see his friend. A day or two after he reached his destination, his friend said—

"You are fond of shooting, I think, Carter; if you like, we'll go out to-morrow and see if we can get you a tiger-skin to carry home to your wife. But I ought to tell you that the natives say there is a strange kind of wild beast in this neighbourhood, something like a bear, but much more savage, active, and cunning: perhaps we'll get a shot at him."

So the shooting party was formed: two gentlemen were upon one elephant, and two friends from the military station upon another. Of course there were a whole troop of beaters and lookers-on, and dogs to rouse the hoped-for tiger.

They were unsuccessful for a long time; but at last a tiger was known to be near. I was never out tiger-hunting, and so cannot exactly tell you

how the hunters first became aware of the presence of the one I am writing of; but I know that a few minutes after they heard it there was a crash, and a terrific roar, and out of the thick jungle bounded an enormous tiger. He came straight at the foremost elephant, upon which were Captain Carter and his friend, and in an instant, and with one spring, he seized the former by the leg, dragged him to the ground, and sprang back in the jungle, carrying the unfortunate man with him.

Captain Carter said afterwards, that he forgot all about the pain of the tiger's teeth in the great horror at being actually eaten, and that he did not know what a terrible shriek and cry for help he uttered as he was being dragged through the bushes; but this he knew, that a great brown and shaggy animal, like an enormous dog, dashed out of the jungle upon the tiger, and that, after a long, fierce struggle, the tiger was beaten, and that then he knew that his preserver was none other than his own dear, faithful Rupert.

When the rest of the party got up to the spot, they saw the tiger lying dead, and an animal the natives at once recognised as the creature of whom so many superstitious fears had been excited, lying beside Captain Carter, licking his face, and every now and then lifting up his head and uttering a long, melancholy howl. Fortunately for Rupert's sake, the English officers recognised what he was, and prevented the natives rushing forward to kill him. The rest of my story is soon told. Captain Carter got well again; and thus Rupert had saved him no less than three times. How Rupert had got so far up the country, and become so wild and savage, was only to be conjectured; but I suppose that, when he escaped from the stable in which Captain Carter had left him, he had, by that wonderful instinct with which the Almighty has endowed some animals, especially dogs, tracked his master to the friend's bungalow, and then losing him, had remained in the neighbourhood awaiting his return; and that the shriek for help uttered by Captain Carter had brought him, only too happy, as you may be sure, to the rescue. Poor Rupert was terribly hurt by the tiger, and never altogether recovered; so that, although he did reach England alive, he died very soon after, and was buried in the garden at his old home, while over his grave there was put a white stone, with this inscription—

"IN MEMORY OF RUPERT, A FAITHFUL DOG."

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 314.

"Be careful for nothing."—Phil. iv. 6.

1. Beer-lahai-roi	Gen. xvi. 14.
2. Ephron	Gen. xxiii. 17.
3. Chihnam	2 Sam. xix. 38.
4. A gag	1 Sam. xv. 9.
5. R echab	2 Sam. iv. 6.
6. Enrogel	2 Sam. xvii. 17.
7. Felix	Acts xxiv. 27.
8. Uziah	2 Chron. xxvi. 21.
9. Lydia	Acts xvi. 15.
10. Fortunatus	1 Cor. xvi. 17.
11. O phir	1 Kings ix. 28.
12. Rehoboam's	1 Kings xii. 16.
13. N aboth	1 Kings xxi. 13.
14. O ded	2 Chron. xxviii. 9.
15. T alpenes	1 Kings xi. 19.
16. H oshea	2 Kings xvii. 4.
17. I conium	2 Tim iii. 11.
18. N ahshon	Numb. vii. 12.
19. G ebazi	2 Kings v. 23.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

FOLD your hands, dear children,
Fold them upon each breast,
As the shadows of eve are folded,
Prayerfully, in the west;
For the angels sent from heaven,
To close the gates of day,
Are waiting to carry back to God
What His little children say.

The silver moon is walking
Her placid way on high,
And the diamond stars are shining
Up in the blue night sky;
And the birds you love are sleeping
On every forest spray;
So fold your hands, dear children,
And let us kneel and pray.

Silence and peace, like a curtain,
Surround all gentle things;
And over your garden flowers
The shadows have spread their wings;
And the evening chimes are ringing
From the belfry, old and grey;
So fold your hands, dear children,
It is the time to pray—

The time that children ever
Have offered prayer and hymn,
In the calm and holy twilight,
To the glorious name of Him
Who, when on earth he journeyed,
Called children by the way,
And said that the kingdom of heaven
Was made of such as they;

So fold your hands, dear children,
Fold them upon each breast,
For the shadows of eve are folded,
Prayerfully, in the west;
And the angels sent from heaven,
To close the gates of day,
Are waiting to carry back to God
What His little children say. A. W. B.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.—No. V.
"Dorcas."—Acts ix. 36.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. D oeg..... | 1 Sam. xxii. 18. |
| 2. O badiah..... | 1 Kings xviii. 3. |
| 3. R ehoboth..... | Gen. xxvi. 22. |
| 4. C ushi..... | 2 Sam. xviii. 31, 32. |
| 5. A hava..... | Ezra viii. 15—23. |
| 6. S hemaiah..... | 2 Chron. xi. 2—4. |

OUR COW SILKIE.



IN the sweet spring time, when the
hedges were white with may blossoms,
what place was prettier than
"The Meadows?" This was the name
of grandmamma's small farm. I can
recall now the intensity of longing that
I had to get away from London and
spend the Easter holidays with that
good old lady.

I have left childhood far behind me
on the lifeway, and grandmamma has
long been sleeping under the great
yew-tree at the side of the brown church on
the hill, but those pleasant spring holidays
float by me as the scene of yesterday.

In the large meadow at the back of the house
she had some ten or twelve beautiful cows. It was
such a treat to me to stand near them and hear
them biting the short crisp grass, stepping onwards
as they did so,—to smell their sweet breath, and to
take lessons of Jenny, grandmamma's pretty dairy-
maid, in the art of milking. As she sat on her little
stool, with her chubby round arms, and bright,
dark face, I thought her the very picture of rustic
beauty.

And oh! to be beyond the perpetual din of
London wheels was delightful; and to hear, in its
stead, all those happy country sounds of bees hum-
ming, birds chirping, and the babbling of a little
brook that ran through the pasture ground. But
to be among the cows was my chief delight. There
was no finer-looking cow than Silkie. Her form
was beautiful; her legs were short, her neck and
head small, her eye clear and full, and, I used to
think, devoid of that expression of fear with which
the other cows sometimes regarded me; her coat
was so soft and glossy that it won for her her
name of Silkie. It was a great puzzle to me why
Silkie wore a yoke round her throat. It quite
spoiled her appearance, and I am sure must have
been very uncomfortable to her.

Everybody who saw Silkie said, "What a noble
animal; what a pity that she is obliged to wear the
cow yoke!"

Jenny said it was merely to keep her from an
unpleasant way she had of getting through hedges;
but Jenny only said this to me as I watched her
milking. I do not think she explained the matter
to any one else. Nobody wanted to buy Silkie;
nobody ever even asked her price; indeed, that
ugly yoke hurt the character of all the rest of the
cows, for people naturally said, "One unruly cow
will spoil all the others."

My grandfather, I must tell you, had been a
gentleman farmer in a small way, and grand-
mamma, after his death, carried on a kind of
farming; selling eggs, and butter, and poultry, and
pigs, and sometimes cows. Grandmamma told me
that her neighbour, Farmer Jones, could sell his
cows whenever he liked, and make a good bargain,
too; but, then, not one of them wore a yoke. How
I pitied poor Silkie! When she stooped down to
eat, she had to twist her head on one side, in a most
uncomfortable manner, on account of the yoke. If
she went to drink, before she could get the water
to her lips, the yoke would be striking against the
trough.

Jenny said that Silkie was very affectionate in

her disposition; and I am certain that Jenny was right, for the cow had a kindly look in its face, and yet the yoke seemed almost a part of Silkie, and the yoke was very disagreeable.

If ever Silkie attempted to go near another cow, long before she was close to her, the yoke would be boring her friend, and away she would run; and every one agreed that Silkie, in spite of her shining coat and gentle ways, was spoiled by the yoke.

Grandmamma used to weave quite a little parable out of Silkie and her yoke.

Sometimes when Harry Bertram's mother told him it was time to go to bed, he would answer her in a short, snappish way, and go off without wishing even a civil "Good night." His mother always made excuses for him, and would say that, under all this roughness of manner, there lay a kind heart.

"I dare say it may be so," grandmamma replied; "but I see the yoke."

With another friend of ours, Roger Sullivan, the young lawyer, she used to associate the yoke. He was a teacher at the Sunday-school, but so stern and grave that the children said to each other, mysteriously, that they thought he could not smile. He could find fault with zest enough; but let the lesson be ever so well said, he could not praise. The yoke kept him from doing this, it was so large and stiff.

And what do you think grandmamma used to say to me?—

"You are a pretty girl, Carry"—you know I must tell you verbatim what she said—"a sweetly pretty girl, and at times very pleasant in your manners; but has it never occurred to you that you make but few friends?"

"Yes, dear granny," I replied, quite freed from all feelings of vexation by her tribute to my good looks; "I have often wondered that Amy Baring, who is so plain looking, is so much more beloved than I am."

"She does not wear the yoke," grandmamma said, quite pleasantly. "But, my dear child, you are severe in your opinions of others, and snappish in manner. Those who are very intimate with you are sure to get a push from the yoke."

She even drew our clergyman into her little parable. The Rev. Arthur Henshawe was a man of considerable power of mind, and, as our villagers used to call him, a fine scholar; but he greatly curtailed his sphere of Christian usefulness by his want of suavity. He was abrupt to men, and positively rude to women. I believe he was really kind-hearted. He was a handsome man, and dressed well. His coat was soft and glossy, but then he wore the yoke.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. xii. 1.



H, how pleasant is the morning,
In the happy time of spring!
With the cowslips in the meadows,
And the primrose in the shadows,
And the dew's bright pearls adorning
Leaf and bough, and everything.

Lovingly God sets the daisies,
Children, on the grassy mound;
And the pleasant showers that fall,
In low whispers musical,
Seem to softly sing his praises,
For his goodness to the ground.

Little children, life hath brought you
Many blessings on the road;
It is spring-time's fairest hour,
Joy and health your happy dower,
The angel Mercy hath besought you,
To present yourselves to God.

Take him as an offering lowly
Of life's early rose-hued skies
Thanks for mercies fresh and new,
As the hours that circle you,
And unto the Lord most holy,
Let the thankful song arise.

Not for ever dews and flowers
Shall adorn life's changeful road;
Yet shall every passing care
A sweet robe of blessing wear,
If you seek through stormy hours,
For the presence of your God.

So if hope grow languid often,
And the heart with care is rife,
Falter not in thankful strain,
Call them mercies—cloud and rain—
Sent your sterile hearts to soften,
And to fructify your life.



TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FREDDY'S FIRST DAY AT BOND'S.

FREDDY had thoroughly enjoyed his first morning walk to his business. The morning air, so reviving to all, even to age and sickness, is such an elixir to youth and health!

Freddy had been taught by his mother, by the good vicar, and even by poor Becky, to care for everything that lived, from the animals in the fields through which he passed, down to the smallest linnet that scudded away at his approach, and the snail, which he went out of his own way not to crush or disturb.

Freddy had a very loving heart. He did not wantonly crop even the wayside blossoms, to cast them aside the next moment. He would often say, with Wordsworth—

“Live on! live on!
For 'tis my faith, that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.”

How peach-like, in its bloom, was the young lad's cheek! how buoyant his step on this bright morning! He was proud of the fact that he was about to do something for himself and, better still, for his mother. He had no fears of failure, for what he knew he knew perfectly, and whatever he had been taught to do he did well. Book-keeping, by single and double entry, was to him quite familiar. No one could puzzle Freddy in arithmetic, and his writing was the boast of his mother.

His fine face and form, his good breeding, and his gentle voice, recommended him, wherever he went, to the favour of all men. Mr. Bond was so pleased with his appearance and manners, when he saw him once at Sir Gregory's, that he made a new clerkship for him, since there was no immediate chance of a vacancy.

Freddy, as he hurried along, was not only enjoying the fresh air, laden with the fragrance of sweet hedge-flowers and new-mown hay, but he was dwelling, too, “in the soft palace of a fairy future,”—nor was he dwelling there alone.

“I am so glad,” he said to himself, “that I determined on entering a great commercial house like Bond's! As our dear vicar says, there is nothing like trade for making a fortune, and that rapidly. He told me, too, that every profession is overstocked,—that there are many more curates than curacies, and fifty barristers to one brief; every appointment has a hundred expectant candidates; and that many men of great talent, zeal, and energy grow grey with the fever of vain longing and the sickness of hope deferred feeding on their vitals. But that Commerce finds bread for all her worthy sons, and wealth for all her worthiest ones. With the opening I now have, he says, I may one day be a merchant prince like Bond himself; nay more, he assured me that from very humble beginnings men have arisen who, like the Rothschilds and the Barings, give laws to kings, and influence the destiny of nations by the weight of gold. Oh, the time may come when Violet will not be thought to demean herself, or to throw away her matchless charms, talents, virtues, and graces, by— But here I am, and my castles in the air must vanish for a while, before the august presence of this vast temple of commerce—the great

establishment of Bond and Co.,” he added, laughing gaily in the innocent gladness of his heart.

We have said that Mr. Bond's business was that of a general provision merchant; and Freddy thought, as he entered the warehouse, that there were stores enough laid up there to provision the whole nation. We all have this impression when we see an immense supply of any one article of consumption; but it vanishes directly one finds one's self in the centre of a dense crowd; the wonder then is how such masses can be fed. The warehouse Freddy now entered for the first time was one hundred and eighty feet long, by three hundred and fifty at its greatest depth.

It seemed to our junior clerk a marvel how so many offices, cellars, yards, lifts, and passages, could have been brought together under one roof.

Across the street was the “bonded office,” which seemed to him to be the main establishment over again, on a smaller scale.

A kindly, grave, elderly man, who was a sort of head clerk, received Freddy very cordially, and offered, as it still wanted twenty minutes of half-past seven, to show him over the warehouses.

Freddy, during this visit, was in a state of ever-growing wonder and admiration. He had not recovered from the surprise caused by the contemplation of the piles upon piles of mimic Mont Blancs, in the shape of hundreds of thousands of loaves of sugar, when Mr. Dennis (the head clerk), with a quiet smile, and a proud glance in his mild eye, introduced him to the sugar tierces.

“How much does each tierce weigh, sir?” asked Freddy, almost with awe.

“Ten hundredweight,” replied Mr. Dennis; adding, of his own accord, “we sold two hundred and fifty tierces, Mr. Moore, last week.”

Freddy had not had time to recover from his wonder at this announcement, when he opened his eyes as wide as he could, to take in a whole region devoted to tea-chests; another to barrels of nutmegs, and other treasures from the Spice Islands; then came a succession of monster piles of boxes of candied fruits; realms of snowy flour; tracts devoted to coffee; countless huge hogsheds of treacle; cellars full of cheeses; stores of tobacco; and, in short, everything Freddy could think of, as belonging by right to the provisioning department; and many things he never could have thought of, met his view in quantities that dazzled his eye and bewildered his brain.

“I will take another opportunity, Mr. Moore,” said the head clerk, “of showing you the stables, with their fifty horses, our carpenters' shop, and our troop of wagons. At present I will ask you to accompany me to our chapel. We devote half an hour every morning to family worship. A great many of the men breakfast on the premises; but they do not begin the morning meal till the half-hour devoted to prayer and praise is over. Half an hour is not much to give to heavenly things, Mr. Moore,” said the head clerk, “but it keeps us all, throughout the day, alive to the presence of God; and what else would be a temple to Mammon, and perhaps, alas, a den of thieves, thus becomes ‘our Father's house.’”

Freddy's first day at Bond's passed by very pleasantly. Mr. Dennis appointed him his place and his work; and Freddy could see that his manner of executing what was entrusted to him both pleased and surprised the head clerk.

Rather tired, but very well contented with his first day at Bond's, Freddy walked home.

At the end of one of the loveliest lanes, and close to a flowery mead, was a stile. On this stile Freddy found his mother seated, watching for his approach. In her hand was the *Everdown Gazette*, published that day, and Freddy perceived that something she had been reading in it had greatly excited and disturbed her.

After tenderly embracing him, and inquiring how the day (which had been very dull and lonely for her, though she did not say so) had passed with him, Mrs. Moore handed him the paper and said, "Read that, Freddy."

Freddy's eyes dilated and his colour rose as he perused the paragraph to which his mother had directed his attention.

CHAPTER L.

THE DUMB SAILOR AGAIN.

THE paragraph which Mrs. Moore had pointed out to Freddy was as follows:—

Many of our readers will recollect, we doubt not, that some years ago a man who looked like a shipwrecked sailor, and who professed to be dumb, pretending, as far as one could make out his bad writing and worse spelling, that his tongue had been cut out by the natives of New Zealand, obtained money from several of our fellow-citizens under sundry pretences, and suddenly disappeared from among us. A man exactly answering the description of this sailor has been recently taken before the sitting magistrate at Bow Street, accused of obtaining money from a sailor's wife, by pretending to bring her tidings of her husband in Vancouver's Island. The sailor's wife, being well off, and mistress of a public-house, rewarded the impostor handsomely, and both lodged and boarded him. One of her customers, who had been at New Zealand, suspecting a fraud, put some questions to him in writing, which he could not or would not answer. Detective Grierson happening to come into the public-house while this miscreant was there, recognised him as a well-known ticket-of-leave man. He was taken to Bow Street, where he recovered his power of speech upon a threat from the magistrate. As, however, no one appeared to prosecute, the rascal was set at liberty; but we advise all our readers to be on their guard against this impostor, who, unluckily, is again at large, and ready to recommence his alarming and nefarious system of getting money out of wives whose husbands are at sea. He has reaped a considerable harvest out of the credulity of a great number of poor anxious women. We warn all our readers to be on their guard against this miscreant.

"Poor dear mother!" said Freddy, after he had read this paragraph; "I know what has made you so unhappy. You think now that the message which so many years ago a dumb sailor professed to have brought you from dear papa was a mere trick—a dodge, as it is called—to extort money. Of course, that is a very natural conclusion to arrive at, and it must be a very terrible disappointment to you, since, even to me—and I scarcely remember dear papa's features now—it is a very great shock. But yet we may be wrong: the dumb sailor who gave you the note you have so treasured up may not be the same man; or if it is the same, bad as he is, he may yet have been in New Zealand, and may have known poor dear papa there. Don't cry, my beloved mother. You who have had faith so long, don't faint and fear now. Besides, you have me still, who love and honour you more than words can tell—and have begun a new career to-day, and felt so proud and so happy to think I was earning my own livelihood, and beginning a career that will enable me to provide for my darling mother. Think, dearest mamma," he continued, "think, I am now a clerk in the great house of Bond and Co., and I begin with a salary of fifty pounds a year. Next year, if I give satisfaction—and with God's help I will give satisfaction—I shall receive seventy pounds per annum: that is a certainty. But Mr. Dennis, the head clerk is so pleased with my handwriting, and my algebra, which saves so much time in making estimates, that he means, when I have been a month in my present situation, if I have been punctual and steady, to speak to Mr. Bond about promoting me to a much more responsible and lucrative clerkship. How comfort-

able we shall be! and what a happiness it will be to me to reflect that you need never force yourself to paint or work when you feel ill and weak, because you have a great strong boy of your own, whose heart overflows with joy at the thought of paying back any part of the great, great debt of gratitude which has been accumulating ever since my birth. So don't be sad to-day. It is a great day with me, mamma. Our American cousins always celebrate as a great national fête the anniversary of their independence, and I shall always celebrate the anniversary of this day; for the first day of remunerative labour seems to me to be the first day of an individual's independence."

"My dear, dear Freddy!" said Mrs. Moore, drying her tears, "I will not sadden your honest joy. I will hope for the best; I will be cheerful to-day."

"Only think, mamma," said Freddy, doing a little sum on the pathway with the ferule of his walking stick; "£50 a year is £12 10s. a quarter, £4 3s. 4d. per month, 19s. 3d. per week, and 2s. 9d. per day. I could jump for joy when I think that I have earned even 2s. 9d. to-day, darling mother! Why, Becky and I have sometimes worked every evening for a month—she at pincushions and needle-books, and I at toasting-forks, baskets, griddles, roasters, and other little articles in wire—and thought ourselves well paid if we cleared half-a-crown by our joint labour."

"I shall never forget," said Mrs. Moore, smiling, "the pride and delight with which you and Becky brought me that half-crown. What a mystery you had both made of the speculation, in which you had invested eightpence for wire, and Becky sixpence for riband and cardboard. How quiet you were the whole evening, and how secretly Ben Blore managed all negotiations with old Nanny!"

"Nanny will be in despair if we cease to supply her. She says Becky's pincushions, needle-books, knitted garters and muffatees, and my wireworks, have brought her numbers of new customers. She has an order for three toasting-forks, two wire baskets, and several lemon-nets. I must contrive to do my part, especially as she has sold several little tin carriages, and a whole regiment of cavalry, which I made at a venture; and then she has kept our secret, and—Violet Vivian is very partial to old Nanny. Old Nanny told Becky, as a great secret, that some dolls she had in her basket for sale were dressed by Violet, and given to her to make what she could by them."

Mrs. Moore smiled, but said nothing; she thought to herself that she well knew who had bought one of those dolls. In putting Freddy's drawers to rights she had found a little doll, beautifully dressed, hidden up in silver paper and a silk handkerchief.

After a few minutes' silence, Mrs. Moore said, "Old Nanny should not have betrayed Violet's confidence. How do you know, Freddy, that she has kept your secret?"

"Oh, that was quite a different thing," replied Freddy. "What Becky and I gave her to sell on commission was for our own profit; and some people, not knowing how poor we are, might think it mean and sordid, although we paid Nanny a very good commission; but Violet's buying and dressing those dolls for sale was an act of graceful charity, which old Nanny well knew did her great credit. Oh, I am sure old Nanny has kept my secret."

Freddy was wrong, as he would have been obliged to confess, could he have looked into a certain wardrobe in Violet Vivian's room at Greville Park. One shelf of this wardrobe was covered with toasting-forks, wire baskets, and other articles in wirework; and there, too, were several pincushions, needle-books, garters, and netted lemon-bags. Old Nanny knew that she should never want a purchaser if Violet was aware that the

articles she offered were made by Freddy. Pretending to be blind, and very nearly deaf, old Nanny, who had known Violet and Freddy from their infancy, had noticed the gradual change, which had taken place in their conduct and manners to each other, since the time that Violet, as Freddy's little wife, used to purchase all sorts of things out of Nanny's basket, to furnish the mimic house. She had noticed, too, now that Freddy was nearly sixteen, and Violet fifteen, there was no more romping and laughing and joking between them; they were grown shy, silent, reserved, distant. But when old Nanny went with her basket to Greville Park, she noticed that Violet trembled and blushed at the mention of Freddy's name; and she remarked, too, that Freddy started when she said she had just been to Greville Park.

Old Nanny, in spite of her promises of secrecy, hinted to Violet who had made the wireworks she had in her basket; and Violet purchased them all.

On another occasion, Old Nanny, having previously imparted to Becky, as a great secret, that some dolls she had in her basket had been dressed by Violet, fully expected that Master Freddy would have purchased the whole lot. It was certainly not for want of inclination that he did not do so. Master Freddy's finances only allowed of his buying one. That one he wrapt up and hid away as a devotee might have done the relic of a saint.

CHAPTER LI.

FREDDY'S FETE.

WHEN Mrs. Moore and Freddy reached home, they found Mr. Harland, the vicar, already there.

Both the vicar and Mrs. Moore listened with intense interest and lively curiosity while Freddy described all the wonders of Bond and Co.'s.

When, with a modest blush, Freddy, in answer to the anxious questions of his mother and the vicar, told them of Mr. Dennis's praises, and prophecies of his prompt advancement, the tears stood not only in the eyes of the fond, proud mother, but in those of the good son too.

Freddy having dined very early, and very scantily, did full justice to the good cheer provided for him; and when the subject of Bond's, and Freddy's first day there, was almost exhausted, Mr. Harland, who belonged to a clerical club and reading-room at Y—, proceeded to relate, for the amusement of Mrs. Moore and Freddy, all the remarkable news of the day.

"One very curious thing was much talked of to-day at the club," said the vicar, addressing Mrs. Moore. "It seems to throw some little doubt upon the culpability of a man who has long been held up to public execration, as one of the most infamous of swindlers, and most accomplished of hypocrites. I can't at this moment remember his name, although I know it as well as I do my own; it will come back to me presently. But the curious incident is this:—Some repairs having become necessary on the line of railway between Paris and Versailles, a curious kind of silver portfolio, or letter-case, of small size, about as large as a lady's card-case, was dug up. It was embedded in the earth, and was locked. The railway officials sent it at once to the authorities, who caused it to be forced open, when it was found to contain a letter, dated some eleven or twelve years back. As the letter was written in English, and addressed to an English lady, the mayor caused the silver case to be taken to our ambassador, who thought it right to communicate the circumstance, together with the contents of the letter, to the editor of the *Times*. It seems that the writer was the head-partner of that great banking house in Lombard Street which broke some ten or eleven years ago; and both partners having disappeared, both were supposed to have absconded together. Well, one of the partners, it would appear,

addressed this letter to his wife, and sent it to her by a confidential clerk, whom he had taken with him (at least, so he said), to help him to overtake and bring to justice the other partner, who had absconded alone, carrying off all the money and securities of the bank. He had committed, too, during many months a vast number of fraudulent acts—such as forgeries and embezzlements, selling of bonds entrusted to his keeping, and so forth. The guilty party was traced to Marseilles, whence he had sailed for New Zealand; but his partner put out to sea in a ship about to sail in the same direction, and he sent back his clerk to take the news to England that was to clear his name, and the letter in the silver case that was to quiet the fears of his wife. When within a short distance of Paris, the train caught fire, and an embankment gave way. The carriages being all locked, several people were burnt to death, and three died on the spot. One of them was the clerk sent home by the head partner, whom we will suppose innocent, but whom the whole English world had condemned as the worst of the two, because he professed to be a very religious man, and thus appeared to add hypocrisy to his other crimes. Of course, there is no doubt that the silver case fell from the clerk's pocket when he was dragged from the burning train, and was trodden into the soft earth of the embankment. It has now come to light, and the *Times*, which gives the letter in full, has a powerful leader on the subject, leaning very decidedly to the opinion that the letter throws a great doubt on the complicity of the head partner. Ah, I had his name just now on the tip of my tongue. But, Mrs. Moore, you must remember the firm, surely. It was the wealthiest and oldest banking-house in Lombard Street. Let me see—Faulkner and Mostyn! Yes, that's it; I never can remember names, but I am certain it was Faulkner and Mostyn."

Mrs. Moore had expected to hear those words, and she had nerved herself accordingly.

There was a time when she would have betrayed her emotion—perhaps have fainted away, or have gone off into a fit of hysterical weeping. But she had become accustomed now to surprises and shocks, and she had acquired a wonderful control over all external evidences of emotion.

She, perhaps, felt all the more keenly in consequence, in her own sorely-tried heart. It is true that her colour varied, and she grew hot and cold alternately, as Mr. Harland related the exciting history of the silver letter-case, which she well remembered as belonging to her husband.

It was an invention of his own, and she was with him when he had ordered it to be made. He had to cross over to Boulogne on a matter of business, and to take with him a large sum in one bank-note, and he had said to Eva, "If anything happens to me, this case may protect the note."

Mr. Harland, who was talking to Freddy as much as to his mother, did not remark the alternate flush and pallor of Mrs. Moore's eloquent cheek. Nor did he think it anything extraordinary, the repast being over, that she should rise from the table and leave the room.

CHAPTER LII.

A WOMAN'S SHRIEK.

MRS. MOORE had passed noiselessly through her own bedroom into Freddy's.

To that room, which had once only been a dressing closet, the reader will remember that the poor wife had, from motives of prudence, removed the picture which Becky had placed over the mantelpiece in the sitting-room. A dark-green curtain hung before the fine full-length, richly-framed portrait of Frederic Faulkner-Moore, Esq., in his uniform as a guardsman.

It was a noble picture. Faulkner-Moore was only five-and-twenty when it was taken, and he was at that time in face and form the beau-ideal of an English officer.

When Mrs. Moore entered the dressing-room, she found it full of the soft light of the summer moon. The window was open, and a gentle breeze, laden with perfume from the garden beneath, stole in. She undrew the curtain, and the dear face of her absent loved one was revealed.

The eyes, so darkly soft and so softly bright, seemed to gaze proudly, tenderly, at that true wife, as, sinking on her knees before the portrait, Eva's long pent-up emotion found vent in a passionate burst of tears.

"I feel—I believe—husband, that the time is coming, it may be slowly, but surely, too, when all the world will know that thou art innocent, and those who have execrated thee as a swindler and as a hypocrite, shall acknowledge thee a martyr. Oh, that I may live to see that day! My friend, my husband, I could die content if I could have thine innocence proclaimed, and clasp thee once more to the heart that has never for one moment ceased to trust thee entirely, and glory in its choice!"

As Mrs. Moore unconsciously uttered these words, a sudden noise at the window behind her caused her to start and look round. The sound was something like the word "hush," and she fancied the handle of the old-fashioned window was moved.

At the open window, and looking into the room, were two faces. They belonged to two men who had climbed up a pear-tree which was nailed against the wall. They had evidently not perceived the dark-robed form of Eva; but she recognised those two evil faces as familiar to her eye. One was that of the pretended dumb sailor, the other that of the burglar (once a shopman at Mr. Hall's) whom her presence of mind, so many years ago, had caused to fail in his purpose. She remembered that he had for a moment taken off his black crape mask, little suspecting that any eye was upon him; but in that moment his bad countenance had been photographed on her memory, never to be effaced from it.

Mrs. Moore did not scream—she did not faint; she crept behind the curtains of Freddy's bed, and determined to watch the movements of these men, and to try to ascertain what their object was.

"Probably plunder," said Eva to herself. "Yet what can they expect here? It must be well known that I am very poor. I must keep very close; if they discover me they will kill me."

The men got over the window-ledge into the room. How Eva's heart beat as, in their list shoes, and armed with a dark lantern, they looked about the apartment, throwing the light of their bull's-eye first on one object and then on another!

The floor seemed to be the object of their especial scrutiny; but before they proceeded to lift up the carpet at the foot of the bed, the sailor had thrown the full light of the bull's-eye on the still uncurtained portrait of Faulkner-Moore.

"Ah, there he is!" said the sailor, "and as like as he can stare. His poor little wife says her prayers to that picture. I never seed a little 'ooman in such a flutter of joy as she was when I brought her that bit of paper of his'n. It was that put it into my head to try it on with other wives of men beyond the seas."

"Don't jaw about that now," said the other. "I fancy we're on a wrong scent; or perhaps Ben Blore has found out some other hiding-place for his money. I'm certain it used to be here. Fasten the door, for fear of a surprise, and let's look thoroughly; they're all at tea in the front room. What a lark it would be if we were to carry off the picture of Faulkner-Moore!"

"It would be a lark that might cost you your liberty, you fool," said the sailor. "You were always the chap to risk your neck for a lark. But turn the bull's-eye in this direction," he said, growing very red, and starting up. "I swear I saw that curtain move. Here, give me the lantern. If we've an eavesdropper here, we must make short work of him."

He darted to the curtain in question, and, as he seized it with a fierce gripe, a loud shriek—a woman's shriek—rang through the house."

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSES.

WHEN the lost traveller's weary heart is sorest,
As the storm rages o'er the midnight sky,
The finger of the lightning—
through the forest—

Points to the friendly village sleeping by.

So God, in the deep fulness of his pity,
Reveals, by sudden flashes to our sight,
The shadowy outlines of that glorious city,
Where, in His radiance, there is no more night.

He gives unto the darkest path we grope on
Glow-worms of love to shine amid the grass,
And his death-angels leave the pearl-doors open,
That we may sometimes see the faithful pass.

Sometimes, there glimmers, as a star at twilight,
A ray that seems to heaven a guiding-mark;
Anon, a flood, as from an open skylight,
Till the full soul, blinded with light, grows dark.

All the day long, as on a stream-swept willow,
The waves of care our aching spirits rock;
But night brings visions to the quiet pillow
That all the sorrows of the daylight mock.

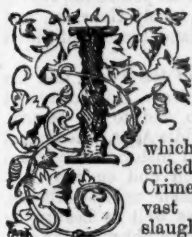
And echo the voices of departed legions
In the sweet stillness of the midnight hours,
While from the fair fields of heaven's summer regions
Creeps the pure incense of undying flowers.

These sights and sounds, of moments most entrancing,
Pierce the dark caverns of the doubting mind,
And guide our weak steps, in their slow advancing,
Leaving the burdens of the world behind.

Oh! Light of lights! strengthen our feeble vision,
Oh! Voice of voices! breathe in whispers clear,
For life would be, indeed, a life elysian,
Could we but feel that Thou wert ever near.

THE DECADE—1854 TO 1864.

BY JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E.



It is scarcely possible to select ten years in the history of the world more intense, more crowded with events, or more pregnant with momentous issues, than those which began in 1854, and have ended in 1864. The war in the Crimea awed the world by its vast proportions—its tremendous slaughter—its terrible energy. The resources of two great nations were hurled against the walls of Sebastopol. The ostensible origin of the war was the preservation of Turkey, threatened with absorption by Russia; and the end of it, in 1856, found Turkey weaker, and Russia arrested, not altered, in her policy or hopes.

A lull occurred in the storm, brief and troubled; the clouds gathered over the sky from India, blacker and more portentous. One hundred thousand armed sepoy, subjects and soldiers of the Queen, rose in insurrection against the empire, and perpetrated barbarities unprecedented in the history of the world. At great sacrifices of life, and by brave and skilful soldiers, the rebellion was crushed, and India was still retained, the most splendid appanage of the British Crown. Had the Indian mutiny broken out before the close of the Russian war, it is doubtful if our country could have withstood the shock.

The storm clouds left the sky of India, and covered up that of Palestine. The Druses rose everywhere against the Christian population, and at Beyrout, Damascus, Zahlé, and other populous places, massacred, without pity, thousands of men, women, and children.

The tide of war then swept Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, carrying away princes and grand dukes, tyrannies and priestcrafts; but, in this instance, leaving on the soil from which it retired a free and hopeful nation, likely very soon to complete by its own sword what Napoleon inaugurated by his.

The burning stream crossed the Atlantic, and after consuming, literally, millions on unfruitful battle-fields, this terrible war seems no nearer its close in 1864 than when it began. Denmark was assailed by Austria and Prussia, as a weak woman by burglars or garotters, and shorn of half her kingdom, on battle-fields on which she lost everything but honour. Poland was swept by hordes

of Cossacks, and her autonomy rendered hopeless for ever. Chronic war fevers New Zealand, China, and Japan. Meanwhile, every nation in Europe taxes its genius to the utmost in fabricating new and more terrible engines of destruction, and in making more powerful defences, as if all feared a war they can neither explain nor avert. Statesmen seem running over Europe as if they believed it sown with gunpowder, quenching everything that looks like fire, lest the merest incident should kindle a universal conflagration. There seems to be no bit of *terra firma* on which men can stand and take breath—no Delos into which the tide of war cannot roll. Explain it as we like, the atmosphere is full of suspicion and distrust. The great peace prophets of the age are at a discount; and a millennium—the creation of free trade and international treaties—seems further off than ever. "Wars and rumours of wars, and nation rising up against nation," has become the normal condition of the world.

The New Year is born into a very troubled world. What wrecks it may shine on—what scenes of beauty it may unveil—what glories it may strike out on its march—what graves may be its stepping-stones—what names may be entered in its obituaries, God only knows. But one thing is plain: God will be in 1865 as truly and as imminently as in 1864; in its cataracts of public calamities, in its eddies of individual sorrows; in the rush of its minutes, in the procession of its hours; in the march of its days, and the echoing tread of its months; in all man calls little, in all he thinks great. Greater is He that is for us and with us than all that can be against us. Not a sunrise or sunset in 1865, nor a storm in the sky, nor an ache in the head, nor a grief in the heart, which He does not see and charge with a beneficent issue.

If, therefore, we will peer into 1865, let us look at its beautiful flowers as intently as at its sere leaves; at its sunstreaks as well as its shadows; its possible glories as much as its probable gloom. Let us not look into it through the mists of present troubles, and give way to despondency, but through the light of that sunrise that gilded the hills of Judea 1,830 years ago, and so find in God a sure anchorage ground for the buffeted and foundering heart.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."



THE CROSS.

"And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord."



WHATEVER Christ touched he transfigured; and hence the cross, which was once the symbol of shame, is now the proud armorial device of many a nation.

The cross has come to be so closely interwoven with Christianity, that many suppose the use of this figure to be entirely peculiar to Christians. Yet this is hardly the case. It appears that the form of the cross was in use among several nations in pre-Christian times. With the different races it assumed a widely different form, and possessed a great variety of significations. In Egypt it was the sign of Divine life, or regeneration. In India it signified "It is well," or "So be it." In Persia and Syria it consisted of an abridged form of the symbol which represents the Deity. The form of the cross existed among the ancient Mexicans; and on some Peruvian pottery, brought from Otusco, there is a row of well-defined Maltese crosses, though it should be remarked that these latter are generally considered as possessing no significance, and as being purely ornamental. According to Wilkinson, this figure was used as an ornament fifteen centuries before the Christian era. It was also used in Egypt as the sign of the "Land," and by Gliddon it was supposed to signify consecrated bread, betokening civilisation.

One of the most remarkable crosses known, is that described in Schoolcraft's "American Indians." It is found on the coast of Peru, in the face of a rocky cliff, and was formed by quarrying out the stone in the desired form, and by filling up the excavation with stone of another colour. The style of the work is similar to that of a three-branch candlestick, the central cross being much the loftiest, and supporting the others. Near the foot of each of the inferior crosses is the figure of a heart, while all three are tipped each by three other small crosses, making a total of twelve. Its height exceeds a hundred feet, while it is plainly seen by the voyager, even when sailing a long distance from the coast. The origin of this work is unknown, though the simple-minded natives, the disciples of Rome, sometimes say that it was made by our Lord himself, who, during the reign of Pizarro, formed it in a single night, to overawe the idolatrous worshippers of the sun, and thus the more speedily accomplish their conversion.

With the introduction of Christianity this form went abroad into all the earth, everywhere publishing the tidings of salvation, and in camps and courts and cabinets taking the place of those heathen symbols which it was ordained to destroy. Its struggles were nowhere so severe as those with the symbols of the gods of the North. There the petty kings, the liegemen of Odin, stood up, and the proud jarls took counsel together against the Lord, and against the conquering cross of his Anointed; but the hammer of God's Word smote

in pieces even the tremendous hammer of Thor, and throughout the Scandinavian peninsula, among the distant Orkneys, in the lonely Hebrides, and far away in the interior of Iceland, the sign of Christ was victorious.

The cross is the ornament of the living, and the emblem of the hopes of the dead. Ingenuity and art have been exhausted to add to its beauty. The mystic builders of the Middle Ages, who formed those "instoned" poems and histories which are everywhere found in England and on the Continent, gave to this device their noblest labours, and thus it rose in power, as well as beauty, in all exposed situations where it might meet the eye. It lent its presence, if not always a consecration, to every place and profession. It towered above the market and the exchange, admonishing alike the great merchant and simple country folk. It rose above temples, and groves, and shrines, and even the public wells, thus adding a peculiar force to the oft-inscribed sentence from the old canticle—"O ye wells! bless ye the Lord! praise him, and magnify him for ever!"

Again, did the orator seek the ear of the people on some subject of national import, then it was often at the market cross that the great gathering of the forces assembled. So, too, at the cross in St. Paul's Churchyard all the popular preachers of the day found their large (and tumultuous) audiences; and there Papist, Puritan, and prelate in turn often appealed to the reason and prejudices, but still oftener to the passions, magnetising all hearts by the power of their great oratory, causing the vast assembly of men and women to sway to and fro, and rise and fall with the surges of feeling like the waves of some wind-swept sea. Let me make an extract illustrative of this point from Hopkins' "Elizabeth and the Puritans." It is found in the first volume of that interesting and highly dramatic work. The time is 1559, when the Protestant faith had been restored, and the most eminent divines were preaching here on Sundays, by appointment, to immense assemblies, including dignitaries of the Church and City, the queen and her nobles. The author writes—

"Nearly in the centre of St. Paul's Churchyard stood a unique structure, long used as the nucleus of public assemblies—a stone platform of moderate dimensions, elevated sufficiently for the purposes of harangue, and innocent of all adornment. It was accessible by stone steps, and surmounted by a pulpit of timber in the form of a cross, and covered with lead. Around this venerable structure many a crowd had been gathered, from time immemorial; now inflamed by words of sedition, and again by appeals to loyalty; now listening to a panegyric, and again to a philippic; now to the publishing of a law, and again to the administering of an oath; now to a wheedling demagogue, and now to the voice of prayer.

"If a frolicsome girl had scared people, by pretending to have a Satan in her, and by acting as if she had, and was detected, they made her stand here on Sabbath before the preacher, and own that she did it for fun, and say she was sorry, and wanted to be forgiven and to be prayed for. In





DRAWN BY GEORGE H. THOMAS

ENGRAVED BY W. L. THOMAS.

"Hands weary! Is it from the tears they've wiped?"

See "TIRED OF LIFE," p. 343.

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Protestant times, if a Romish priest, to escape punishment, would abjure his heresy, they made him do it here.

"The usual service had just been concluded; the preacher, a venerable man of seventy-two years, well known, not only for his piety and learning, but for his integrity and fortitude during a long life of vicissitude, peril, and hardship. As soon as he had uttered the last words of the service, the whole congregation joined in a song of praise to God. Six thousand voices 'of old and young of both sexes,' swelling in harmony, and fervent in their praise—how grand the chorus! 'It sadly annoyed the mass-priests and—the devil.' When the people had mostly dispersed, the venerable preacher descended from the pulpit. He wore no surplice, only a long black gown over a plain black suit. His face was by no means classic; rather rough than otherwise, as if by long and harsh exposure, and his iron-grey hair lay in scant and wiry tufts. But there was such a light of peacefulness and benevolence about his lips, beaming in his clear, blue eye, and softening every homely feature, that one could not help being drawn towards him, lovingly and trustfully. Yet with all his look of mildness, he had also that of decision, courage, and firmness, which repelled all idea of his being moved to anything which might conflict with his reason or his conscience. He was met on the ground by a man somewhat past the prime of life, wearing the square cap and gown of the clergy, who said, saluting him with marked deference, 'May God long spare thee, good father, to preach the words of truth and soberness.'

"The old man returned his salutation with a bright smile, which faded, however, into a look of placid gravity as he heard the words. He did not at once reply, and when he did, he said, quietly, 'As the Lord willeth. Albeit, I misdoubt, Master Whitehead, my mouth be closed before my days.'

"As he spoke the last words, he looked at his companion keenly. They were just without the

four chains which compassed the churchyard, and here their routes diverged. But Master Whitehead, reading the meaning of Father Coverdale's look, checked his step as he was about to turn, saying, 'Would I might have thine ear, good father, touching the matters thy words point at! Prithee, let me to thine house.'

"'With all my heart; albeit, the place be not tempting.'

"'It is only Father Coverdale I want.'

"'Come on, then.'

"But, instead of proceeding, the venerable man, at that moment having turned his eye toward the churchyard, stood still, and exclaimed, in tones of indignation and grief, 'Oh, Mammon, Mammon! thou hast ever shown a spite to poor old Miles, and hast grudged him thy meanest dole. But now thou hast come to grudging him his trade—persuading men, and dost beat him at it too! See, Master Whitehead, the devil travelleth in the preacher's wake, scattering tares where I did just cast God's seed! A lawyer; notaries, I trow—the knaves with inkhorn and tablets; a Jew; and there comes scores of simpletons, with purses and dags (pistols) in girdle, to buy and to sell, to gain and to lose, to cheat and to be cheated. Now they will walk and talk, and courtesy and smile; anon, hear and tell news; then to business and payment of moneys; and last, to quarrelling and fighting, and, mayhap, to rioting and letting blood! All on ground consecrated to God's worship and the resurrection, Master Whitehead! an you have influence with Her Majesty, as men say, beseech her to stop this profanation. She doth straitly reform religion; prick her to reforming vice. Come, hastily leaning upon Whitehead's arm, 'let us away.'

This sketch vividly sets before the mind the scenes that were often presented on Sundays around St. Paul's and other crosses, and we can readily appreciate the feeling of indignation expressed by brave old Miles Coverdale at such a profanation of the day and the place.

TIRED OF LIFE.

OH, there are moments when I long to go!
When this life's burdens seem too great
to bear;

My feet are weary of this hard, rough way,
And disappointment meets me everywhere.

Oh, for that land where tears may never fall—
Where earthly sorrows seem as dreams all past—
Where grief and disappointment may not come,
And weary hands and feet may rest at last!

But stop! What right have I to this sweet rest?
May labourers ask their hire ere they have earned,
Or cry for rest when for themselves they've wrought,
And earnest labour for the Master shunned?

What is it makes my feet so tired and sore?
Is it from running swift to do his will,
Or from a long, hard chase for glittering drops,
My cherished treasure-cup to fill?

Hands weary! Is it from the tears they've wiped,
Or pointing many to the living way?

Or are they weary gathering flowers that fade,
Or grasping joys and hopes which will not stay?

Whence come this grief and disappointment?
Is it that men will put my Lord to shame,
Or has proud self been overthrown and balked
In some dear plan for ease, or love, or fame?

Oh, self has been my end, my aim, my God!
No wonder that I cry for rest and peace!
But dare I hope the heavenly rest to gain,
When wearied out in such a cause as this?

Oh, let me turn, and learn to prize my life,
Because for Jesus I may spend it all;
And count the longest, hardest life but short,
And all my grief and sorrow light and small!

Then, when I've laboured through the heat and cold,
And brought my sheaves in patience to his feet,
Then may I lay my head upon his breast,
And know the labourer's rest so full and sweet.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

BY THE REV. W. FAKENHAM WALSH, M.A.

JOHN ELIOT, THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIANS.



HIS remarkable man was one of the earliest and noblest missionaries of the Reformed Church. He had been distinguished at Cambridge for his literary attainments, and formed one of that memorable band who, despairing of religious liberty in England under the arbitrary rule of the Stuarts, emigrated to the New World, planted there a nation and a church, and left to their successors that which they so much valued for themselves—"Freedom to worship God."

The colony of Massachusetts was one of the settlements which these Pilgrim Fathers founded in the distant West, and it is remarkable that in the charter granted to it by Charles I. in 1628, there is express allusion made to the intention of the colonists with respect to the heathen surrounding them. It ordains that the emigrants "may be so religiously, peaceably, and civilly governed, as that their good life and orderly conversation may win and incite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and the Christian faith, which is our Royal intention, and by the Adventurers' free profession is the principal end of the plantation."

About twelve years after the new colony was founded John Eliot became its spiritual teacher, and soon his heart began to yearn over the North American Indians. The device on the seal of the colony was an Indian, with these words issuing from his mouth, "Come over and help us." It is said that this circumstance, coupled with what he saw of their wretched and savage state, determined him on devoting his time and talents to their evangelisation.

The tribes of the Indians were scattered over the face of the country, sustaining a wild life by hunt-

ing amongst the forests and the prairies, and constantly engaged in bloody feuds with one another. Longfellow, in the "Song of Hiawatha," has drawn a graphic picture of a gathering of these fierce but noble savages, who have been designated the "born gentlemen of mankind"—

"Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omawhaws,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,

All the warriors drawn together.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning;
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance."

The chiefs, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration of a Chippeway Indian, display a kind of savage magnificence in their dress—decorate their robes and vestures with the dyed hair of the moose deer and the quills of the porcupine, and wear fantastic head-dresses adorned with the feathers of birds, or the ears or horns of wild animals. The scalp-lock, or portion of hair which grows on the top of the head, is prized above all the



A CHIPPEWAY INDIAN.

rest, and is the favourite trophy which, together with the flesh the conqueror cuts off with his scalping-knife from the head of his prostrate foe, and then adds, by way of fringe, to his own apparel.

His horse and his canoe are the chief possessions of the North American Indian. On the back of the former he plunges in amongst the herds of buffaloes, or darts upon his enemies, sending the arrow or the spear with unerring aim to his victim's heart. In the latter, which is made of birch-bark, he will dash down the fierce rapids, or

glide across the silent lake, fishing as he goes, or else competing with the members of his tribe in dexterity and speed.

The religion of these strange races is in keeping with their stern and solitary grandeur. They have a vague idea of a Supreme Being, whom they call "Gitche Manito," or the Great Spirit, the "Master of Life;" and an idea more distinct of a multitude of inferior spirits, who are all evil and malevolent, and whom they endeavour to appease by offerings and sacrifices. No trace, however, of any temple or place of worship is found amongst them. Their highest hope is to reach, after death, the great hunting-fields where the sun always shines, and the game is ever plentiful, and where there is endless dancing and feasting.

The "medicine-man" is at once the oracle and the physician of the tribe. His advice is sought on all occasions of importance as well as in cases of

until, at last, he falls asleep from exhaustion. The first animal he dreams of is the one whose skin he believes to be Divinely appointed for the material of his medicine-bag. Returning to the tent, and partaking of some food, he sallies forth to kill the designated animal, and having procured the skin, decks it with ornaments, wears it as his guardian spirit, which he never relinquishes until the day of his death. No price would induce an Indian to sell this treasure, and should he lose it, he can only replace it by that of an enemy killed with his own hand.

Such were the people amongst whom Eliot determined to labour. For this end he prepared himself by assiduously learning their difficult language, and then proceeded, with a few of his friends, to a place some miles distant from his own house, where a chief named Waban, and a company of Indians, met him by appointment.



NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS IN THEIR CANOES.

sickness; and incantations, drummings, and herbs make up his stock-in-trade. He dresses himself in the skin of some wild animal, and carries in one hand his mysterious rattle, and in the other his magic spear. The influence of these medicine-men is immense, and they may be considered as the religious guides of their unhappy countrymen.

Every Indian must have a "mystery-bag," which is often an object of worship, and is always held in the most reverent esteem; feasts are made in its honour, sacrifices are offered to propitiate it, and the severest penances undergone to appease its wrath. This bag is made of an animal's skin, chosen in the following mysterious way: When a boy is about the age of fourteen he leaves his father's wigwam, and wanders alone into the woods. There, in some secluded spot, he throws himself upon the ground, and remains for several days without food, calling on the "Gitche Manito,"

For three hours he discoursed with them on the sublime truths of revelation, answering their inquiries, and evincing an earnest desire for their welfare. During this and subsequent interviews they manifested such interest and attention, that Mr. Eliot induced the General Court of Massachusetts to give a grant of land to the Indians on which to build a town, where they might cultivate the arts of civilised life, and enjoy the blessings of religious instruction.

This town was called Noonatomen, which means "rejoicing," and soon became a centre of influence on the surrounding tribes. The Indians in the neighbourhood of Concord expressed a desire to follow the example of their countrymen at Noonatomen, and invited Mr. Eliot to come and preach the Gospel to them. Their sachems, or chiefs, drew up some laws by which they pledged themselves to abide, and of which the following are samples:—

1. That no powawing, or conjuring, should be allowed amongst them.
2. Whosoever should be drunk should pay a fine of twenty shillings.
3. Whoever was convicted of stealing should restore fourfold.
4. Whoever profaned the Sabbath should be fined twenty shillings.
5. That wilful murder and adultery should be punished with death.
6. That no person should beat his wife under a penalty of twenty shillings.
7. That they would lay aside their ceremonies of howling, and greasing their bodies, &c. &c.
8. Lastly, they would pray in their wigwams, and say grace before and after meals.

In a short time several of these towns arose. In 1764 there were no fewer than fourteen of these settlements. Though Mr. Eliot retained his pastoral charge amongst the Europeans at Roxbury, he constantly visited these Indians, and travelled to distant parts of the country to preach to the wandering tribes. In these journeys he was often exposed to great privations, and to imminent peril from hostile chiefs and medicine-men. "I have not been dry," he writes in one of his letters, "night nor day, from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition; and at night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. The rivers also were raised, so that we were wet in riding through them. But God steps in and helps me. I have considered the exhortation of Paul to his son Timothy—'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ'—with many other such-like exhortations."

One of the most interesting towns founded by him was Natic, about eighteen miles from Boston. In the midst of it was built one large house in the English style, the lower room of which served as a schoolroom through the week, and a church on the Lord's-day. The upper room was a kind of store-room, in which the Indians kept their skins and articles of value; whilst in one corner was a small room for Mr. Eliot, and a bed for his own use. It was here that, in the year 1660, the Christian Indians had the Lord's supper administered to them for the first time, after giving an account of their knowledge and belief of the Christian religion. Mr. Eliot afterwards published these confessions of faith, and they attracted much attention in England on account of their simplicity and truth. It was here also that the first native pastor, Daniel Takawombait, preached the Gospel to his countrymen.

Mr. Eliot's labours in training schoolmasters, instituting schools, and preparing works for the press, were of a most arduous kind; but he told the secret of his success, when, at the end of a grammar of the Indian language which he had compiled, he wrote these memorable words:—"Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything."

His greatest work, however, was his Mohegan version of the whole Bible. This was the fruit of

his own unaided labours, and the right arm of his power. It is remarkable on two accounts: it was the first Bible ever printed in America; and, sad to say, there is not a single individual now alive that can understand a word of it. The race for whom it was prepared, and to many of whom it was so blessed, have perished from the face of the earth, and the Bible of Eliot remains in the Museum of New York as a literary curiosity, and a memorial of missionary labour on behalf of a race that have melted away like snow.

It is fashionable, and would fain be considered philosophical, to speak of the native races as if they must inevitably perish before the white man; but the Choctaws, the Mohawks, and other tribes, which are Christianised and increasing, refute the theory. The grand secret why so many races have perished before the white man, is that he introduced his vices into the midst of them, and took no pains to respect the natural rights of the aborigines. Again and again we meet in Eliot's journals and letters his lamentation over what the "fire-water" and the dissipation of the white man were even then bringing on the red man. But another cause operated also in the case of Eliot's Indians. Some of the chiefs, owing to real fancied wrongs, went to war with the English; and this led to exasperation and extermination on both sides. Many of the towns of the "Praying Indians" were broken up, and a feeling of discouragement weakened those that were left behind. Mr. Eliot still laboured amongst them with untiring zeal, but they never recovered the blow. In 1684 their stated places of worship in Massachusetts were reduced to five, and various circumstances combined to diminish their numbers in subsequent generations. It was well, however, that before these races passed away there were men like Eliot, who imparted to them the news of a "better and an enduring country," and told them of an "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Eliot lived to be eighty-six, and nearly to the end he continued his labours. During his last illness, when speaking about his work amongst the Indians, he said, "There is a dark cloud upon the work of the Gospel amongst them. The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant that it may live when I am dead. It is a work I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word I spoke last? I recall that word—my doings! Alas! they have been poor, and small, and lean doings; and I will be the man who will throw the first stone at them all."

The last words that fell from this humble and devoted man were, "Welcome, joy!"

Others have followed him in the same field who have been more successful than he, but to him belongs the honour of having initiated the great work of the Gospel amongst the red men of North America, and to him has been accorded by all men since his death the title which in his lifetime he repudiated as being too honourable—"the Apostle of the Indians."

LONDON, AND ITS LABOURS OF LOVE.

REFUGES FOR THE HOMELESS POOR.—PART II.



AS an evidence of the good done by those institutions of which we spoke in our last number, we may mention the following incident:—There came to the door of a London minister some years ago, a poor wayward, unhappy girl. She had left her home, father, and mother, in a midland county, and taken away with her a small sum of money, which was soon spent and gone. She was then induced to form evil associations; but one day—a fair-day in a country town—she saw a stream of people enter a public building, and she, too, went in. It was a building constructed like a theatre; but upon the stage she saw a grave and earnest man, and in his hand the Holy Book, while from his lips came words of warning, of invitation, of Gospel love. It was all unexpected. God himself had led her thither; and on the spot she vowed that from that hour she would cease to do evil—that she would “go and sin no more.”

Day after day, turning her face Londonward, she walked onwards, occasionally getting a little food at a wayside cottage. At night she was taken into the workhouse, and received a little food as she entered and as she left. At last, she enters the great town. She will not yield to temptation. She first pawns her clothes for food and lodging; then, in the last extremity, she sells her pawn-tickets to enable her to live another day or two. Without a farthing, or a friend, save in heaven, but learning the name of a minister not far away, she knocks with trembling hand at his door. The pastor's wife comes to him in his study, for the Sabbath is near at hand. As the bells ring out their invitation next morning, and as he is about to enter the pulpit, the lost one, saved, enters the Female Refuge, West Street, Smithfield. Thence she is transferred to the “Home” of the Rescue Society, at Hampstead, and there, like many others (for a constant work of grace goes on there, as we can personally attest), she finds a Saviour. And now, for three years, this girl has been at service, giving satisfaction to her mistress, and adorning “the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.”

But the shivering crowd of men who wait for admission into the Male Refuge at Field Lane, is a most painful study on a winter's evening. Some of them are grown old in sin—the victims of intemperance, and apparently irreclaimable. Some of these have been well-born, and tenderly nurtured. There are amongst those thus received, night after night, and who form a part of that most interesting “Ragged-school congregation” which meets in the upper schoolroom at Field Lane, to hear the well-qualified preacher speak of life and death, blessing and cursing, the cross of Christ, the great white throne, and the revelations of a coming eternity—amongst those, we say, are some who have been gentlemen

of rank and officers of the army. These first came, half-naked and penniless, as applicants for a night's shelter at the Male Refuge.

But others there are who are neither vicious nor criminal. They have no employment, and, while willing to work, to beg they are ashamed.

Let us introduce the reader to a group of these. It is a beautiful night in autumn. We are passing along Farringdon Road, and the familiar words, “Field Lane Ragged School and Night Refuge for the Homeless,” emblazoned on the front of the well-known building, induce us to turn our footsteps thither. We enter the clean, comfortable, and well-lighted Refuge; the inmates for the night are all assembled; some of them are reclining in the wooden enclosures where they are to sleep.

The master of the Refuge, whose own history is interesting, is here. Once a deserted infant; then, among the first oppressed ones adopted by George Miller, of Bristol; afterwards a Sunday-school teacher, local preacher, and rural evangelist. Now, as for some years past, he receives and shelters homeless men, reads to them, prays with them, is told the secrets of their history, and becomes to many of them a permanent benefactor, by starting them on a career of sobriety, honesty, and true godliness.

Here to-night is an almost entirely new company; but not all are so. Some have been allowed, while going out like the rest early each morning, all the day seeking employment, to lodge here for several nights. One of the latter is a young Scotchman, a compositor out of work, who is so well thought of that he is retained as a kind of helper, until employment can be found for him. What a motley group is this! Seated on forms, they direct their eyes to the stranger, and listen with reverent attention to an address, which recalls to them the past, endeavours to improve the present, and, by words of sympathy, cheer, and counsel, to lead them to bring all their sins to a loving Saviour; and next, as the result of the pardon, acceptance and sonship, which came through faith in his blood, to prove, whether it is not true, that, seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, a temporal portion—bread to eat and raiment to put on—will be granted them.

We say to all, “Good night,” with earnest breathings for their best interests; and affectionately is the parting salutation returned. Then comes their modest supper; and then each lies down in the cot assigned him; and we trust, on the part of many of them, pouring out in secret their supplication to Heaven, and the resolve, which, once made, is the turning-point of conversion, “I will arise, and go to my Father.”

Cases illustrative of penitence and thankfulness have been brought out boldly in connection with the Male Refuge, by letters placed in our hands by the master, from two of the former inmates.

All the male lodgers, be it remembered, are nightly under religious instruction, in the upper schoolroom, ere they retire to rest. Blessing has

thus come to many souls. Each, also, is closely questioned, on admission, as to his past life and history.

I thought at first (writes one) that I was in some very inquisitive place, you questioned me so closely as to past events. But I can quite appreciate the system, and think it quite necessary that you should know the antecedents of the inmates.

But, sir, when asked by you what place of worship I attended, I felt my position most acutely, as I then professed scepticism or infidelity, although I had been trained very early, by pious parents, in religious knowledge. The instruction being renewed by you and by the various ladies and gentlemen in your Sunday-school, I was cut to the quick. Every arrow seemed pointed at me, especially when I looked around the school and saw there ladies and gentlemen among a lot of ragged men and women. I thought they must feel the power of Christianity themselves, and that they gave evidence of its truth.

Another writes—

Pray thank the committee in my name. They have saved me from such misery! May Heaven prosper them! I wish I had some other mode of expressing my gratitude with regard to yourself, personally. Your kindness claims and leaves me ever more your debtor. May God have you in his holy keeping!

There is a class of homes for the homeless, and, alas! the fallen, which we cannot dwell on at present, but which, in connection with the Midnight Movement, has been declared most truly by the *Times* to be a great success.

There are, also, Homes for London Workwomen, founded by Miss Bramwell, and by the late and deeply-lamented Lady Rowley, and by other ladies, at which respectable girls, engaged in shops and workrooms in the metropolis, obtain board and lodging for three shillings and sixpence per week, including dinner on Sundays, and have the advantage of matronly superintendence and religious instruction. We have good reason to know that many have been thus saved from temporal ruin, and have also, in these homes, first sought and found a Saviour. One of these homes—that founded by Lady Rowley—is in Spital Square, Spitalfields; two others, presided over by the Misses Bramwell, are respectively at No. 49, Great Marlborough Street, and at Chatham Place, Blackfriars; while another, well known to us, is in Crawford Street, Marylebone. These institutions are generously helped by City merchants and others. Christian mothers, who have daughters in London, will rejoice and give thanks that in such institutions their loved ones, too poorly paid for their daily work in shops or warehouses properly to provide for themselves, and exposed otherwise to evil, find in such homes as these safe keeping, godly counsel and instruction, suitable companionship, and tender sympathy when visited by sickness and sorrow.

The latest development of this work is the Invalid Home. Miss Bramwell felt the importance

of getting fresh air for her patients, and her attention being directed to an old farmhouse on Ham Common, she found precisely such a place as she required. Between twenty and thirty patients have been received into it within a brief period. Consumption prevails to a considerable extent among the workwomen, in consequence of the long hours of confinement in impure air; and this Home may be the means of saving many lives which would otherwise be sacrificed. "I want some," says Miss Bramwell, "who love the Lord, and who know the care they lavish upon their own dear invalids, to help me to keep up this little Home; for nearly all are orphans, trying to earn an honest living, but who, perhaps, have overtaxed their strength. Many would be taken to no other Home, because from illness, or from various circumstances, they have no money. They must sin, starve, or go to the workhouse, if we did not take them in when they cannot pay. What can they do? . . . Oh, to think of the thousands men lavish upon vice, and of the trifles spent for God! Surely Christians are sadly at fault somewhere."

Mr. William Carter is a well-known evangelist in South London. He has been the instrument for gathering out from among the worst and vilest of both sexes a numerous band, whose changed habits and holy living attest that they are indeed among the called, the chosen, and the faithful. Besides his preaching services in the Victoria and Surrey Theatres, he was wont to get up, with the help of friends, tea-meetings to which "none but those who were of bad character (as indicated in the bills or on the tickets) were admitted." One night he entertained several hundreds in this way, and afterwards addressed to them such earnest, solemn, and affectionate exhortations, that profound impressions were produced. It was a bitter night in the winter of 1863-64. The poor ragged creatures lingered—the streets were alone before them if they turned out. The preacher's heart was almost broken. He resolved to provide a night's shelter in Lambeth. He prayed to God, and sought from men, to send him what was needful. He got all he wanted; and now one of the most useful and Heaven-blessed is William Carter's House of Refuge for the Homeless Poor of South London. Large numbers have come to the Male and Female Refuges, both under one roof, but separate; and night and morning they receive a piece of bread and some hot coffee; while all the while the blessed Spirit, in connection with the Word taught and read, is working wondrous changes in many a hardened, desperate, and hitherto an apparently Heaven-forsaken one.

May the compassionate Saviour smile on all Homes for the Homeless, and may he put it into the hearts of his people to succour them, to extend them, so as to save and bless thousands still unsheltered in the cities and towns of the United Kingdom!



THE POPE'S "BULL."



THE aged Pope has fulminated a "Bull." Such a document, launched before the Reformation of the sixteenth century, shook kings from their thrones, awed the nations, and exacted and compelled the submission of the whole Church. But in these days it provokes the smile of the unbeliever, the pity of the Christian, and the contempt of statesmen and rulers. Before the Reformation the Pope was a power. He is so no more. Now he is known to be the mere puppet of crafty cardinals, and the mere memorial of a sovereignty departed never to return. The "seven thunders" have lost their voices, and their spent echoes scarcely create a ripple in the stream of European opinion.

It used to be said by Dr. Wiseman, and the champions of the Papacy in this country, that the charges, substantiated by documentary proofs, made against the Romish system were false. This complaint is now effectually and finally answered. The Pope re-asserts all that Protestants have said, and adds to their assertions what they never ventured to impute. Romanism, on the eve of its downfall, puts on its darkest mediæval apparel, and proclaims undiluted the most intolerant and unscriptural dogmas of the Middle Ages.

The Pope denies that "the decrees of the Apostolic See fetter the free progress of science." Yet, in the same breath, and in the same "Bull," he asserts that "philosophy ought to submit to the authority of the Church." This is fatal. Science has to do with facts and phenomena, and to arrange and classify them by a process of induction. In such investigations ecclesiastical authority has no place or power. The Bible is the source of religion. The earth, with its rocks and fossils, is the source of geology. The sun, planets, and stars, are the foundations of astronomy. The Christian reasons from what God has revealed in Scripture. The geologist reasons from what he finds in the stony page. Any attempt on the part of popes or councils to repress the inductions of science is alike tyrannical and absurd. Galileo proved that the earth moved round the sun. Ecclesiastical authority put him in prison for saying so. But ecclesiastical authority was wrong, and made itself contemptible; and Galileo was right, and not the less a Christian. But if ecclesiastical authority had power it would still fetter and repress the inductions of science, and its proclaimed desire to do so—proclaimed in this "Bull"—creates pity for an old man who is so often infallibly wrong, and so rarely tolerably right.

Our infallible authority declares "Protestantism is not another form of the same true religion;" and he denies that eternal salvation may be hoped for to those who do not belong to the Catholic Church.

This last declaration dooms to perdition all Protestants of every denomination. Surely Pio Nono's heart must have been immersed in the bitterest bigotry when he penned this opinion, or rather doctrine. We hope there are in the Romish Church those who have risen superior to her terrible

superstitions, and, in the light of heavenly truth, have become heirs of eternal joy. But the Pope denounces it as heresy for any one to indulge the bare hope that a Protestant may be finally saved. The spirit of this system is thus shown to be essentially cruel; and in this spirit is found the root of the persecutions, and murders, and crimes which have made it "drunk with the blood of saints."

Bible societies are summarily dismissed as "pests." They do not receive the ordinary courtesy of examination. Their name is sufficient to provoke their doom. The Pope always had, and has, an instinctive feeling of hostility to the Bible; he and it can never get on together. How "can two walk together unless they be agreed?" Nor is the history of Bible societies calculated to endear them to the Pope. They are the greatest revolutionary forces in Europe; they have shed the light of heaven in the dungeons of Italy; they have enlightened the victims of mere priestcraft; they have upset thrones founded on injustice; they have given to Italy a true picture of the Papacy, and made it irreconcilably hostile; and to the Papacy a faithful portrait of Italy, and terrified its chief till he screams in terror at the inevitably approaching collision, or rather catastrophe. If the Pope retire from Rome by one gate, the Bible will enter by another. They cannot live together; one or other must soon give way. We know the conquering side. We are sure of the issue; it has been fixed from everlasting.

Another dangerous pretension—dangerous only were it sustained by power—is that "the Church has the power of availing herself of force, or any direct or indirect temporal power;" and that the ministers of the Church and the Roman pontiff ought not to be excluded from all charge and dominion over temporal things."

History, with its many tongues, has proclaimed the disastrous results of arming priests with secular and civil jurisdiction. Incapacitated by their education and habits for administering secular affairs, they have, often with the best intentions, inflicted endless evils; and oftener still they have imported into their treatment of offenders—generally supposed to be heretics—the worst and most violent passions of the persecutor.

But the system cannot live unless armed with civil power. Its traditions, and assumed Divine commission, and pretended prerogatives, have all been sifted and exposed. In vain, therefore, does it fall back on these. The temporal power is its only remaining possession; such as it is, the Pope must hold it to the last. If it give way, the probability is he will be a fugitive and an exile, never to return; or if to return, in very altered and very reduced circumstances. He has not lessened his chances of its entire loss by his violent assumptions of infallibility and virulent denunciations of everybody in this miserable document. His thirty-fifth demand, that "the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the clergy in temporal lawsuits should not be abolished," revolts the conscience and the reason of Christendom. This jurisdiction has been the fertile source of innumerable scandals, oppressions, and crimes. It is a pity the Pope does not feel

what he cannot be ignorant of, the words of the great Master—"My kingdom is not of this world."

In his unsparing diatribe the Pope declares it to be an infallible dogma "that national churches cannot be established without, and separated from, the Roman Pontiff." It is therefore hopeless for a party in the national church of the country to attempt to enter into terms with the Papacy. They must come out of their present position in order to be heard or allowed to discuss the matter. According to the Pope, their present standing is fatal to all communion.

The Pontiff asserts that "in a legal conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical powers, the ecclesiastical ought to prevail." Translated into plain language, this means that the Crown is subject to the Crozier; that the Queen of England is the servant of the Pope of Rome; that she ought to renounce all she has sworn to uphold, and accept the religion and the supremacy of the Vatican. In No. 78 the Pope impugns and denounces the doctrine so widely accepted, "that emigrants shall enjoy the free exercise of their own worship." How will Roman Catholics in this country reconcile this with their repeated and now conceded petitions, that their emigrants shall be allowed to enjoy the free exercise of their religion? Do they mean that this free exercise shall be allowed to Romanists, but denied to Protestants? They can mean nothing else, as consistent Romanists. Their reciprocity is all on one side; freedom to carry out their principles, however intolerant; and none for us to act on ours, however just, except such as our superior numbers, strength, and influence can secure. Very consistently, but in fearful terms, he tells us, in the body of his "encyclical," it is an "erroneous opinion, and very hurtful to the safety of the Catholic Church and of souls, and termed *delirium* by our predecessor, Gregory XVI., of excellent memory, namely, that liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man—

a right which ought to be proclaimed and established by law in every well-constituted state; and that citizens are entitled to make known and declare, with a liberty which neither the ecclesiastical nor the civil authority can limit, their convictions, of whatever kind, either by word of mouth, or through the press, or by other means." After this, Sir George Bowyer will write no more letters to the newspapers, or in any way exercise liberty of conscience, or enunciate his ideas any longer through the press. He may print the Pope's mandates, not his own views. We Protestants can very easily learn where and what would be our position were the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman our executive supreme in these realms.

This "Bull" must be worth a good deal to our Protestant societies. It will bring them more subscriptions than the most eloquent anniversary sermons.

One great fact is demonstrated by this document: Popery is unchanged. It has renounced none of its deadly errors—it re-asserts the worst. Another fact is as obvious: the Papacy is at war with civilisation, Protestantism, and the Bible. Lastly, its doom must be near. This "Bull" is the evidence of her resolution to go down with full sail—to conquer or to perish. It is a bold resolution—it is an awful one. The Pope has thrown down the gauntlet to emperor and churches. We have so learned the Holy Scriptures that we can anticipate, with no misgivings, the certain and victorious issue. One voice, called "a voice from heaven," should now be sounded far and wide—"Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues: for her sins have reached unto heaven. How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her."

It is well that the Papacy should have so fully sketched itself before her judgments descend. Christendom will see and feel, "just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the schoolboy—"Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlour and hall,
While, swift as the wing of a swallow,
he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call.

It makes the heart leap but to witness
this joy;

Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy
As he gathers his treasures of snow.

"It snows!" cries the traveller—"Ho!" and the word

Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face.

For bright through the tempest his loved home
appeared—

Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table
prepared,
And his wife, with their babes at her knee.

"It snows!" cries the widow—"Oh, God!" and
her sighs

Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden you'll read in her tear-swollen
eyes—

On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food;"
And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to
dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.



"And his wife, with their babes at her knee."—p. 350.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HEROES AND HEROINES IN HUMBLE LIFE.

LUCY GOODHEART.



RS. FIELDING was sitting quietly at her work, waiting for her evening audience; presently she looked at her watch, and thought—"How late they are!" The girls, indeed, were there, seated at the garden window, and looking across the lawn for their brothers' arrival.

"Here they come!" said Nelly; and in a few moments they rushed into the room, quite hot and breathless.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed Robert, "there's been a fight on the green, and there's such a crowd, and it's Weatherby, the blacksmith, fighting the ostler at the 'George'—and it's all over—and a lot of men have been cheering Weatherby because he beat—and they had their coats off—and I heard the butcher say he was a brave chap, because the other man was bigger and stronger. Was he brave, mamma?"

Mrs. Fielding, before answering Robert's question, said—

"But I hope you boys have not been staying to look on. Papa will be very angry if you have, and so shall I."

Robert, who was an open-faced and truthful boy, answered at once—

"Well, ma, we didn't exactly stop to look; we were walking in the wood, and we came up the lane home which leads to the green, and there we saw the people and heard the shouting, and every now and then there was a break in the crowd, and we couldn't help peeping in; but we didn't stay, mamma—indeed we didn't."

Mrs. Fielding made it a point never to doubt her children's word, wherein she imitated the great and good Dr. Arnold, who used to say to the boys at school, "I believe you—of course I believe you;" so that even the worst boys came in time to say, "It's a shame to tell Arnold a lie, for he always believes you."

"Did you hear what it was all about?" said Mrs. Fielding.

"They told us in the village," said Charley, "that the ostler called Weatherby a liar, and that he called the ostler a coward, and then they fought it out."

"That is," said Mrs. Fielding, "they were both too cowardly to beg each other's pardon, and to apologise like gentlemen."

"But they can't be gentlemen," said Robert; "they're common people."

"My dear," said Mrs. Fielding, "to be a gentleman is within the reach of all. It doesn't mean being rich, or being clever, or being born into a good family: it means being courteous in your manner, kind in your nature, pure in your taste, and gentle in your bearing. Why," said Mrs. Fielding, "old Mr. Masters, the shoemaker, always strikes me as a gentleman, not only because his hair is so snowy white, and his linen so spotlessly

clean, but because he is always so attentive to the poorest people, and so patient and tender to his sick and aged wife."

Robert seemed a little shaken in his notions concerning gentlemen; but yet said, with an unsettled sort of opinion about the village fight—

"But if anybody hits you, oughtn't you to hit them again?"

"You ought to protect the weak," said Mrs. Fielding. "For instance, if you saw a little boy bullied by a big boy, you ought to help the little fellow; and, in a time of danger, you ought to defend yourself; and you ought to fight for your country if needs be; but it is far more heroic to bear a personal insult, or even a blow, than to resent it, especially if you mean to be what I hope you will be—a disciple of Jesus Christ."

"Nelly," said Mrs. Fielding, "what text was that you said last Sunday morning?"

The little memory set to work at once, and replied—

"When he was reviled, he reviled not again."

"Yes; that is the way Christ acted, Robert, and you should learn of him."

The children never sought an appeal beyond their mother's words, and they were seemingly quite satisfied that, anyhow, the village fight was wrong.

"Now for the story, dear mamma," said Mary, who had been very silent and somewhat vexed at what she thought to be a long trespass on the evening hour.

"I promised to tell you about Lucy Goodheart," said Mrs. Fielding—"one of the sweetest girls it ever fell to my lot to know. I can see her now, with her thoughtful, blue eyes and her pale, serious face. I was intimately acquainted with her father when he was incumbent of a little village church in Somerset. He had a very slender income, but it was a very happy home. There was one son, a young officer, who died in the Russian war, shot in the heart whilst cheering on his men; and this one daughter, Lucy, who used to be a great pet in the village, and very often took round to the rustic homes a little basket containing food and medicine. Her father was very active, but very delicate; and one winter, from going across the common at night to pray with a poor woman who was dying, he took a severe cold, which cut short his days. Poor Lucy's mother was left with a little annuity from the life insurance of only £30 a year."

"Lucy herself was just nineteen, and resolved to go out as a governess. She knew a little French and a little music, but was not what is called accomplished; so she had to take a situation as a kind of nursery governess at £20 a year."

"Poor girl! the family she entered lived near London, and it was a long, long way from her village home. I remember her telling me how very sad she was the first night of her arrival, but she opened the clasp Bible her dead father gave her for a birthday present when she was fifteen years of age, and she read—

To my dear Lucy,—

When father and mother forsake me,
Then the Lord will take me up.



"She bid the lady of the house good-bye."—p. 354.

"She thought of her father's grave in the quiet churchyard; then of her dear mother in the little village rooms rented for a very trifle, and then she read a chapter; it was that one which speaks of God being kind to the fatherless and the widow. She rose from her reading, and took her mother's portrait in her hand, and said—

"Yes, He will be our father, mother dear; he always will be, and perhaps he will help me to care for you just a wee, wee bit."

"Precious girl! she had resolved out of the £20 a year she was to have, to set aside £10 for her mother. She would mend and re-mend, darn and doctor in endless ways, rather than have to buy any new clothes; boots she must have, and a bonnet, but these were all. So she thought and planned till, early in the morning, she fell asleep, and was only aroused by the dressing bell in the morning.

"She had hard work before her, for her pupils

were what is called frolicsome and natural, which meant self-willed and spoiled; added to which she had to endure many slights and even insults. The eldest son told the little ones never to mind her, but when she called them to run away. He thought it was witty, but it was wicked and cruel. In the evening Lucy had often to bring the little ones down to dessert, and to leave them for an hour till they became tiresome, and then to take them back to the nursery, and sit with and amuse them till they went to bed. No one seemed to care for her. No one near her asked her about her mother, or seemed to try to make her happy. But she toiled on, day by day, with her pale, thoughtful face, and her anxious little heart, till the first year was ended, and very naturally she wanted to go home. She had sent her mother one five-pound note, and now here was another ready. But if she went home, she must spend thirty shillings of it, for even the third class there and back was quite

as much as that; so what was she to do? It was, indeed, a fierce battle between inclination and duty. She yearned for the dear old village, and the mother's face, and the bright welcome of the poor in the old flock of her father; but then what would her mother do for wine and comforts all the winter months? At last the battle was over, and the resolution made, and this was the letter she wrote home—

"This is to tell you, mother dear, that I am not coming home this Christmas. I should like to do so very, very much; and when I see all the *cabs* in the squares, with boxes on them, and young folks *leaving* town, I dare say I shall feel a little bit homesick. But I shall be much happier on the whole if I stay this year, because you are so delicate, mother dear, and need so many little things; and it will not be long to Christmas next year; and then won't it be joyful to see you, and to talk to you again, and to visit poor old Mrs. Fraser, and all my old folks in the village? Good-bye, mother dear. I have cut the five-pound note in two, and will send the other half next time. God bless you! good-bye! The little ones are shaking the table, so that I cannot write very well. Best and dearest love, your affectionate daughter,

LUCY.

"None can tell how that little note went to the mother's heart, and how she, too, longed for the next year to pass away, that she might clasp Lucy to her breast again.

"But she saw her before then; for that very spring, through the great anxiety Mrs. Goodheart had suffered, her frame was so much shaken that she had a fit, which so frightened all about her, and was considered so serious by the doctor, that they wrote at once for Lucy to come home.

"She, dear child, will never forget the letter with '*immediate*' on it which was placed in her hands that morning. How strange it all was! So unexpected and so sudden; but what a mercy that the day before was quarter-day, so she had the money in her pocket, without borrowing, to go home with. Her little things were soon packed together; she bid the lady of the house good-bye, who said it was very awkward just at the beginning of the season, but she supposed she must let her go.

"Let me go!" said Lucy (for even her blue eyes flashed something like fire at that); 'who can stop me now my mother's ill?'

"All the way down, though it was a quick train, she seemed to be making little progress, so anxious was she to reach her journey's end. At every station where they stopped she thought the porters were quite drones in getting out the luggage, and that the guard might have given the signal whistle many minutes earlier than he did.

"At last the weary journey was over—they arrived at the familiar station; and then, with a brisk run, Lucy hastened to the little village home. She could not let that dear mother die tended by strange hands—that gentle, precious mother!

"Lucy might have been too late; but it wasn't so. Mrs. Goodheart lingered for several weeks; and, snatching sleep as best she could, Lucy tended her until she died.

"Often her mother would open her dim eyes and say—

"I scarce can see you, dear; but put your hand in mine, and place your soft face on my cheek. Oh, Lucy dear, it is not hard to die with you here, and One here, too, who gave you to me. My Saviour's here! Oh, Lucy dear, you have lived for me, but Jesus died for me!"

"A few weeks afterwards the little procession moved up the village. The doctor kindly followed, and so did a distant relative. Even Lucy did. They could not keep her at home; she put aside the fashion of the day; with a woman's heart of endurance, as well as a woman's heart of love, she went unto the grave.

"No wonder Mr. Wilkins, the young incumbent, looked tenderly at her, and felt, as he said afterwards, as though it was an angel face that looked down upon the dead.

"Lucy, in her simple way, had been a heroine indeed. She had been brave enough, day by day, to deny herself. She had borne slights and criticisms, complaints and worries—things harder to bear than blows—till her little heart often sank within her, and all night she watered her couch with tears. Beautiful in her humility, and strong in her weakness, she was Christ-like in her mother-love, for among the last words which the Saviour spoke, you remember, were these—"Mother, behold thy son! Son, behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

"I might go on to tell you," added Mrs. Fielding, "what I dare say you all suspect, that not very many months afterwards Lucy Goodheart became Mrs. Wilkins. It was a very lovely morning, and the villagers seemed to vie with each other in little preparations and attentions. All the old women stood at the church gates, under the shadow of the old elms, and the Sunday-school children formed themselves into rank and file up to the church doors, with pretty white aprons on, and bunches of flowers in their hands; and the bell-ringers stood, rope in hand, eager to begin the merry peal; and a very great deal more; but my purpose was to show you how real a heroine Lucy was in her simple way.

"Mary," said Mrs. Fielding, "was reading the other day a thrilling narrative about Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans; but Lucy Goodheart was, in the little sphere of her humble life, as much a heroine as though she had led armies, or attracted the attention of the world."

"I hope I shall never have to be a governess," said Mary, in a pitiful tone.

"My dear," replied Mrs. Fielding, "there are thousands of governesses almost as happy and comfortable as though they were still under the roof-trees of their own home. They have responsible duties to discharge, and very often win the life-long confidence and love of their little charges. In every condition and calling of life there are trials, and temptations, and endurance, too, and I dare say if I had time enough I could tell you of some heroines in most of the occupations of human life. But it's later than usual now," she continued; "and one tale an evening is enough for me and you to do; so just wait till to-morrow, and then—"

"And then what?" said Charley.

"Why, papa is going to tell you a hero-tale about a boy—a little shoeblack—called Robert Rightheart," said Mrs. Fielding.

"Hurrah!" cried out Robert.

"Oh, that's capital!" said Mary.

And off they went to dream about Lucy Goodheart, and to wonder what papa's tale would be like on the next evening.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

THE GORILLA.—It has been often remarked that there are connecting links between all created beings: thus the bat connects birds and animals; the eel, fish and reptiles; and animals so like inanimate matter as to be taken for vegetation, are said to connect plants and animals; whilst some persons have been bold enough to assert that the gorilla is the connecting link between man and the brute creation. But how dissimilar in form, and how contrary in habits, is every dumb animal to the superior creature—man! Where are the reasoning powers, and the noble faculties of reflection and forethought, to be found except in man? M. de Chaillu, who is believed to have seen more of the habits of the gorilla than any other person, says that, though these creatures have superior wisdom to other animals, yet they lack the reasoning power of man; for instance, they will cut the sugar canes off with their teeth, stack them, tie them round, and then attempt to carry the bundle to their abode. But in several instances he found they had stacked them around a growing cane, and all their efforts to carry the burden away were fruitless; nevertheless, they had not reason within them to understand the cause. Another instance he gives of this: that, though the rainy season frequently destroys great numbers of the gorillas, they seem perfectly incapable of guarding against the weather; that they put a fencing of stakes around their habitation, but have no idea of forming a roof. When we consider the various attributes of man, and that God has poured his choicest gifts upon him, we wonder and lament when we see them wasted in rioting and drunkenness, and when the evil passions of the brute are allowed to preponderate over the teachings of mind and conscience.

A DANGEROUS PET.—An officer in the East India Company's service, some years ago, amused himself by rearing two cub tigers. They were obedient as dogs; but when they grew up, his friends' visits to his apartments were less and less frequent: they did not like the captain's "little pets," as he called them. He was quite indignant at any persuasion of getting rid of such companions, but appeared to prefer them to his human acquaintance. The young cubs would fondle upon him, and follow their master over the house and grounds, becoming as obedient to his commands as a spaniel might be. One morning, however, the captain had been shaving himself, and had accidentally cut the back of his hand. He was enjoying his "tiffin" at noon, and allowed the tigers, as was their custom, to lick his hands. Presently, he felt a disagreeable tingling. He attempted to withdraw his hand, but the tiger growled. Suddenly the thought struck him that the taste of blood had aroused the ferocious nature of the beast. The captain allowed the animal to lick his hand, fearing the consequence of withdrawing it; but, fortunately, being within reach of the gong, he soon summoned his attendant. "Quick!" he cried, "bring me my pistols." The man came not a moment before the services of the weapon were needed, for the tiger had commenced lashing his tail and growling horribly. A bullet was, however, soon dispatched through the animal's head, and the captain's life was saved. He thanked

God for his preservation, and determined never more to keep such dangerous companions by his side.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

"And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."—John ii. 2.

BEENEATH the green hill slope,
Cana's small village lay,
There brightly on a humble home
Awoke the bridal day,

With smiles and quiet glee,
They gather round the board,
And sparkling into every cup,
The rosy wine is poured.

They breathe their household joy
In happy hymns of praise,
Glory to God, good-will to man,
The burden of their lays.

And Jesus Christ was there,
To consecrate the feast,
He who so loved to dwell among
The lowliest and the least.

And at that frugal meal
The wine was soon outpoured;
"With water fill the waterpots,"
Calmly said Christ the Lord.

"Now take it to the master up,"
Whispered this Holy Guest,
"How strange," exclaimed the governor,
"This latter wine is best."

For know you what had come to pass?—
By Jesus' power Divine,
The water in the earthen jars
Had been transformed to wine!

Oh, children, seek ye so to live,
That the last, best gift of all,
Your God's supporting love in death,
Shall on your spirits fall.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

1. Whose mother died of grief when he was born?
2. The man whose daughter was made Aaron's wife.
3. One who her husband's love observed with scorn.
4. Where seven-and-twenty thousand lost their life.
5. The town in which they Amaziah slew.
6. Who, weeping, followed her whom he had lost?
7. Who ventured a cursed city to renew?
8. Who was the first whose life that daring cost?
9. Who met the fate which he to others dealt?
10. Whose son for kindness insult dire returned?
11. Before whose wiles did Samson's firmness melt?
12. One who Paul's utmost gratitude had earned.
13. Within what cave did five kings vainly hide?
14. What king was drinking deep when he was slain?
15. What child was brought up Pharaoh's sons beside?
16. Who lost his life through his own love of gain?

Thou art the first, and thou the last,
All good begins with thee;
Thou'lt lead us till, our troubles past,
In thee our end shall be.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.



DEATH is the inevitable law of Nature, and death the common portion of humanity; yet man practically refuses to believe it. Alike when busied in the sterner realities of life, or revelling in the gay and fascinating pleasures of the world, he remembers not that suddenly, and without a warning voice, the "silver cord may be loosed," and "the pitcher broken at the fountain." Yea, let the ruddy glow of health disappear, the cheeks become pale, and the lips blanched; let the wan and withered frame indubitably bespeak the near approach of the last dread enemy, or the bright and hectic flush none the less loudly to proclaim that the grave is already yawning for its victim, the sufferer alone believes that life and health, with their full complement of pleasure, are in store for him. All who see him know otherwise. Yet what boots it to them? For neither do they take to themselves the moral—"It is appointed unto men once to die." "It is curious," Sir Thomas Browne remarks, "to observe man in his obsequies, as if, by painting an inch thick, he could effectually disguise his own grinning skeleton, and make even death itself a slow, stately, and majestic march to the sound of plaintive and funereal music." If so it be in his obsequies, is it not singular, and instructive, too, to notice his demeanour as he leaves the confines of time; to mark how oft the great feature of his life is prominent in death; to see, in short, the ruling passion dominant as the curtain falls o'er life's last and eventful tragedy? Some there are who

"Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean they must sail so soon."

Yet how often is it otherwise! See the man of riches leave this nether world; view the man of science die; stand by the deathbed of the warrior; note the departure of the politician; mark the man of letters journeying to essay the mysteries of an untried eternity; watch the infidel "take his fearful leap in the dark;" gaze on the Christian, having finished his course, doff the rags of earth to don the robes of unsullied purity; look while the potentate, dying, bids adieu to all his pomp and glory: then say, are not

"Men's ends as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life!"

Pitt, in life an ardent patriot and a devoted statesman, in death forgot not his fatherland, but expired, exclaiming, "My country! oh, my country!" Julius Caesar, proud, haughty, and imperious in life, fought his last fight adjusting his robe that he might fall gracefully and with dignity. The proto-martyr Stephen—living, an apostle of love and gentleness—while his enemies were shedding his life-

blood, pleaded to Heaven for their forgiveness. The mighty Nelson, shortly after he uttered those immortal words, "England expects every man will do his duty," expired in the cockpit of a war-ship, saying, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" Shakespeare, the greatest delineator of character that ever breathed, makes the witty Mercutio take his exit from life with a "grave" *bon mot* upon his lips. The last words of the great Napoleon, the leader of armies, and the conqueror of kingdoms, as he quitted this terrestrial scene, were brief but significant—"Tête d'armée!" was his dying groan. Lord Byron, courageous to temerity in life, was not free from it in his end. Lying awaiting his departure, he exclaimed, "Shall I sue for mercy?" Then, pausing a while, he continued—"Come come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last;" and in another minute all that was mortal of the mighty poet had fled. Rembrandt, the foremost among Dutch painters, was an insatiably avaricious man, and an incorrigible miser, who, though having amassed a large fortune, would but seldom spare sufficient even for the common necessities of life; rather would he almost starve himself and his household. He refused to permit his golden hoards to be absent from him. With this object in view, he caused a kind of vault to be made under the floor of his room, by the side of his bed, entered by a trap-door; access to which he permitted to none save himself. During the long hours of his final illness, he would frequently lean over his bed, and gaze intently on the door. When, at last, he felt the chill of death steal over his frame, he caused the door to be laid open, and, as usual, leaning over the side of his couch, and there supported, he viewed his treasure, declaring that his last deed in life should be to look on the money he had gained. Marshal Lannes, afterwards Duke of Montebello, one of the greatest and most successful of Napoleon's generals, throughout life was a most profane swearer; nor was he otherwise in death. Receiving his fatal wound in the battle of Essling, he fell from his horse to the ground, and giving utterance to an oath, so fearful in its nature as even to startle the most abandoned of those around him, he passed onward to

"That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

Mozart, the prince of composers, feeling the hand of Death heavy upon him, and knowing he had but a few brief hours, at most, to live, directed a piano to be brought to his bedside, and propped up by pillows, he played on it till his hands dropped powerless by his side, and he fell back senseless on his couch; rallying somewhat, though still unable to move, his life-long passion forsook him not; he dictated to an amanuensis a part of his immortal "Requiem," nor ceased until almost the moment in which his spirit winged its way from the scenes of time.

It were easy to multiply examples, but we forbear; enough has already been adduced to illustrate how often, how very often, the prevailing taste of

man in life is foremost whilst he is passing the last boundary of all things human. And if instances abound among the distinguished sons of earth, how innumerable must they be at the deathbeds of that countless legion who go down to the grave, wept for, indeed, by their relations and their friends, but whose ends are, as their existence has been, unknown to Fame, for

"Impartial Fate, with equal pace,
Knocks at the cottage as the palace door."

Verily, our heart is constrained to acknowledge with the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is

vanity;" or with the ancient heathen writer who so truly exclaims—"Death alone confesses how weak and feeble is the body of man."

Since "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave," whither we go, let us, then, "be fervent in spirit, improving the time," because the days are short, and seeing that "it is appointed unto man once to die, and after that the judgment," let us take heed that the tenor of our life shall be such as shall become us when we are about to pass away from this world below, which is but temporal, to that world above, which is eternal.

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE SIGNET-RING.



HE wild shrieks that rang through the old house in the market-place were heard by Ben Blore himself.

When the ruffian who had played the part of the dumb sailor seized on the shrinking form of Mrs. Moore, still hidden up in the bed curtain, Ben Blore, who had been for some days absent, and who was not expected home till the following week, was providentially entering his house by the back way. Being strong, very brave, and very active, the blacksmith in two moments, and by the aid of the old pear-tree nailed against the wall, made his way to the open window, and sprang into the room.

Seizing a chair, which stood between him and the ruffians, he advanced. The sailor, relaxing his hold of Mrs. Moore, and with an evil glitter in his red eye, thrust his hand into his breast, and was about to draw forth a pistol.

Mrs. Moore saw the gleam of the moonlight on the barrel of the weapon, and cried aloud, "Mr. Blore, Mr. Blore, the villain is going to shoot you!"

She had scarcely uttered these words, when a well-aimed and stunning blow on the head from the blacksmith's weapon, the chair, wielded by a brawny arm that might have served a Hercules, stretched the sailor insensible on the floor.

The other burglar (Mr. Hall's former shopman), deficient in the brutal courage of his leader, had crouched down, and had crept under the bed.

He had thrust out his head, and was peering from his hiding-place with an unsheathed dagger in his hand, intending, when he saw the sailor draw forth his pistol, to stab Ben Blore in the back if he should prove to be only slightly wounded. Perceiving, however, that Ben's well-aimed blow had taken such dire effect, he was about to draw himself back under the bed, when the quick eye of the blacksmith caught sight of the trembling hand that clutched the dagger.

The sailor was lying stunned, and apparently lifeless, on the floor.

Eva, who believed that the ruffian had been sent to his last account—hurled into the presence of his offended Maker, not merely unprepared, but with the spirit of Cain burning within him—gazed on the prostrate form and livid face with speechless horror. Her hands were tightly clasped, her features were pale, and her eyes expressed all the anguish and terror which she so keenly felt.

Ben Blore, on the contrary, never for a moment imagined that the sailor was killed; he believed that he was only stunned, and that he would recover, perhaps, only too soon.

It was at this critical moment that his eye fell on the hand, and on the shining point of a dagger, gleaming white in the moonlight, as the figure of the more cowardly ruffian crept from beneath the bed.

In an instant the blacksmith had grasped the hand, and, after a fierce struggle, had wrenched away the dagger, heedless alike of the gashes he inflicted and of those which he received; and taking no notice of the blood that flowed from his own hand, and from that of the wretch whom, in his determination to get hold of the weapon, he had drawn into the middle of the room.

It was just at this moment that Mrs. Moore saw the bloodshot eyes of the sailor slowly open and roll with a murderous expression towards the spot where Ben Blore, completely master of the dagger, which he held aloft in his left hand, stood, having tightly collared his victim with his right. In that iron gripe the burglar was as a writhing child. But the sailor was a man who for bone and muscle might compare himself even with Ben Blore, and had he succeeded in gaining his feet and joining in the struggle, the result must have been terrible.

Mrs. Moore sprang forward with a cry of terror when she saw the sailor's eyes open, in order to warn Ben Blore of his danger; but at that moment the burglar closed them again, the arm on which he had raised himself a little, seemed to give way under him, and he appeared to relapse into insensibility.

Eva, thrown off her guard by this feint—for it was nothing more—rushed to the open window, and cried aloud for help with all her power.

At this moment, and while wringing her hands in despair that she could make no one hear, she turned to glance at the prostrate sailor, and, to her horror, beheld him, his red eyes wide open, preparing to rise.

But no sooner had she seen the ruffian stir, than she shrieked again and again much louder than before, and this time, her cries reached the ears of the vicar and Fred, who, tempted by the beauty of the soft moonlight night, had strolled out soon after Mrs. Moore had left them. Becky was gone to a tea-meeting at Nat Neate's.

They were on the stairs when Fred recognised his mother's voice, and rushing, wild with terror, to the room whence those piercing shrieks and cries of "Help! murder!" had issued, closely followed by the vicar, reached it just as the sailor had gained his feet, and was advancing, with a poker which he had taken from the

fireplace, upon Ben Blore, whose broad back was turned to his more powerful foe, while he still held down the weaker and meaner ruffian.

Fred burst open the door just at the moment that the sailor had raised the poker aloft in the air, and as it was about to descend, with a murderous aim and weight, on the bullet and grizzled head of Ben Blore.

Fred, although brave as a lion, and very strong and active for his years, was merely a youth, and, of course, would have been no match for the sailor, had not the vicar closed with him also, and very soon proved himself the better man of the two.

Both the burglars were on the floor when Becky and Mr. Hall came up, having just returned from the tea-meeting at Nat Neate's. Becky rushed up-stairs, terrified by the unwonted noise in the room overhead. Becky's kitchen was under the dressing-room, and she had entered it to seek for something which she had in her dresser drawer, and which she wanted to lend to Mr. Hall.

Both had recognised Mrs. Moore's screams, and had hurried to her assistance.

Mr. Hall, promptly understanding what was the matter, sent Becky in search of cords to bind the miscreants hand and foot, while he assisted Fred to prevent the possibility of their escape.

Becky returned not merely with the cords, but with policemen who were going their nightly rounds, and were passing by Mr. Hall's house as she knocked at his door.

When the two burglars beheld the police-constables, they perceived that further resistance was vain, and they quietly submitted to be handcuffed. After which process they were conducted by the police, Ben Blore, Mr. Hall, and several of the neighbours, to the station-house, where they were locked up for the night.

A curious incident happened while the police-constables were handcuffing the sailor—one, indeed, which was full of interest for Mrs. Moore, and which might have led to an important discovery before the vicar, but that he had hurried off to the vicarage, accompanied by his former pupil, to procure a styptic to stop the bleeding of Ben Blore's and his antagonist's hands.

The incident in question was this:—Becky, who had brought a candle with her from the kitchen, held it so that the light fell full on the sailor's now fettered hands, and as she did so, she exclaimed "Mercy upon us! Oh, missus, look here! If that aint master's ring, my name aint Becky Blore, which Becky Blore it is, and will be to the end, for I'd not change it if I had the offer. Do look here, missus. There aint another ring like master's, I'm sartain sure."

Mrs. Moore, pale, trembling, and yet strangely excited, came forward as Becky spoke, and recognised on the fore-finger of the sailor's hand a large and curiously set ring, a signet-ring, with the crest and initials, "F.F.," intertwined.

It was an heirloom in the Faulkner family, the eldest sons of which house had for centuries been named Frederia. The sailor, with the love of finery so general among those of his calling, had placed this singular-looking ring on his fore-finger, and the police-constable had said to him, as he slipped on the handcuffs, "Maybe, as you're so fond of rings, you won't object to a smartish pair of steel bracelets, my man."

Eva could not repress a cry of surprise and joy, when she recognised her husband's ring. "Where did you get that ring?" she said. "Oh, policeman, it is my husband's ring. I must—I will—have it. Where did you get it?"

The sailor was silent.

"Come, my man, tell the lady how you got it," said the policeman; "it's easy enough to see such a ring as that never could belong by rights to the likes of you, my fine feller."

"Ten years ago," said the sailor, his evil eyes brightening with the sense of the anguish he was inflicting on Mrs. Moore, "that woman's husband gave me that ring."

"To take home to me," said Eva. "He valued it; it has been in the family for centuries."

"It was to give it to you he trusted it to me," said the sailor.

"Oh, it was, was it, my man? You own it, do you?" cried the police-constable, taking it off the sailor's finger, wiping it on his sleeve, and handing it to Eva, who turned away to hide the tears of joy with which she received it.

"It were," said the sailor; "and with it he give me a message. You can take the ring off my finger, now I'm bound and helpless; but you can't take the message out of my head, nor out of my mouth; and yet that little ooman there ud give her ears to know what that message was."

"Oh, do tell me what it was!" cried Eva, much excited.

"Not if you'd give me fifty pound," growled the sailor. "You've brought me into trouble enough, and I'm glad to be able to pay you out, missus—so that's just what it is."

"Don't you cry, ma'am," said the policeman; "we'll find means to make him speak out when he's upon his trial."

"Not if I knows it," said the sailor, casting a furious glance at Mrs. Moore.

When the vicar returned with the styptic, the policemen were on the point of escorting the burglars to the station-house.

As both Ben Blore's hand and that of the younger ruffian were still bleeding, the vicar applied his remedy, and the sailor was then taken (by the policemen and the neighbours), with his partner in crime, to the station-house.

CHAPTER LIV.

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE'S INCLINED."

THE next day Fred, in spite of the alarm and agitation of the night before, was up betimes.

Becky had got him his breakfast by six a.m., and as the hour struck by the old church clock, Fred took out his watch (of which he was justly proud), and pointed out to Becky that it was right to a minute. He found he had time to go into the garden and gather a nosegay to leave on the table by his mother's bed.

She had passed a sleepless night, but she was in a sweet slumber when Fred placed the fresh flowers he had gathered on her table.

He had entered noiselessly, and without awaking her, and he stood for a few moments gazing with filial love on the fair Madonna face, which seemed to him to have lost a shadow, and to have regained something of sunshine.

Eva's beautiful white hands were crossed upon her chest; and Fred perceived that to a narrow blue riband, which he did not remember to have seen before round his mother's neck, was suspended a signet ring, the gold setting of which gleamed through her slender fingers.

Fred, who, as the reader will remember, was not present when the ring was discovered, could not form even a guess as to whence it came, or why his mother seemed so to cherish it. Still he felt certain it was somehow or other connected with his unforgotten father, and with that happy past to which his mother never now even alluded. He breathed a fervent prayer for her, and then stole lightly away, and, after a kindly "Good-bye" to Becky, bounded off with the light, elastic step of youth and hope, up the green and shady lanes, fragrant with wild roses and woodbine, over the stiles, across the diamond brooks, athwart the daisied meads and the purple heath, until he came to the dusty roads, the building

grounds, and the smoky suburbs of the city, at the entrance of which stood the mass of building known as the great mercantile establishment of Bond and Co.

There Fred Faulkner—the Christian youth who had been trained in the great principles and habits of practical piety by Christians; a Christian pastor, a Christian mother, and a Christian handmaid—began his day of cheerful industry and pleasant labour, by half an hour of prayer and praise spent in the chapel.

To this truly Christian meeting was given the touching name of *family worship*; and thoughtful and holy men, when they went over this great beehive of human industry and temple of commerce and world-extended trade, and remarked, as none could fail to do, the brotherhood that existed between every member of that grand Christian household, ceased to marvel at so sublime and affectionate a union when they knew that the day commenced by family worship. No wonder, then, that the blessing of God invoked by that community, and the peace that passeth understanding, were granted by Him who has said that when even two or three are gathered together in his name he will be in the midst of them.

Fred, whose mind had been early trained to accuracy by the study of mathematics, and to whom book-keeping and algebra were so familiar as not to be a fatiguing study but a pleasant occupation, enjoyed his busy day at Bond and Co's.

His excellent handwriting and ready powers of reckoning rendered him valuable to his superiors; while his gentle, kindly manners made him very popular with those beneath him in the establishment.

He had not been many months in the employ of Bond and Co. when he was promoted to a much better and more responsible clerkship, at a salary of £100 a year.

It was a proud moment for Fred when he announced his promotion to his mother and the good vicar.

The former could not repress tears of joy and gratitude to Heaven as she pressed that Christian son to a Christian mother's heart; and the vicar, as he shook his former pupil's hand, felt that his own eyes were moist, and that his heart was beating high.

We dare not assert that there were not moments when Fred, whose boyhood had been passed in the groves of Academus, with the spirits of Virgil and Horace, Plato and the Greek poets, did not sigh for a career in which mind had more to do than matter, and philosophy than figures. But even before the sigh, which he could not refuse to the Muses, had passed his lips, he reproached himself with his ingratitude to the mighty genius of all-civilising Commerce; and when he remembered that his mother could now live in comfort, without fresh injury to her failing eyesight and drooping health; and when, through the golden mists that hid the fairyland of the Future, he beheld Violet Vivian smiling on a merchant prince; and all who loved him—especially poor, honest, excellent, devoted Becky—enriched through him, he condemned himself for a momentary and vain longing after the delightful realms of Poetry, and thanked his heavenly Father, from the depth of his young heart, for the good lot that had fallen to his share.

CHAPTER LV. TEMPTATION.

WE have said that Mr. Harland was only *pro tempore* a vicar, although that fact was known but to a very few.

The reader, being in the secret, is aware that the living was in the gift of a nobleman who, having several younger sons but scantily provided for, had presented the family tutor, Mr. Harland, on condition that when

his second son should be old enough for ordination he would at once resign.

This is a species of arrangement occasionally made under similar circumstances, when entire confidence can be reposed in the *pro tem.* vicar.

The young man in question, the Hon. Lionel Lascelles, had passed creditably through his examination at Oxford, and the vicar expected daily to hear from Lord D—, his father, that the time for him to resign in his son's favour was at hand, when one day, in the obituary of the *Times*, he read, and at first with unmixed regret—

On the 10th inst., at D— Castle, of typhus fever, the Hon. Lionel Lascelles, second son of the Earl of D—, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

For a few minutes, regret for his former pupil, and sympathy for his bereaved parents, filled the vicar's heart and mind.

Not that the Hon. Lionel Lascelles had greatly endeared himself to his tutor, for he had in his boyhood been dull and stubborn; but he was a young man cut off in his prime, and perhaps, alas! unprepared; and the vicar, perceiving how much his own prospects were improved by the event, was afraid (so tender was his conscience) that he might not mourn as a Christian should do in such a case, and tried to force himself into a grief which he thought it his duty to feel. In the end, however, natural feeling prevailed.

The vicar was attached to his parishioners; and, besides that, he had been for years, long years, deeply, hopelessly devoted to Eva—Eva, whom he looked upon as a widow, and who every day gained more and more upon his affection and esteem, as, in the intimacy of a strong friendship, her truly Christian character, and her many virtues, unfolded themselves.

He had often and often said to himself that, if he were indeed Vicar of Evertown, he would at once propose to one who seemed to him to be the *beau idéal* of his poetical and virtuous mind. Fred he had loved for twelve years as a father, and to him he had been pastor, parent, tutor, friend, all in one.

"I am Vicar of Evertown now," he said to himself; "and why should not she deign to share in my good fortune, and bless my home? I will write to her."

The vicar was a long, long time composing a suitable letter. The second delivery found him still at his desk; and his housekeeper came in with a letter sealed and deeply bordered with black.

Mr. Harland recognised the handwriting and the crest of the Earl of D—.

He opened the letter and read—

D— Castle, Yorkshire, May 10.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—You have doubtless seen by the papers that poor Lionel has been taken from us; and I write thus early lest you should form any groundless hopes in consequence. I asked you to hold the living of Evertown until my son was ordained; and it is now my intention to give that living to my third son, Robert, as soon as he can be prepared for ordination. He is, as you know, a year younger than poor Lionel, and goes up for his degree next month. I am aware that a man of a mean, litigious spirit might cavil, and perhaps attempt to resent this transfer; but I expect nothing but what is honourable and fair from you.

As soon as Robert is ready to be ordained, I shall expect you to be ready to resign. You will thus entitle yourself to any service that I can render you in after life. I am, &c., D—.

The vicar had grown cold and pale while perusing this heartless letter.

"The law is on my side," he said to himself. "What, then?—honour, equity, generosity are on the other. Eva, I am certain, would be against me were I to insist on what I am clear is a legal claim. Down, down, down into the dust go my castles in the air. Home and wife vanish. I am again without prospects, and a confirmed bachelor."

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

"LET me write the ballads of a nation, and I will make you a present of all her Acts of Parliament," said Lord Macaulay; and in making this remark he did not, we think, over-estimate the value of popular poetry. Those compositions which, to the eye of the critic, would seem the most trivial and unimportant in the literature of a country, are found sometimes to accomplish the most extraordinary results. The song of "Lillibullero," no doubt, hastened the Revolution of 1688, while the wild strain of the Marseillais, "Ça Ira," and "Tragala" assisted the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty in France. After the conquest of Granada, the touching ballad, "Ay de mi Alhama," was not permitted to be sung in the streets because of the memories it recalled; and the influence of the "Ranz des Vaches" upon the Swiss soldiery has become a matter of world-wide notoriety. The poetry of Germany, too, contributes not a few illustrations of the remarkable influence which even a brief ballad may possess. The hymns of Gerhardt and Angelus awake in the heart of many Germans memories the most sacred and touching; they are, in the widest sense, what Bunsen has designated them, "national treasures." It is with much pleasure that we see an attempt made to render such hymns still more national, by translating them into English verse. The book of "Hymns from the German,"* of which Frances Elizabeth Cox has just given us a translation, will be an acceptable volume to all who take an interest in hymnology. As translations, these hymns deserve our high commendation, being faithful exponents of the force and meaning of the originals, while they are equally deserving of praise as specimens of English verse. The selection is judicious, and additional interest is added by the list of authors and the brief *résumé* of their lives, which is contained in an appendix. The printing and general style of the volume is in remarkably good taste, and the German is given as well as the English of the poems.

Another German translation, of no less interest than that to which we have just alluded, claims our notice. "Luther's Letters to Women,"† which were originally collected by Dr. K. Zimmerman, have been translated into English by Mrs. Malcolm. This volume is deeply interesting, as giving us an insight into the domestic private life of one of the world's greatest and truest heroes. We cannot better explain its nature and its scope than in the few words with which Mrs. Malcolm introduces this collection:—"Among these letters a few, perhaps, may be looked upon as trifling, others as curious and interesting, while some are beautiful; but all bear testimony to the simple, earnest faith, deep piety, and loving heart of this great and good man, showing how his religion was interwoven with his every-day life, and that his family affections were particularly strong. These notes have been introduced by Dr. Zimmerman as a further proof 'that the man who stood at the head of his time did not forget his household ties.' In Luther's character were marvellously combined the most opposite qualities—dignity and earnestness with simplicity and playfulness; bitterness and severity with long-suffering and charity; sternness with gentleness and tenderness. There may occasionally be found in these letters a certain degree of coarseness, which must not be regarded

as peculiar to Luther, but as belonging to the times in which he lived. I venture to bring this little book before the English public in the hope that it may prove of some use, in this age of weak and wavering faith, by recalling to memory the character and the writings of one who has left so bright an example of the power of that steadfast faith which is 'the victory that overcometh the world.' The Christian English public, we are sure, will appreciate the service which Mrs. Malcolm has done the reformed church in this country, by her lucid translation of these interesting letters of the great reformer of Germany.

Two volumes by the Rev. Bramley Moore, the esteemed Incumbent of Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, we can heartily commend. The first of them is "The Great Oblation,"* which consists of a series of simple, earnest, thoughtful expositions of the great and all-important subject of the soul's salvation. To many an anxious one upon his sick bed such a book as this would be, under God's blessing, an inestimable boon. We cannot speak too highly of the practical, simple, and hearty manner in which Mr. Moore has written these pages. Upon first opening this volume you might fancy you had chanced upon some diamond edition from a Brobdignagian library, the type is so unusually large; but although this may in some measure detract from the typographical beauty of the work, it renders it the more acceptable to those whose sight, through age and sickness, is failing and weak.

The object of Mr. Moore's other volume is one in which the Church in this country must always take an interest; and we are glad that a cheap edition of this historical romance of the Waldensian Church has been published, so as to bring it within reach of the moderately opulent. "The Six Sisters of the Valley"† is an historical romance referring to that period of history when Cromwell, in 1655, interposed on behalf of his suffering co-religionists abroad. Mr. Moore has not sacrificed the interest of the romance to the dry, historical narrative; and, on the other hand, he does not allow the story to interfere with the main object in view, which is to give information concerning the then condition of the Waldensian Church. The story will be found as interesting as the historical information conveyed is useful and instructive.

We must not conclude without mentioning a charming book of short stories, entitled "A Bunch of Keys,"‡ edited by Tom Hood. We have here six stories, all interesting, but especially so that of "The Three Keys on a Ring of their Own," by Mr. Clement Scott, who tells us a good story, and, what is more, tells it well; and the story of "The Key of the Nursery Cupboard," by Mr. Hood himself, whose ability as a writer of prose and verse, not unworthily supports the great name which he inherits from his illustrious father.

We sincerely hope that "when the festive season returns again, with its pageantries and mummeries," the authors of "The Bunch of Keys" shall have been encouraged to bring out their hobby again in the procession, and then we shall not have to sigh "for oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot."

* "The Great Oblation; or, a Plain Inquiry into the Nature of the Atonement." By the Rev. W. Bramley Moore, M.A. London: William Mackintosh.

† "The Six Sisters of the Valley." By the Rev. W. Bramley Moore, M.A. London: Longman and Co.

‡ "A Bunch of Keys: Where they were Found, and What they Might have Unlocked." A Christmas book. Edited by T. Hood. London: Groombridge and Sons.

* "Hymns from the German." Translated by Frances E. Cox. Second edition; revised and enlarged. Rivingtons: London and Oxford.

† "Luther's Letters to Women." Translated by Mrs. Malcolm. London: Chapman and Hall.

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